A

FOREST

PROMISCUOUS

OF

SEVERAL SEASONS

PRODUCTIONS.

THE

ENTRANCE,

OR,

FIRST PART.

Non Aliena meo preſsi pede.

LONDON,

Printed by *Daniel Pakeman*. 1659.

For my Alma Mater, Cantabrigia,

FRom whoſe Breſts I firſt drew the Rudiments of a better Education then my Capacity hath attained; yet whatſoever fruits of Piety, or ſhadows of Knowledg or Virtue have found growth within me, next to God, I owe them unto you: I live your Neighbour, within your Titular precincts, and I cannot follow the ſteps of a Predeceſſor in proving a Benefactor; Gratitude is a Debt, and ought to grow even from the Barrenneſt Soil; though I was never worthy to be a Graduate, nor wear a Robe of Art, let yet your goodneſs accept of this my bold Addreſs; I ever diſaffected Dedications, nor is it the greatneſs of a Patron can enworthy a Deliring work. This of mine cannot fit the worlds Stage, intended only a Domeſtick entertainment and ſatisfaction; if there be any thing of good in it, let it be a compenſation to its deformity: Others have written Commentaries of their Glorious and Famous Exploits, I, of my diſaſtrous misfortunes, which I have been unhappily occaſioned ſo much to ſcatter in my writings, that I may forbear to give the trou-

ble of other mention: My very Errors and Blemiſhes may raiſe ſome profit, by diſlike to avoid. The world hath this good, not to be commonly a Flatterer; and if ſome, not likely to abuſe me, have dealt truly with me, my pieces carry ſo honeſt a face, as have induced them to conclude of an honeſt Heart. Such Fame, and, no other, is my Ambition; I am too much beyond the world to affect that now which I never did. This, like your Libraries, conſiſts of a Copious Mixture, not totally approvable. Such as it is, humbly preſented, receive with favour from

Your Zealouſſy

Affectionate Servant.

MY Friend, for ſo you are, or at leaſt I intend you, be favourable to theſe my innocent Lines which mean nothing but your good; they meet with an unfriendly time, and though my ſelf have kept them theſe late years of our troubles, like a candle under a buſhel, without ſo much as caſting my own eye upon them; I fear you will admit others, perhaps, neither friends to you nor me; which if againſt my will you do, I have yet taught them to ſay ſomething for themſelves, and here and there they will return a tooth; they were deſigned, as they tell you, to a domeſtique confinement, impatient of publick view, and ſtill of Shop mart and reſidence; whoſoever cenſures, ſhall not be entituled to it as at publick Stage-plays, for his money, whereupon I hope he will be the more modeſt and indulgent: But now meeting with this plundering age, if they venture not to undergo the Preſs, they are obnoxious to a ſodain deſtruction; nor are their Maſter and themſelves ſo free from the connatural Epidemical diſeaſe of vanity, as eaſily to conſent the annihilation of ſo many hours productions, eſpecially ſeeing diverſe of the graver ſort of Spirits have long ſince adviſed the publication even of their moſt light and airy parts: nor do I remember that ever I knew a Parent of a deformed Child leſs careful of its preſervation then of the moſt beautiful. St. Paul made himſelf every thing to every body to win ſome; the very præludes and antipaſt of theſe may happily lead to good and wholeſome nouriſhment, ſuch is my wiſh.

Since the birth of theſe pieces, the world I ſuppoſe hath never experienced ſo great a liberty and Proſtitution of the Preſs; to me, there never was leſs of writing: I have laboured with ſtrong griefs and cares, and yet they found at laſt a tongue; the direful extremities and convulſions which my unhappy Country, and my ſelf in it have ſuffered theſe laſt years, make good with me the ſaying of Ingentes curæ ſtupent: Partiality found much, ingenuity, little freedome: the firſt ſurprize was ſuch as carried me to an affectation of diſſolution rather then to endure the ſpectatorſhip of the growing miſeries and approaching tragedies; nay, ſpectatorſhip was not allowed, Embarque you muſt, and in a manner embarqued already

was

was I by my natural condition; total retiredneſs had been my former courſe and reſolution; now forced from it, what had I to do, but according to my acquired habit of mind, ſteere my courſe as I conceived my relations in faireſt duty, affection, honeſty and reaſon to require; this, caſting off my ſelf, and all private intereſt and conſideration, I did; the learned ſophiſtical ſpirits of another not of ſo fair a mind caſt out ſuch miſts from the * Moraſſes, wherein they had formerly engaged us, as troubled both mine, and the general digeſtion of otherwiſe no weakly diſpoſed conſtitutions; this lay long heavy upon me, till at length that good God who hath ever miraculouſly aſſiſted me in my greateſt diſtreſſes diſperſed my clouds, commanded and neceſsitated me to periſh rather in doing my duty to himſelf, my King, and Country, then ſo poorly as I had abandoned my ſelf in contracting and yielding to a growing infirmity and imminent ruine: His inſpiration I obeyed, and he hath ſo bleſſed me, that in deſpight of unexpreſsible diſorders of body and mind, as I have conquered all fears and apprehenſion of whatever conſequences; ſo do I in my ſtation and daily duty ſurmount my not only late but ancient infirmity; I wrap my ſelf in my honeſt reſolves, ſteering for the beſt, untroubledly prepared for the worſt. But I am fal'n amongſt the Noli me tangere's. And now again for a ſpirt to my Book: Poor Book of a moſt unhappy Author, what fate, what genious canſt thou expect to make thee happier then thy Maſter? Yet thus far I will encourage thee, that from the faireſt, from the beſt conſtituted, he hath generally reaped favorable opinion; for others, reſpect them as little as he, ſeek thy happineſs within thy ſelf, and not abroad, they will have their ſayings, but thy good conſtitution will bear thee out againſt maligrant blaſts; wander the leaſt thou canſt, keep cloſe to thy friends, and tell them that the many obruptions and &c cætera's of thy moſt ſerious, ſad, and devout pieces of Proſe, were occaſioned by diverſe expungings of matter intended only for a Son, or a deſcendant.

We are now in an extraordinary early, fair-promiſing, and comfortable ſpring, and by Gods grace upon a treaty for Peace: May the King be happy in good Counſel, and believing well of ſuch as ſeek nothing more then his, and his peoples happineſs; This is our Criſis of emerging, or utter ruine: Pais geſtè vault mieux que pais perdu. Benedicat Deus.

* Or mud of their own breeding.

Febr 10. 1644.

Pourleu.

Abiſſus Abiſſum vocat.

MOre changes yet? At length I hope we ſhall fall right.
The Fabrick of a State is Analogical ancient Wiſedome, and long time proportioning Lawes, Orders ſuitable to the Model and Nature of it's conſiſtence; It is like a Watch or Clock, we have had warning of taking it to pieces, leſt unskilful hands diſſevering it find the due replacing difficult; but broken and attempting to put in wheels of another cut, is an ataxie producing nothing but diſorder; and as of a Watch, ſo the contexture of our bodies may farther illuſtrate; the inner parts and conveiances are ſo adapted, and correſpond the one the other reſpecting the *totum compoſitum*, that even the leaſt ſeeming inconſiderable, wanting or defectively diſordered, all ſuffer, obnoxious to diſtemper and deſtruction; the *via antiqua* is probably the ſureſt, our building is Monarchical, conſtantly framed accordingly, nothing is perfect in this World, what hath leaſt imperfection is præferable, offended with that, like Sick-men we have toſt and turn'd, yet find no eaſe, what ſhall we do? we have tryed and varyed, ſtill diſtaſted, ſtill impatient; to return where we firſt were, upon fair, ſafe, and good conditions, were queſtionleſs the beſt, to come the neereſt it we can, will be moſt compatible; what God hath ordered for us, is only known to him the Author, of all good and ſole happy directer of our wayes. May it pleaſe him to guide us, or we are loſt at home, we ſink in our harbour; but ſo, and only ſo, we ſhall emerge, may it pleaſe him to bleſs us with a better bleſſing then that of Iſſachar, we have been a bleſſed People; to have been, and not to be, makes but the more calamitous.

Happy State and form of Government, when the Magiſtrates obey the Laws, Inferiors them, often unhappy, to themſelves, ever to the generality; obedience ſhould be rewarded with joyful contentment, when ſhall we find it? God alone muſt give it; Armies made neceſſary, muſt be payed, hardly ſatisfied, two ſupreams ſeldome agree, *Nec poſſum vivere cum te nec ſine te*, is a *Durum Pati*: God turn us to him, and the good Spirit of Counſel will take place, till then we ſhall, nor be ſafe, quite or happy.

M. John Jenkins *his Song of Charity: with this Addition of an ending Chorus to that of* Page 314.

After (*whilſt I have Hands to act, or Eyes to ſee.*)

LOve, Mercy, Bounty, Acts of tender hearts,
Confuſions, Haters, Charities, fair Brood,
Kind natures faireſt Fruits, and Lovelieſt parts,
Oh may you flouriſh glorious as good!

Recon-

Reconcilement of Vertue and Beauty, ſomewhat fitted and changed from that in the Book, with addition of a Chorus, pag. 28.

Song *of* Mr. Jenkins *his ſetting.*

Baſs. INduſtruous virtue, Miſtreſs of the wiſe,
Fair Child of Nature, and of precept born,
Late found her ſelf miſpriſed and forlorn,
Since ſhe and beauty have been Enemies,
Vertue 1. My quarrel and divorce at firſt did grow
For that my Counſel, Beauty naught reſpected,
Treble. And idly nothing but her ſelf affected.
I pitying now each others overthrow
The more eſteem and grace to gain
A League of late, with Beauty have compact
And made it as a part of our contract,
Both in one mutual manſion to remain,
And none ſo worthy, none ſo fair approving,
We both united in *victoria* dwell,
No wonder then that ſhe doth all excel
Love by their Virtue, or their Beauty moving.
I there as my attendants (bring along)
Modeſt diſcretion, courteſie and truth.
Beauty. I contribute complexion, graceful youth.
Symetry, Stature, and that charming tongue.
2. *Treble.* Which like all her perfections void of Art,
Knowes to ſubdue, even the auſtereſt heart:
Chorus. Theſe like ſweet Verſe, and Muſick temper'd well,
Produce a harmony which doth excel.
Sing we then *Io. Pæan, Io. Pæans* new,
To ſuch perfections Authors, and their ſubject due.

Song of the Womans Cure in her Profluvion of Blood, made expreſly for Mr. J. Jenkins *his Setting, the moſt excellent in Muſick.*

St. Mark 5. 25.

Baſs. THus ſaid our Lord in progreſs for our cure,
Thronged by thoſe his wonders did alure:
When finding vertue, had from him proceeded,
Who both for cure and virtue far exceeded.
Tenour. Who is it, that by ſuch a bold contact,
My vertues emanation did attract?
Petty Chor. We, thy Diſciples, Lord, do marvail much,
That thou ſo preſt, maks't queſtion of a touch.
Baſs. Our Saviour not contented lookt about,
Whereat, the guilty woman of the rout,
Fell down before his Feet, and trembling told
The preſent help ſhe had by touch ſo bold.
Saying withall——

Thus

Thus Lord my caſe hath ſtood — *Treble.*
Twelve years diſeaſed with a Flux of Blood:
Helpleſs, and worſe my ſubſtance wholly ſpent,
On Medicines profeſſing Regiment,
This drew me hither Lord in Faith to be
Relieved, by thy veſtures touch, from thee.
Go, ſaid our Lord, in Peace go home again: — *Baſs.*
Thy Faith hath free'd thee from thy former pain.

Bleſt be our Lord, who thus imparts, — *Grand Cho:*
Health to the ſick, Joy to the hearts.
Cure to the deaf, the lame, and blind,
Phyſick to Body, Soul, and Mind.
Hallelujah Oſianna.

Of Truth and Veracity.

I Have often heard this ſaying uſed, Honeſty the beſt Policy, Truth the beſt Rhetorick, whether upon Pilats queſtion or otherwiſe, much hath been written for inveſtigation, definition, and dilucidation, of Truth, ſtill inſatisfactory, ſtill indefinite, as an *individuum vagum* of infinitely various application, intricate, confuſed, implicating; May it not lye in leſs room? Gods Word is Truth, his good Spirit, the Spirit of Truth, his Gift, which elſe the World cannot receive, nor ſee, nor know; there is truth ſupernatural, divine, natural, and humane: It is a Concordance, which ſence delivered from above, from without, from within, a genuine agreement with realiy, thence extracted, candidly, rationally exhibited, this to diſcover, here the Labour, here the Art, it lies open to God alone, we do but rove and grope as in the dark: To come as neer it as I can; it is a juſt underſtanding, and repreſentation of things, a cleer illumination, oppoſite to error and deceipt, to be right and faithful in our diſcovery, however, ſhort is the beſt we can do; it is Coſen *German* to Wiſdome: They go together in right concluſions, ends, and wayes: It is in its ſelf plain, and one, yet oft diſguiſed, multiforme, *Mæander* like wandring, and turning by unneceſſary diſcriptions and expreſſions; but I will not ſweat about it, for it is too hard for me, and beyond my capacity.

Nature is one, and that a large ſpecies of truth, of ſimple and accidental motion and propenſions, ſingular intentions, vertues, properties, inclinations, known to us but by effects, (as *Moſes* ſaw only Gods hinder parts) *à poſteriori*: She is vaſt, but hidden, involv'd; to pretend, to diſſect, and open her, ſhe may prove an Urchin, prick you in the handling, her latitude and extent is wrapt in Clouds and Darkneſs, ſo various, unbounded, that we may wonder, ſometimes terming things miracles, ſometimes incredible, becauſe out of the road of common experience, even when nothing can be in it ſelf more faiſable and eaſie: But herein, I tranſgreſs beyond my ſelf, againſt my ſelf.

Did

Did my very being consist of nothing but thankfulness, I could not make the least compensation for the infinite Mercies of my God, to me his most unworthy, despicable, and sinful creature, even from my first youth, to this my Old Age, supported and restored to such a degree of strength, and well being as is admirable, both to my self and others, in such necessary abilities to my subsistence as I had long wanted, nor had so well injoyed, since my strong infirmity had seized upon me, which hapned in my tender inexperienced years, till when, no man was more sedulous in his private, nor more attentive to publick duty, and concernments then my self; Young as I was, grave, benign, and instructive conversation was most imbraced by me, such as now I little know where to find, or enjoy; the Times, my antiquity, and retiredness afford it not, when I have been taken off from my former entertainment in accommodations, and by a casual infirmity, of my eyes disabled from the sweet content of reading, and by a gravelly strangurial inconvenience detained from wonted Riding, Coaching, or strong walking: It hath pleased my Gracious God, to raise up unto me an activity in Musick, and Bowling. The first an innocent liberal Science, the other reducible to another of the seaven, in varous commensurations, Lines, Angels, risings and fallings of the superficies, which are a kind of Geometry, both to be exercised in a discreet moderation, and by the space of above twenty years wholly forborn by me; I have otherwhere said too much of my unhappy particular, much more I cou'd truly and importantly say; but my constant form of Prayer in the early of the day, may represent some account, possibly not useless to others, I would willingly insert it, but forbear; I sometimes attempt more suddain and impræmeditate forms, but am apt to fall into, and go on in my regularity, finding it most proper and deliberate to my concernment; refer this to the set form prescribed, and used in the reformed Churches, abroad; and withall, let me touch upon what I have heretofore hinted in the not long since pretermitting and cutting of the illative coherent Doxology, from the end of our Lords recommended Order of Prayer, which in it self appears to me, of no small importance to Gods Glory, and our comfortable assurance in what we ascribe to him, and confidingly promise to our selves from his Omnipotent ruling Power; All under the seal of the Particle, *Amen.*

Musick hath been termed pass-time; It is better a dispeller of importunate thoughts, freeing, cleering the mind, refreshing sadded spirits; it is truly *Dei Donum mentis Medicina mœstæ.*

Senectutis apex authoritas, It should rather have been said, *Divitiæ*, I want both, but Gods Grace better supplies, I have much to say to the World, of the World, of my self, for my self, but enough to the deaf; Good men will be good, Bad, hardly better: I have in this little Finish been drawn beyond my resolution, urging occasion and necessity will be obeyed, the World is as a Sea, we the Navigators, and *Navigia*, Cross Winds will blow, and put us to a Laveer, turning our tottered Sails, and steer from our proposed course. God be our Cynosure, and we shall recover a fair Harbour, like Oares in the purling Water, crooked to others, streight in our selves, tost, but not lost; to him the fountain of all mercy and goodness, be World without end, All Glory and Honour; So be it at my last end, and so I end. *Amen, Amen.*

Referring to a Præcedent Incident Argumentation.

TAking at this preſent notice of the infinitely wonderful works of God, conſidering the various operations of his Will and Power as in all things greateſt and leaſt; ſo in our Senſes and their Objects gratifying our Taſt, Feeling, Hearing, Smelling, and ſeeing in variety of affectedneſs to them all, even to ſuch exceſs as in extremity may confound them by contrary effects: as of heat, cold, melodious or aſtoniſhing ſounds, grateful or lætiferous odors, happy or confounding ſplendor, all to be ordered by mans gift of intelligence and diſcreet uſe.

Muſick and Colours ſingularly occur to my Diſcourſe, as natural in themſelves, as little comprehended in general; Of Muſick I have otherwhere delivered my ſelf: The works of the Almighty are all harmonious, vertuous and beautiful, of ſimpathetical operation, even upon things ſeeming inanimate. Nature of Colours is little illuſtrated or underſtood; Colour in ſome things is a reſult from inward temper and complexion, in other bodies Tranſlucide and Diaphanous, a reflection of light from counter-poſition of parts; producing to the eye ſuch various painted repreſentations as our reſpective poſture imparts, and the All-ordering Wiſdom hath ordained unto them; this Tincture ſometimes in Subſtance, ſometimes they Communicate by an irradiating Illumination: But theſe like the Senſes, having nothing proportionable unto them, are not perſpicuouſly demonſtrable, underſtood only by the great Creator, hidden from the Creature.

A Song ſet firſt by Mr. John Jenkins, *for a ſingle, and after for divers voyces.*

HAſten thy pace ſlow Time, wee'l ſet the going
With hand and voyce, thy wings are lazy grown;
Inſteed of nimble clipping in the Air
Thou mak'ſt too many Plains: No, 'Tis not ſo,
Sad years have made us dull, thou art the ſame,
We caſt on thee what duly is our blame,
The heavy'ſt paſſing Time when gone, ſeems ſhort,
Our dayes and we are ſure to find an end,
Moſt happy they who them moſt fairly ſpend:
Some work, ſome plot, diſcourſe, ſome ſing and play;
But Time goes then beſt for us when we pray.

Chorus.

Thus runs our course, first Praying, then to Work,
Suffering no Idle Thoughts in us to lurk;
We weed them out assoon as they do spring,
So roles our Time, we Pray, we Work, we Sing.

Occasioned by an Occurring Discourse in Conversation.

WHen I was young, only initiated towards the knowledge of God, before the Term of Arminianism came abroad, I was much disposed to the opinion of Free-will, as conceiving not consistent with Gods Wayes, Power, Justice, and revealed Will, in his constant pressing, and calling upon us by his Word, for what was not in our power: This was specious to a half-light. But farther and deeper Disquisition evinced a different Conclusion: Texts for Election, for Gods giving Grace, Will and Deed, That without him we can do nothing, Interpret that what ever urgings appear for our Repentance and Obedience, *&c.* all is set as a Rule for our Conformity to walk by, and lay hold on, for our infallible Salvation, squaring necessarily in either Assertion: And approaching nearer the Sanctuary, I found it requisite to sayl by the Compass of Gods Divine Essence, which admits not to be apprehended other then All-wise, Powerful and Just; but impenetrable and uncensurable by our weak dim capacities; It is high impiety to fly in his Face by our over-bold conceptions; He cannot be Author of Evil: The many supernatural Mysteries of our Faith Fundamentally surmount our Reason: to call God to account for his will and work is a transcendent boldness, not to allow him an Eternal Foresight, and all necessary Consequences thereupon, however uncomplyable with our lame discourse is a presumptuous blindness (from which may it please his Immense Goodness to deliver me) What do we know of Eternity? of Heaven, Hell, Salvation, Damnation, Immortality, but what his Scriptures have imparted to, and above our natural apprehensions? our scanning of his Counsel, or questioning the Justice and Wisdom of his Works, as why he made not us Angels impeccable; Toads and Reptills may as well expostulate, why he made not them Volatile, or Humane. No; let us submit with modesty, glorifying him, imploring his grace, and acknowledging his mercy in what we are; we may take false measure of our selves by our own foot, much more of him.

Begge Faith, it is Gods gift, he will give it; work charity and peace, we shall reap the fruit thereof from his Justice and Goodness; to pretend

Pretend a Free-will of our own, excluſive to him, were to Deifie our ſelves, we are no ſuch Plenipotentiaries, *Non ſi te ruperis par eris.*

In truth, when we come to decifer and modifie Gods wayes, as in Prædeſtination, which made holy *Paul* cry, Oh the height, the depth of the Incarnation and Hypoſtatical Union of our Saviours being God and Man, born of the choſen Virgin; of the high Mercy and Wiſdom, in giving an only Son for our Redemption: the occaſion whereof the Almighty might either have prevented, or wrought by any other means of Tranſubſtantiation in the Communion; a term not many years ſet on foot in the Church as to the Sacrament: of admitting the Jews, an only peculiar people, and much more of that kind, wherein we may confound and looſe our ſelves, troubling our ſelves with unneceſſary alterations, breeding Schiſms, obtruding new Articles for Anathematization, and making Hereticks which the Scripture never made, and a neceſſary ſaving Faith nor defines nor requires. The *Arcana* of the Almighty, like the Ark, are dangerous to be over boldly handled; God hath ever been indulgent to ſuch as fear him and work righteouſneſs; But hath now opened the dore of Faith working by Charity, whereby to become pleaſing to him and eternally happy in our ſelves: who abandon that his way and preſcription, their damnation will be juſt. Let us follow peace, aud the ſweet peace of God be amongſt, and with us. *Amen, Amen.*

Concerning

PETTY POETRY,

made more

GENERAL

in addreſs than at firſt.

Preludium to the firſt Verſes.

Madam,

IN antient offerings to Deity, Turtles, Incenſe, and Flowers have been acceptable for the zeal of obedience, though of little worth, or advantage; let my reſpect to your command make the more excuſable the worthleſs following lines, which otherwiſe in my knowledg of the ſlightneſs of their ſtuffe and making ſhould never have preſumed to undergo the weight of your cenſure: True Turtles you ſhall find them, full of ſimple love, and unfurniſht of all Serpentine climbing art of ſubtilty and knowledg: Incenſe and Smoke, they are but of the gentleſt nature, not far fetcht Aromatiques, troubleſome and intoxicating to the brain, but mild as flowers unmedicinal for morality, meer Poſeys or Noſegays, gay to the firſt ſenſe; which if happily you prove them, favour them ſo far as to give them their paſs without further examination, I promiſe not my ſelf that they ſhall pleaſe, for they pleaſe not my ſelf; (eſpecially in a ſerious humour) I know them full of faults, but think them not worth the mending. And if to be an Author of ſuch toyes be a fault, it is ſurely doubled to make them too great a buſineſs. Idleneſs was their mother, which though I pleaſed my ſelf to avoid by their deſtroying her in their birth, yet to good judgments they may well be as ill pleaſing, as ill natur'd: If time were mis-ſpent in them, yet there was not much caſt away; for the idle hours of three months brought them forth, except ſome few, the children of little more than my childhood. As they are

farre from deſerving good opinion, ſo am I farre from the humour of ſome ſo well conceited of ſuch their works (like Peacocks proud of their feathers) that they are never at an end of their labour, but ſtill with child to utter them: my travel ended with their firſt birth, and ſo I hope or wiſh the readers may at the firſt reading; for if they be not plain and eaſie, it is againſt my will, which as it wants ſtrength to imitate, ſo cannot approve the ridling humour lately affected by many, who think nothing good that is eaſie, nor any thing becoming paſſion that is not expreſt with an hyperbole above reaſon. Theſe tormentors of their own and their Readers brains, I leave to be admired in their high obſcure flight, (while my ſelf will be happy, if I can procure but a familiar delight to a ſuperficial reading) they affect to ſhew more wit than love, and in truth ſo much, that whilſt they commend beyond reaſon, they ſhew that either they want reaſon to commend, or their ſubject to be commended; like ill ranging Spaniels they ſpring figures, and raviſhed with their extravagant fancies, purſue them in long excurſions, neglecting their true gain and pretended affection: Be the matter, or the diſcourſers capacity never ſo poor and mean, I ever affect a man that maketh right concluſions. And for my ſelf, I would rather be thought to want invention and knowledg, than judgment aud good conſequence in what I utter. The Poetry of theſe times abounds in wit, high conceit, figure, and proportions; thin, light, and empty in matter and ſubſtance; like fine colored ayery bubbles or Quelque-choſes, much oſtentation and little food; conceits, ſimilies, and allegories are good, ſo the matter be carryed along in them, and not interrupted by them. *Venus* is here drawn by her Doves, not Serpents; and as I profeſs my ſelf to want art in all things, ſo in matters or love I think it may be beſt ſpared, as being an affection meerly natural, and where Art is ſeldome comely, but authoriſed with a native diſpoſition; beſides, Verſes of love are commonly made for women, whoſe chiefeſt beauty conſiſts in being unſophiſticated by Art, and are the more pleaſing in converſation by poſſeſſing a free purity of unadulterated wit. And as we often ſee that thoſe women that have beſtowed on themſelves the moſt Art and coſtly dreſſing, nay, many times that have the beſt proportion, are not yet the moſt winning: So in Verſes there is to be expreſt a natural ſpirit and moving aire (or accent) more alluring and charming the affection, than others of a farre more rich, fair and curious compoſition. The wotld in all things is full of Criticks, that are ſharp-ſighted to reprehend, and will approve nothing but according to their own rule; (many times out of ſquare.) But for my part I hold the ſame opinion of Verſes as of Ayres in Muſick, or Houſes, that let them be delightful and pleaſant to the firſt appearance with conveniency to the deſign, and for the fantaſticated rules of Art, Atchitecture, and proportion, let them obſerve them that liſt: and commonly who moſt affects them, moſt fails in the general delightfulneſs and uſe. Poetry is in truth a kind of Muſick, the fable of *Orpheus* expreſſed as much; Muſick hath its Anthems, Pavens, Fanteſies, Galliards, Courantoes, Ayres, Sarabands, Toyes, Cromaticks, &c. And Verſes have their Hymns, Tragedies, Satyres, Heroiques, Sonets, Odes, Songs, Epigrams, Diſtiques,

Diſtiques, and ſtrong lines, which are their Cromatiques, and of themſelves may be excellent in their Art; but long dwelt upon grow harſh and diſtaſteful. The commandments and preceptives are none of the poetical parts of Scripture. Though I am no part of a Scholar, yet thus much by caſual opening of books I know, that *Horace* in matter of love hates difficulty: and though I believe it an imitation of his abrupt and harſh vein in his more ſerious pieces, that upon the worthineſs of his name and matter, hath debaucht many from the formerly uſed, more open, familiar and pleaſing manner of verſifying; yet I find that even himſelf (howſoever either naturally or affectedly rugged, (except his Lyrick vein) when he uttereth his judgment, or preſcribeth to others concerning meaſured compoſitions, no man is more frequent in recommendation of a round, current, clear and graceful delivery: but what is moral, ſolid and ſatyrick matter diſpent with, is in ſlighter ſtuffe intolerable: there ſhall you find the rough hands, but not the voice and ſubſtance; let them rather imitate his beſt, then his worſt. It cannot be good in limited lines, which are a purpoſed pauſe to the voice, to carry with a counter-time the period of the ſenſe to the body of the next line, much leſs to diſmember an innocent word, that every child according to nature, and uſe, in ſpelling would put together; and words have a natural ayre, accent, and quantity, whence to ſtrain them is to rack both them and the reader: Who will ſet himſelf to dance, or his horſe to manage, let him ſeek to obſerve good time, aire, and faſhion: no man is fit for all things; whoſe Genius was born for Proſe, let him write Proſe rather than affecting Verſe to make ſuch unnatural ſtuffe, as ſhall be good neither. I pity both in my ſelf and others to ſee the beſt of our matter in one place ſo extremely preſt, that it is a labour to diſcover it, and yet in another part of the ſame piece ſlight and ſuperfluous ſtuffe dilated at large. A Poet ſhould raiſe light from ſmoak, not blow that which is light with him to carry but ſmoke to another. I am of his Majeſties mind, that the beſt eloquence is to make our ſelves clearly underſtood, and that to him who hath leiſure, there need no abbreviations: I had rather pay for a little more paper, than to be put to the coſt of my brain. The admirable inventions and matter of your unimitable Uncles extant works flouriſh in applauſe of all, by a happy and familiar diſplay of their beauties to the meaneſt, including withall ſuch generoſity of truely and profoundly extracted conceit to the moſt inward life of whatſoever he expreſſeth, that the ſtrongeſt and cleareſt ſeeing judgments may reſt ſatisfied, yea tranſported in contemplation of the moſt lively and pleaſing touches that a ſoul can apprehend, or a pen diſtill. Yet ſomewhat more to authoriſe my ſelf, *Lipſius* upon perſpicuity holds it the greateſt miſery in writing, not only not to be underſtood, but to be underſtood with difficulty; and the ſharp-witted * *Martial* in contempt of the more formal and ſevere cenſures and Writers, profeſſeth that he would have his verſes need neither an *Apollo*, nor *Grammarian*; and howſoever ſome may deny him to be exact, himſelf in his extertainments affects rather to pleaſe his Gueſts then Cooks. Verſes of love ſhould be verſes of pleaſure, and to pleaſe in love, the ſmoother fac'd the better.

King James.

Sir Philip Sidney.

* *Hunc volo qui fiat non ſine pane ſatur.*

Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe Poemita dulcia ſunto. So in pieces of Muſick.

I may be crabbed and rugged, but will never affect to be ſo eſpecially in Verſes, whoſe true nature and uſe is to work a kind of a Charme upon the mind, even with ſlightneſs of matter, by the well wrought and exquiſite harmony of their cadence and ſound: There being to be tranſfuſed into Verſe ſometimes ſuch a natural ſpirit of magnanimity; ſometimes ſuch a ſoft, wanton and melting aire of paſſion, that the one ſhall never fail to affect a generous and heroick mind, nor the other to work a kind of tender and relenting diſpoſition in a ſenſible and well natur'd conſtitution: neither of which ſhall eaſily be ſeen affected from an harſh and rude (though never ſo witty) an expreſſion: for as in Perſons, ſo in Verſes; ſome, let them mean never ſo lovingly, ſhall yet by their natural Verjuyce be ever out of the way of *Bacchus* and *Venus*. But in point of obſcurity, in ſome ſort to excuſe my ſelf with others, I fear we all often unwillingly incurre the error of it, by thinking our meaning as open to others, as to our ſelves, when indeed the Characters of our expreſſion are fully ſupplyed by our owne underſtanding to our ſelves, whilſt to others they are lamely contracted and imperfect. Thus much I have been bold to write, not onely to excuſe a poor Mother-wit, but ſomwhat to give a paſs upon their ſtrange and uneaſie habit, who, I doubt not but they will have many a gird at my eaſie and naturall nakedneſſe: I mean thoſe lofty and dim ſhooting Archers, whom I wiſh to remember, that he who ſhoots higheſt, ſhoots not ever neareſt the mark: and he that may walk in the light, is to be ſuſpected for chuſing the dark. Now (Madam) I grant that all I can write (eſpecially what theſe lines contain is but vanity, and a moſt idle vanity; yet thus far I will excuſe both the writing and the reading, that all the world is little better: We often condemn vain pleaſures, and remember not that the moſt things the beſt of us moſt ſeriouſly do, have no other end. For God being ſerved and nature ſuſtained, what fruit proceeds from our Authority, Learning, Wealth, Policy and earneſt intent to profit, but to ſatisfie our impulſive affections which either propound to themſelves a felicity, whereof they fail in the poſſeſſion, or ſeek to divert by ſuch imployments the dulneſſe, and otherwiſe obtruding miſeries of their condition: which if you pleaſe to conſider, you will the more excuſe many purſuers of lawful and natural delights, and value thoſe pleaſures at the better rate which are more perdurable and communicable. May the following wanton (but as modeſt Babes as their Mother Venus could produce) though they cannot profit, yet afford ſome delight to that your worthy well furniſh'd mind, to which I wiſh all happineſſe that ever noble nature poſſeſt or can poſſeſs. I muſt yet be ſo much longer, as to crave pardon for my unintended, and I fear unpleaſant length; it is the vice of Writing to be endleſſe: thus hath my enmity to obſcurity brought forth tediouſneſſe, yet not ſo much, but that all this may be ſooner read, than ſome one paſſage of our Night-pieces underſtood: they had need afford profitable ſtuffe, who utter it at ſo hard a rate. I wiſh your Ladiſhips authority would ſo abate the price that our poorer abilities might hold trade without ſtraining. And ſeeing I am upon the Theme of Verſes, whither I mean not ſhortly to return, I humbly crave your favour, after my faſhion, diſorderly to ſay thus much more, that howſoever ſome of the ſtricter ſort approve only of Verſes ſo

cloſe

cloſe, uſeful and ſubſtantially woven, that there muſt be neither liſt, looſeneſs, nor the leaſt ſuperfluity of words? for my part, I am not of that ſtrict order, nor ever yet ſaw it obſerved in any Author, Nature hath mingled ſtalks with flowers, and Husks with Corn, and hath raiſed ornament from our excrementicial haires: conceits and matter overcruſht, afford commonly as little grace as pleaſure; and to write all in abbreviations, would take indeed leſs room, but much more time and trouble. A *Geneva* print weakens the ſight, nor is it good to hold your bow ever bent, or your horſe ſtreight reigned. Sometimes amongſt pithy and tough lines. I think it not amiſs to interpoſe one of an eaſie ſtrain, like reſting places in lofty ſtaires, to eaſe the Reader, Some fluency of weak water-helps the better in nouriſhment to convey what is more ſolid. Lamp-oile yeilds no good ſavour nor in ſallet, nor verſe. *Difficilia quæ pulchra*, is it to be underſtood of the attaining, and not the exerciſing of faculties. You know how it is ſaid of *Poems*, that they ſhould be ſuch, *ut ſibi quivis ſperet, idem ſudet fruſtraque laboret auſus idem.* Strong lines may be drawn on with Cart-ropes, but the faireſt have generally an eaſie birth. It is rare for any thing to be well and hardly performed. The French expreſſion, *A Deliure*, implyes as well perfectneſs, as felicity and dexterity. There may be imployed ſuch an extraordinary (yet gentle) fineneſs of conceit, and concluſions ſo deſigned, wrought, limned and coloured, touches ſo bold, covert allegories and ſubtilities ſo neat, Epithets ſo material, Metaphors and ambiguities ſo doubly fine, as ſhall be more maſterlike than more ſententious, ſublime, abſtruſe, and ſtrong appearing lines. Worth of matter and conception ſuppoſed, nothing more commends a piece then terms well choſen, proper, lively, and ſignificant, with a free comming on, and as free a cloſe and concluſion, Alſo a fair, clear and even thorogh carriage with well wrought joynts and connexions gives credit the workman. I love as much a great deal of force and depth couched in one word, as I hate little in many. We ordinarily write and ſpeak the ſame things and notions, and to the ſame purpoſe, but infinitely differ in the delivery and expreſſion; ſome proceed in a ſtuttering confuſed obliquity, groping as in a miſt or darkneſs; ſome go more directly, and exhibit their Idea's and conceptions with ſo clear and diſtinct a light, illuſtrations, inſtances, demonſtrations, enforcements, and arguments ſo pertinent, perſpicuous and concluding, that the underſtanding and aſſent are captivate beyond evaſion or ſubterfuge. Sophiſtry and figures may appear fine and witty, but prevail little upon the beſt judgments: Reaſon muſt convince the intellectual ſoul. May I write clearly and ſtrongly, rather then finely and artificially; hence is the difference of elocution, hence of perſwaſion, the one is light and aery, the other weighty and ſolid; moſt lovely and commanding is the beauty of a fair ingenuous and rich ſoul fairly mounted, and armed upon well ſhaped and unanimouſly received vertue, goodneſs and reaſon. Verſes are then good, when turned to proſe they hold a fair and currant ſenſe, and when tranſlated into another language, there is ſuch maſtery found in their conception by the advantage of what is genuine unto them, that there will be either more words or leſs conceit and mattter. The priviledg they have over common phraſe,

conſiſts in the warranted becomming ornament of a loſty well-ordered ſpirit, and wantonneſſe, ſuch as ſhall make toyes paſs for Jewels; and give to what of it ſelf is precious, an acquiſite luſtre of workmanſhip beyond what proſe can bear, and that in little room; their voyce is more conſtrained, and conſequently more ſhrill and piercing. Nor is it in writing the leaſt perfection (howſoever it hath found little obſervation) ſo to order and contract our expreſſions, that one well adopted word may run into, and govern many of diverſe and ſtrong ſenſe) for nothing gives more pleaſure and ſatisfaction to a diligent inquiſitive and judicious Reader, then much matter and conceit compendiouſly digeſted with ſufficiency of perſpicuity. To conclude, lines of a farre fecht and labour'd fancy with alluſions and curioſity, and in ſimiles of little more fruit or conſequence, than to raviſh the Reader into the writers fine *Chamaleon* colours, and feed him with aire, I approve not ſo much as heighth and force of ſpirit ſententiouſly and weightily exhibited; wit needs not rack it ſelf, where matter flowes; embroderies become not a rich ſtuffe; and art is beſt expreſt where it leaſt appears.

A ſtrong wing is to be preferred before a painted, and good ſenſe and matter elegantly delivered before extravagancy of fancy and conceit; ſuch unnatural impertinency ſerves rather to ſhadow then illuſtrate, to over-whelm then ſet forth the ſubject; as well appoſite, as accurate writing is the Authors glory.

Poſtſcript upon occaſion of the then young Princes pretended deſire to have ſight of the following Poems.

AND here under pardon to conclude with this further defence of Love, the ſubject of this little work, but taking it more large and high, I find love to be the moſt worthy object of the beſt and moſt generous diſpoſitions, and none but maligne naturnes that addreſs not their thoughts towards it: for what good and worthy mind hath its being, that is not bent as upon its felicity either to the love of women the moſt natural, of men the moſt noble, or above all of God the moſt happy and rewardful? Whether elſe tend all our ſtudies of comlineſs, of glory, and noble actions of charity and good deeds? Wherein can man ſo well reſemble his great Creator, as by worth and goodneſs to win love? what more noble end can any man have to ſtudy vertue and perfection, than thereby to win affection and praiſe, the reward and food of vertue, and tribute of God? Nay, love the eſſence of God, the good ſpirit and wings of the ſoul, the Mo-

ther,

ther, Child, and final cauſe of Beauty, the begetter and maintainer of the world, the life of life: by love the Sun ſhines, and the earth brings forth, by love is ſociety and commerce maintained, by love the ſoul dwells with the body, and God with the ſoul; by love nature ever works for our preſervation, when the body and almoſt the ſoul are laid in ſleep. Admirable love! without thee life is hateful, man but a wolf to man, the world a ſecond Chaos; For thy ſake alone, who affecteſt not a decaying Manſion, I apprehend loſs by growing old, yet thus again am I comforted by the moſt divine power, that thou never abandoneſt the dwelling of goodneſs, and art ſucceſſively fruitful over all the good works of nature to the worlds period: ſo that to the vertuous, where the love of women fails, the love of men begins, and where that by the withering imperfections of age grows cold, (as the aire to a ſetting-Sun) there, for our ſupreme and infinite comfort, begin to ſhine moſt clearly the beams of that divineſt love, (which before were too much intercepted by the ſenſualities and paſſions of our younger years) to make us therein eternally happy by that operation of love, and contemplation of beauty, which at the laſt muſt be our ſouls immortal food and joy.

Advertiſement upon the firſt Verſes.

I Am not ignorant that who keeps the common road, falls not into the incumbrances incurred by them who ſearch or by or nearer wayes: Writing is a by-path of life, I am yet engaged to it, but hope ſhortly to get out, and by the way I give you this Antidote and Rapſody of præcaution and true information concerning the following pieces. The reaſon why I retein and expoſe them with others, is not ſo much that I eſteem them worthy of view or life, as that they were many years ſince Copyed and ſpread abroad beyond my knowledg then, and are now beyond my power to recall: they are more Chaff than Corn, fitter to be ventilated, blown away, and play in the aire, than vented in any Market and commerce of wit and cenſure: they are incorrect, if not incorrigible; yet I conſent to leave them, and many other my pieces, ſuch as they are, to repreſent unto me the difference 'twixt then and now. To attempt to perfect them were to diſperſonate their youth and haſty nature, and fall into the much frequented ſtage [Error] of putting ſtronger lines, and more conceited and elaborate elegancy into weak mouths and ſtrong paſſions; than well comporteth with them; let their youth and genuine conception plead their pardon. You ſhall miſtake them if you often conceive them not rather the off-ſpring of fancy

fancy than paſſion. But take them at the worſt, they have ſomthing of reaſon and ſerious in them: and the errours of love are not ſo foul, as the love of errour; nor is it impertinent to perſwade love in them who have conſtrained it in you; and love may be ſuch, as to become no leſs juſtifiable than natural. Love is in truth of divers kinds, ever an Ebullition of the liver: ſometimes it is made and forced upon us, ſometimes we weave and fool our ſelves into it, ſometimes it proceeds from gratitude and good nature of gratification. It is generally the child of weakneſs, as well as of idleneſs: witneſs my ſelf in my childiſh youth and melancholy humour. A vigorous gayety of the heart and mind taken up and buſie in other affections and entertainments hardly admits it. It is a ſad confinement, a diſeaſe like womens longing, where the violent appetite of one object, no better than the reſt, gives reliſh to that alone, whilſt a right and undiſtaſted apprehenſion of every thing in the true kind is the much better and ſounder conſtitution: and as in longing after ſuch or ſuch a morſel, the conſideration is carryed by the fancy and taſt, which have no rule but themſelves: or as at Table, the hearty approbation of ſome one diſh is a provocation to others appetites: ſo in love. And as moſt dogs will often ſtrive to get away anothers bone, though otherwiſe little deſired, or when a morſel is offered to be ſnatched from them, grow greedy of that which before they neglected; ſo in affections; I leave the application. Sometimes as love hath been termed a warfare, ſo is brave Conqueſt made ambition; too many make it their felicity; and effeminately bend all their affections towards it; ſometimes it is taken up for a faſhion to be in faſhion, is in idle times of no ſmall importance to idle and gallant perſons; ſometimes like Coqualuchios and Epidemical diſeaſes, it may much proceed from the diſpoſition of the Ayre; as in other kind we may obſerve of quarrels that they ſeldome go alone; our poor volatile ayery affections are ſtrongly wrought upon as well from outward as inward incentives, Winds, and Aſpects.

The firſt acceſs of love is not ever by the eyes, it hath often a ſtrong foundation and preoccupation begotten at the eare; when a noble heart takes impreſſion of a well lodged reputation, eminent in fame, vertue, generality of love and applauſe attending it, there is it already half as much ſubdued as it is ambitious to poſſeſs and ſubdue: to complete, I acknowledg the approbation of the eye for a requiſite concomitant. To draw and quicken, ſometimes the ſaying of the ſhadow is uſefully true, it flies what followes, and purſues what ſeems to retire and flye.

Whether love be moſt natural between differing or ſubtable complections may as well be a queſtion, as the old rule of friendſhip to conſiſt amongſt equals hath been lately controlled. But as friendſhips are conceived moſt firm in ſuch relation and tye, as there may be a dependency wrought either by a reciprocation of mutual benefits and advantages, or where at leaſt the good and fortune of the one relies and faſtens it ſelf upon the other: So if the fantaſtical exiſtence of love receive not a fixation from ſome more ſolid root and conſideration, ſuch as grows either from a rational and deliberate election, or from ſuch like ſympathetical proportion of mind, vertue and affections; it will be eaſily ſubject to ſcatter and blow away in the lightneſs of the ſoyl that produced it. It

is

is a fantaſtique and hardly to be concluded on by reaſon; but we generally ſee it is ſpecifical, as between vipers and other creatures in their kind. And certainly there is a ſelf-love reigning in us, which will not well permit a quick viperine high-guſted ſpirit to fancy one of a dull and flegmatique temper. Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at firſt ſight, is as falſe as fine; circumſtance and opportunities more often beget it: and love, to ſhew its extravagant power, ordinarily graffs it ſelf upon the ſtock of an unfavourable, prejudicial and crabbed opinion. As there is a great difference, betwixt what will you give, and what will you take; ſo is there in ſeeking and making love, or being found and made to it. Wiſe men are ſaid to make more opportunities than they find, but in love it holds the other way. True love is as paſſive as active, and it is the height of it's true art, to moderate it ſelf, as to love and be wiſe. How blind and unreaſonable ſoever it is ſuppoſed (as I have otherwhere ſaid) a fair, kind and ſutable object hath much to allege why it ought to be loved, and it is a peculiar prerogative of faith to tranſcend our reaſon; you ſee I affect to write rather obſcurely than full and largely (what you ſtick upon to conceive, may ſtick the better with you,) I have often pitied to ſee not only the moſt beautiful of creatures, but the faireſt and kindeſt natures moſt ſubject to the exceſs, and vitious fruit of their love and kindneſs; there is belonging to them a kind of goodneſs, being as well affected in a gratification of others, as the natural pleaſure reſpecting only themſelves. It is as happy that divine and humane Laws have circumſcribed us herein, as it is miſerable to ſee how nature by a gallantry of cuſtom hath ſhaken off her fairer, richer girdles and bracelets ſo far, as to become relapſed into her naken native current common with other creatures, almoſt drowned in her own whirlpool; and neglecting all other leſſons of virtue, honour and Religion; men may ordinarily learn from women a ſtrength beyond their ordinary in maintaining themſelves above the vanity and levity of reſenting impreſſion from admiring and affecting eyes; you may attribute it to their honour lying at ſtake one way, as ours another: but well conſidered, men as well in honour as fortune prove the greater loſers by ſuch intanglings; perfection of one may be imperfection in another. But here let the moſt unlovely natures and contemners of love find this * *Paradox*, that there is none of them all ſo clay or key cold, but deſpite of their rigid perverſe diſcourſe and diſpoſition (I except impotent, maleficiat, aged, and ſickly frigidity) if they meet with a right, a kind, a courting ſubject, and be plyed with warm cloathes, it ſhall put them into ſuch a heat, as birds feel in the Spring, or Deer in the Autumne; yet this I grant, that very many not incapable of love wander all their lives without meeting a true ſteel to their flint, or a fatal conſtellation of the heavenly and earthly ſtars to their inflammation. You know the proverb of marriage and hanging, and old ſayings are ſomwhat authentique; Fate may be eaſilier ſlighted than avoided. Gameſters may think to counter-ſhuffle Fortune out of her courſe, when

* Take this other Paradox, that the faireſt are often the chaſteſt: for loving beauty in the abſtract, however they may pleaſe their nature and humour in giving way to a parcel entertainment of many affections, yet reſt they often ſatisfied in a pendulous ſuſpenſive power and glory, by an equilibrious diſtraction, which others miſſing more abandon themſelves to the concrete.

when the poor fools become in truth her Inſtruments to ſhuffle themſelves into her nooſe. Reaſon and diſcourſe were not given to us (I confeſs) in vain, and they are to be imployed according to good diſcretion, yet ſuch as will leave nothing to fortune are not ever the moſt ſucceſsful: As men in ſhips conceit the earth to move, when it is themſelves, ſo we may wittily think we lead and fetter fortune, which in ſpight of our wiſdome will prove our guide and ſteerer. There are to us in our courſes (as to Pilots at Sea) certain inſenſible currents that force us out of our propounded way and ſcope.

Si fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Conſul,
Si volet hæc eadem, fies de Conſule Rhetor.

The univerſal agent is the great and prime wheel, by whoſe motion all thoughts, actions, and events are commanded. It is he who turns (*Ille ego qui quondam*) from *Mantua* to *Troy* or *Rome*, and ſo it graciouſly pleaſed him to convert my Muſe by a better to a better nature. St. *Paul* made us witneſſes of his, and I am contented by an equal Communication of both kinds to make you witneſſes of my better converſion. That *Eternal* and *Melior natura* I implore to inſtruct me to diſtinguiſh betwixt him and man, true or falſe, Piety and Charity, to preſide me in all my courſes, and lead me in his truth to him, in whom alone it is all true felicity. *Amen, Amen.*

JUVENILIA NUGÆQUE CANORÆ.

Many of theſe Verſes I own not, for I
In them was ſcarce my own; Nor am I he
Who made them: but ſince from ſuch vanity
May grow ſuch change, read through, and change with me.

AURORA.

AURORA.

AWake my ſilent long reſerved Muſe:
Th'allarm of love tumultuous in my heart
Summons out all my ſouls beſt ſtrength, and Art;
And doth my weaker faculties confuſe.
What ſerve you now you precept Sentinels,
You Rampars fram'd of reaſon and diſcourſe
Againſt all paſſions power and intercourſe?
One puts you now to flight, who all compells
To yeild unto her all-ſubduing might.
'Tis ſhe may truly ſay, I come, I ſee,
And captivate the proudeſt hearts to me.
Her power commands me love, admire and write
Her glory, and my love, above compare;
Wherein great Queen of love accept good will:
For it exceeds the power of earthly quill
Either t'expreſs, they ſo tranſcendent are.
On then my pen, my burd'ned ſoul to eaſe,
She abſent, thou alone my mind muſt pleaſe.

Not for their worth, but for thy worthineſs
Accept of theſe preſumptuous ruder lines,
Where through my weakneſs thy bright beauty ſhines,
And Sun-like doth in ſpite of miſts expreſs
Its own true glory: Wiſely happy he,
Who in this glaſs of water views this Sun
Excelling object, which to look upon
Our humane Organs too unable be.
What though the Siſters nine my Muſe diſclaim,
As an untutor'd Novice new ſtart up,
That never taſted the *Caſtalian* cup?
Let others invocate their idle name,
Whilſt I by thy divine pow'r ſet on fire
Thy worth on higher Trophees elevate
Than e're the greateſt Poet *Laureate*
Could her renown that did his Muſe inſpire.
Aſſiſt great goddeſs then thy paſſions ſtory,
Thy beauties record, thine ſhall be the glory.

To make an Inventory of thy parts
By fair reſemblance of their form and hew
To Ivory, Coral, Cryſtal, heavenly blew
Hills, Pillars, Bowes, Valleys, and piercing darts,

Were to detract from that perfection
Of teeth, of lips, of eyes, of azure veins,
Breast, neck, browes, looks, and those delicious plains,
Which thou hold'st in most fair connexion,
Excelling all resemblance, all compare;
And were indeed by cunning to aspire
To colour forth the burning heat of fire,
Or glorious light, and dazling beams which are
In *Phœbus* face, and fiery Chariot dwelling.
Thou like the joyes of the *Elysian* place,
(Which who strives to describe shall but debase)
Art only known, by others all excelling.
Let then all Pens, and *Species* confess
Their weakness thy perfections to express.

Since *Cupid* to Loves Seas my *Bark* hath prest,
My fate once led me by the *Cape* of Hope;
But since alas! my agitated Boat
Hath past Despair's sad gulf, and it's arrest,
I Anchor cast, disaster to prevent,
Obscure. But Anchor hopeless did, and helpless prove;
That marble white and red it could not move
Whereon I ventur'd it, but home was sent.
Like as to those, whom fearful shipwrack threats,
Labour for life some harbour good to win,
Yet crost by wind, and tide, cannot put in:
So up and down my tossed Bottom beats,
Expecting better fortune, and some grace
That welcom'st haven that I may recover,
Which under that *Cape* once more I discover,
Center of happiness, most wished place:
But cruel night, why dost thou me such wrong,
With thy black cloak to bar me of that sight,
My only mark, my souls supreme delight,
Supplanting my enflamed hope so long,
That for a fortnight thou dost that remove,
(Fortnight, which will as long to me appear
As if each night contain'd a tedious year);
The only object of my joy and love?
For joy without her presence have I none,
Nor can I love, but only her alone.

If Art by wishing could obtained be,
I would I had the power of *Circe*'s skill,
Not like to her by poys'ning means to kill;
But by some secret *Philters* mystery
Loves mutual flames to her I would impart,
Whose piercing eyes have set my breast on fire,

Whilst

Whilſt ſhe I fear remains without deſire,
Impenetrable to loves powerful Dart.
Be not unjuſt, great-little God of love,
Turn not a Tyrant in thy latter raign,
Make us not think that thou didſt love ordain
Our torture, but felicity to prove:
Juſtice's ballance ever even ſtands:
Shoot equal then, her heart as well as mine;
That we may both adore thy power divine
With equal, happy love, faith, joy and bands.
So ſhall I ever celebrate thy fame,
But elſe have cauſe to curſe thy power, and name.

I wonder much that all this Parliament
Your Sex 'gainſt you a bill hath never fram'd,
Wherein (me thinks) you juſtly might be blam'd
That contrary to common Laws intent,
And common good by your means dearth is bred
With ſcarcity, which men incenſeth ſo
That ſome contentleſs, ſome to fury go;
And all, becauſe you hold monopoled,
And have engroſs'd into your ſole poſſeſſion
The maſs, and ſtock, and beauty of our age:
A grievance juſt, except you can aſſwage
Their cauſe of plaint by ſatisfying impreſſion;
Whereat me thinks I ſee you forth produce
Your ſelf for Patent, beautifully fram'd
By God and Natures perfect working hand,
Whoſe power to queſtion were prophane abuſe;
And thus your right authoriz'd, they confuted
Subſcribe your Patent n'ere to be diſputed.

Come on you ſearching quinteſſence of wit,
Limbeck no more your all-exhauſted brain
To find that delectable place again,
Where all things did in firſt perfection meet;
Contemplate here this little piece of mould,
And you will ſoon acknowledg it at leaſt
A perfect model happily congeſt
Of all delights, which that place did enfold!
Perpetual Sommer fair doth here reſide,
Harmonious concord is in all things found,
Flowers, fruits, perfumes, delights do here abound;
Nor growes there here, or nettle, thorn, or weed;
Here all in native true perfection grows,
Nor ſhall the Gard'ner need to toil, but take:
Who would not then all earth beſides forſake
Here to inhabit, where all ſolace flowes?

Moſt happy garden, earths true Paradiſe;
But happier gard'ner, whom my ſoul envies,

But not unwilling my requeſt to grant,
That I your ſhadow, and reſemblance have;
The reaſon why this favour I do crave
Is not for that your pourtraiture I want:
For were my breaſt tranſparent, like mine eye,
You there your ſelf enthronized ſhould ſee
Sole Empreſs of my heart, my thoughts, and me,
Conſecrate trophees of your victory.
This your Idea feaſteth me within,
Whilſt my poor eyes, who firſt did entertain
You for this welcom'ſt gueſt, do now complain
They ſtarved are, diſtaſted of each thing,
Except your ſelf alone: deny not then
A charity ſo ſuperficial,
Which when times ruines you can not recal,
Shall yet your glory ſhew, and ſhown to men
(Who nothing will believe but what they view)
Shall force them wonder, and accuſe their fate
That made them looſe by ſending them too late
The happy ſervitude of ſeeing you,
And make them honour verſe, and pencils skill,
Which onely can preſerve, what time would kill.

Since that my vowes, my fortune, and my love,
My courſe, and reſolution did engage
To undertake a ſacred Pilgrimage
To that Saints ſhrine, which ſole my ſoul doth move,
So hapleſs, and malignant is my chance,
That guide and Pilot other have I none,
Than only that blind cruel Boy alone,
Who ſuffers me, nor reſt, nor yet advance;
Thus leads the blind the blind, whilſt both aſtray
Wander 'mongſt thorny thicks, looking each hour
When fierce untamed paſſions ſhould devour
Like ſavage beaſts my poor ſoul for their prey.
Oh pity now (my faireſt Saints and Star)
The reſtleſs wildred ſtate, wherein I ſtand,
And, ſince I ſeek but you, lend your fair hand
To guide my courſe; ſuch moral leſſons are,
That none deny to kindle others light,
Nor to direct the wandring Pilgrim right.

That light to light, way to the ſtray we give,
The reaſon eaſie is, it nothing coſts,
Nor breeds our diminution, or loſs:
And truth to ſay (fair Sun) I only live

By

By that pure light and heat drawn from your eyes,
Whoſe ſparks have ſo my ſubject heart inflam'd
With heav'nly fire ſo wonderfully fram'd,
That it to quench in you it only lies.
You, like *Achilles*'s ſpear, which ſole imparted
Help to the hurt it made, can ſole apply
A ſovereign balm, ſuch as no gold can buy,
To eaſe thoſe hearts that for your love have ſmarted;
Grant then my lives fair Sun, *Apollo*-like
Whoſe light's our light, our life, direction, cure,
Theſe virtues *Phœbus* yeelds, thy eſſence pure,
That I may offer at the ſhrine I ſeek
The pleaſing ſacrifice, and fruits of love,
Which taſted may your equal pleaſure prove.

You *Elegy* wayling writers elegant,
Whoſe ſad deſpiſed Muſe of little ſings
But rigour, ſcorn, and her tyrannick ſtings,
Who all compos'd of Ice, and Adamant,
As *Nero* joy'd thoſe tragick flames to ſee
Which *Rome's* proud flames had reaſon juſt to rew,
So triumphs and inſulteth over you
The cruel Miſtris of your miſery;
I wonder at your brains productions,
Which 'ſtead of comforting benigne aſpect,
Are fed with nipping blaſts, ſorts, and neglect
From thoſe *Pareli* proud in your deſtructions:
I like the flame-fed *Salamanders* kind,
And as the tender Summer-lab'ring Bee,
Except a warmthful Zephyr breath on me
Am ſtupifi'd with cold, fruitleſs in mind.
Love, child of heat and hope, doth barren periſh,
Except (fair Sun) his tender plant you cheriſh.

CAPTIVITY.

QUeen of beauty moſt divine,
From whoſe ſacred charming ſhrine
Humane power cannot part
Without ſacrifice of heart:
Thetis Nymphs had little grace,
VVhilſt your beauty was in place,
And their influence was cold,
As ſent from a watry mould:
Shall I happy call that night,
VVhen to gain a pleaſing ſight,
Pretious liberty I loſt,
And am now on loves Sea toſt

By

By a tempeſt of deſire
Mixed full of heav'nly fire,
Rais'd by that inchanting face
Of her Sex the only grace:
Yes moſt happy I it call,
Though it do my freedome thrall,
Freedome none may neer compare
With that happy ſtate, which are
Thoſe in your fair ſervice plac'd,
And that pleaſe to make them grac'd.
Happy martyr of conſtraint
Whoſe pain is for ſuch a Saint,
And who hath for object giv'n
The ſweet hope of ſuch a heav'n!
Fair, a ſtranger term me not,
That your Sanctity would blot,
Saint did never yet object
Former knowledg's defect
Againſt thoſe whole zealous vowes
True devotion avowes.
If my merit yet be ſmall
To procure your love withall,
Time alone to you muſt prove
How well I will deſerve your love.
Grace in Saints ought to abound,
Grace ne're growes on merit's ground,
Be then gracious, as I true,
Conſtant and faithful unto you:
And my fortunes, that have crown'd
Me happy on that Relicks ground,
Shall be all aſcrib'd to ſerve
You, that all reſpect deſerve.

To win her from reſolving upon a Cloyſter'd life, in whom love is conceived to be yet predominant.

PRetty wanton *Beauty's* treaſure,
Made for ſweet delight and pleaſure,
Pretious Jewel of thy kind,
Whoſe equal 'tis as hard to find,
As the matchleſs *Phœnix* mate:
What though nature did create
You *Phœnix*-like to be admir'd,
And your eſſence ſo inſpir'd,
That your beauteous winning parts
ſhould ſole triumph over hearts;

Yet

Yet in this you farre o're go
Such ſolitary ſtate of woe,
That ſhe exempt from like and love
Thoſe delights doth never prove
That have made the Gods ſo oft
Quit their heav'nly azure Loft,
The ſweet food of love to taſt,
More delicious than repaſt
Of *Ambroſia*, or the wine
Appropriate to the Divine.
Nature you ſo happy frames
That the ſweeteſt game of games
You (to whom all cards are free
To chooſe till you pleaſed be)
May command in ſuch perfection
That th' *Ambroſian* refection
Taſtleſs, and inſipid were,
Ballanced in that compare.
Oh! but how I do envy
Except I knew it ſhould be I
That happy he whom you will daign
Such ſoul-filling joyes to gain!
Let not now a fond Diſcourſe
Contrary to Natures courſe
Make you abſtein from thoſe delights,
VVhereto ſhe kindly you invites:
She each thing inſtructs, you know
VVhat is it's friend, and what's it's foe;
Her you boldly may believe,
She did never none deceive.
Be not ſway'd by wit of Schools,
Precepts were made to govern fools;
And to ſubject thoſe to aw,
That want ſelf-ſtrength of reaſons law;
Reaſon and Nature are all one,
Reaſon moves from her alone.
But why do we thus diſpute?
With a kiſs I you confute.
Send thoſe to Cels, upon whoſe thought
The world and Love have never wrought:
Birds that long have lived free,
Caught and Cag'd but pine and dye.

METROPOLIS.

I Marvail not, Earths faireſt ornament,
Abſtract of beauty, Natures onely pride,
That your delight is only to abide
In *Londons* ſweet commerce, ſole Element

VVhere the refined ſpirits of our Ile
Ingenious diſcourſe communicate,
And hourly freſh delights participate,
Dull tedious time pleaſure to beguile.
VVe all beſt love our like, *London* in much
Doth you reſemble: *London* is the beſt,
The faireſt, richeſt Town of all the reſt,
In all this Continent there is none ſuch.
London our treaſure, Inſtruments of war,
Majeſtick reſidence, and Gems contains:
London far more, than all the other gains:
London the firmament, where every Star
Of magnitude, of power and virtue moves:
London the School, and *forum* of all Arts:
London the *Empory* that all imparts,
That uſe requires, or our affection loves:
London the envy of all other Towns,
As chief in beauty, ſo ſupreme in power,
Our Kingdomes brighteſt object, faireſt flower;
Inchanting Syren, that me happy crowns
In honouring of my Nativity.
I to your better judgments now refer
Thoſe none-ſuch excellencies to confer
VVith hers, that forceth my Captivity.
But fair, beware you be not like in this,
Though in your priſon many a ſoul remains
(As *London* holdeth infinite in chains)
You be no Tyrant cruel, mercileſs,
Inſulting over, and in galling thoſe,
VVho or for ſuite, for life, or for affection
Serv'd by your *habeo cor*, above protection,
Unto your mercy do themſelves expoſe.
In this *Metropolis* I muſt compare
Thee to the faireſt flowers, whence Bees may pluck
Their honey, and yet Spiders poiſon ſuck;
You (fair) the Bee, and not the Spider are,
You, like Earths Jewels, or the Heavens lights,
VVere made in glorious places to appear;
Nor ought that beauteous garment out to wear
Amongſt the ruſtick herd, and rude delights:
You, like to *Cynthia*, the heavens Queen,
VVere made to Govern, be admir'd, and ſeen.

VVHen in your lap that cream you ſet,
VVhich you invited me to eat,
Sugar it needed none,
Your ſweeteſt touch alone
Made it a matchleſs pleaſant meat.

The

The milk that did from theſe breaſts move
That nurſed up the God of Love,
No, not the Manna dew,
Nor juice that ever grew,
In taſt did ſo delightful prove.

Neither *Nectar*, nor *Nepenthe*
Can in like degree content me:
Fond *Eſau*, hadſt thou ſold
For this (though not for gold)
Thy birth-right, we had never ſhent thee,

Not *Flora*'s lap moſt fairly dreſt,
Nor the ſweet milk of Fortunes breaſt
So graceful pleaſing are,
As it, and you both were,
More ſweet than ever tongue expreſt.

But now if this ſuch ſweetneſs drew
Only by being plac'd in you;
Sweet then above all wonder
Is that your ſweetneſs under,
Moſt happy he that proves it true.

EXPOSTULATION.

FAir, ſpotleſs Scarf, once by my goddeſs born,
When from her arm I you preſum'd to take,
And with your knot mine own arm did adorn;
'Twas then, I did my ſelf your Priſ'ner make,
And Captive ſtill do in your bands remain,
To be by her my Saint, or ſav'd, or ſlain.

It's true I err'd, and fondly you reſtor'd,
By arguments moſt happ'ly falſe abus'd;
For ſtill the more that I her love implor'd,
Her ſtrangneſs made it ſelf ſtill more accus'd;
And when acquaintance, which ſhould freeneſs adde,
Made her appear more ſtrange, my ſoul was mad.

I then conſider'd (though ſhe let you go)
That ſhe my keeping you had neer conſented,
And judg'd it ſacrilege to take you ſo
From her a Goddeſs thereat diſcontented,
Hoping my inward peace to re-obtain
By rendring back my Heav'n-ſtoln fire again.

But let us now fair love expoſtulate,
Whence that your unkind, killing ſtrangneſs grew:
Was it becauſe by chance I near you ſat
In that licentious place of publick view?

Fair, do not wrong ſo much your ſelf and me
To think my Company an injury.

Your virtue from ſuſpicion doth you free.
And many's perſons make their acts ſuſpected
Whilſt they, that in opinion guiltleſs be,
May do much more, fearleſs to be detected:
Nor jealouſie, nor malice fear you then;
Women were made to company with men.

Put on the reſolutions of your ſex,
That all backbiting ſpightful blaſts contemn,
And like worlds venom, nought at all reſpects
Calumnious tongues, that good and all condemn:
For well they know, if fair they be eſteem'd,
'Twas ne're yet ſeen, but faulty ſome them deem'd.

To them for free enjoying of their loves
The golden age is now return'd again,
And who in true confeſſion had thoſe Doves
Which do in Court, in Town, or fields remain,
Shall find few Turtles vow'd to one alone,
But mateleſs in loves converſation none.

The world is now out of minority,
And all inclin'd to doctrine of free-will,
My ſelf alone to ſuperiority,
And to your pow'rful law am vowed ſtill;
Nor wiſh I to be free from that command,
Wherein my ſole felicity doth ſtand.

Only extend to me a kind Aſpect,
And free acceſs to gaze upon thoſe eyes,
Which Planet-like my faculties direct,
Whoſe influence my firm obedience ties:
So ſhall I happy live, and you may prove
Contented in the office of my love.

TRIFLE.

PRetty precious Curl of hair,
Late fairly dangling by that eare,
Which Jewel yet did never wear
To your worth or beauty near;
Captivated now you are
To him whoſe heart you did inſnare,
Pledges unequal in compare.
She hath my heart, I but her hair:
Yet would the hardy youth of *Greece*
Have giv'n his hard-won golden fleece

With

With joy and triumph of the prize
To clip but ſuch another piece.
How often hath the wanton wind
To gentleſt blaſts himſelf confin'd,
Whilſt playing with you too unkind
You ſhook him off and ſtill untwin'd,
And coily turn'd another way,
Diſdaining his unlicenc'd play?
The God of love diſpos'd to ſtray
Oft wrapt in you hides him all day,
Where when his mother him eſpies
The little wanton nimbly hies
From thence to cheeks, from cheeks to eyes,
And often there ſo long he lies,
That many a guiltleſs hapleſs weight,
That on her eyes chance caſt their ſight,
Are ſudden ſtrook, and loſe their light,
Puniſht by his diſcover'd might:
Thus up and down the darling skips,
And after ſtill the *Cyprian* trips,
And chaſeth him from eyes to lips,
Where *Pitho* her rich adorn'd Court keeps;
The next retrait that *Cupid* wins
It 'twixt her ſnowy mountain twins,
Where when the goddeſs him imprims,
He ſtraight deſcends and happ'ly inns
Within the vale of true delight,
Whence to her Curls he aym'd a flight,
But being overweak in plight
His mother caught him, and all night
They both reſolved there to reſt,
Where ſuch divine contents them bleſt,
That when they ſolemnize a feaſt,
All their delights are there addreſt:
Yet *Venus* oftner it would uſe,
But fears her ſon would her refuſe,
And for his Patron goddeſs chuſe
Her miſtriſs of my *Curl* and muſe.

TRIUMPH.

FOr wondrous rare I late heard told,
Two Suns at once I might behold,
That equal glorious, equal clear
In one Meridian did appear:
Which when together I did view,
I wondred what illuſion drew
So many judgments ſo awry.
But as it feareth with an eye,

Whoſe

Whoſe accidental weakned ſight
The maſters judgment doth invite
A ſingle object to miſtake,
And double ſeeming doth it make:
So do theſe Aiglets falſe abus'd,
And in their ſeeing pow'r conſus'd,
Reflections into bodies frame,
And thus they raiſe injurious fame
Againſt that beauty, which divine
All others doth as much outſhine,
As *Phœbe* doth a Star ſurpaſs;
As burniſht gold unpured braſs;
As faireſt gardens fallow plains;
Or Diamond courſeſt glaſs diſtains.
Inferiour beauties of our skies
Shun her fair Sphear, if you be wiſe,
So may you ſhine, and wonder move,
Win much affection, and love
From thoſe, who to Star-light confin'd
Ne're came where the true glory ſhin'd:
But if with them you come in ſight
Where ſhe extends her dazling light,
Like Stars obſcur'd by *Phœbus* rayes
Your ſelves remain, but light decayes;
And all your lovers at a gaze,
(Like ſilly birds ſtrook with a maze
To ſee a great bright ſhining light
Surprize them in their dead of night)
Will all about her flye and hover,
Themſelves unable to recover
From that attractive forcing charm,
Alluring them to pleaſing harm:
Some guilty by their own deſire
Shall hapleſs periſh in her fire;
Others her nets ſhall captive take,
And them perpetual pris'ners make;
Some ſad deſpair ſhall ſtrike to ground,
Nor ſhall there any one be found
Of will or power her to leave,
Till death his pow'r and will bereave.
Live ever my victorious Sun,
And maiſt thou thoſe thy triumphs run,
VVhilſt skies the Globe of earth ſhall cover,
Or in the world remain a Lover;
Sole rule the Sphear of love, and me
Poor Orb, that moves alone by thee,
VVhoſe thoughts do nothing elſe aſpire,
But thee to pleaſe, thee to admire.

PLatonique is a pretty Name,
But *Cupid* diſavows it,
It hath no body but in fame,
Diſguiſe alone allowes it.

True Love cannot divine it's end,
'Twas by ſome Spirit given,
That ne'r knew farther than a Friend
It's proper Sphear is Heaven.

Even ſhe and ſhe may make't as good,
As he and ſhe together
'Tis little better underſtood
Than playing with a Feather.
Beyond *Idea*'s Love muſt go,
Or *Cupid* may break Shafts and Bow.

TIs true, I ſeem inconſtant in my Love,
I am in truth what you will make me,
As you will lead, ſo my affections move
None but your ſelf from you can take me,
Your pretty Art inſtructeth you to know,
Trees ſet and ſhaken do more firmly grow:
If now I prove not equally the ſame,
Yours ſhall the fault be, and be yours the blame.

BE as fantaſtick as you pleaſe,
I can be ſo as well as you
And quickly ſet my ſelf at eaſe
VVhen e'r you prove, nor kind nor true.

Love's pleaſure lies in equal love,
Nor doubt I ſoon ſuch love to find,
As ſhall reciprocally move,
Be fair eſteem'd, and pleaſe my mind.

Though others have not ſeem'd ſo fair
To take my fancy as you do;
If once you change your Friendly aire,
Your Parts will fail to take me too:
I'll think my ſelf a Chief or none,
VVhere e'r I leave to be my own.

TOY.

FAireſt hair that ever grew,
Far beyond my worth or due,
Yet for zeal and love I dare
VVith the trueſt heart compare
That our miſtris powerful eyes
Ever made Idolatrize:
You are that pretious ſilken graſs,
VVhence my ſoul's food and comfort paſs;
And you ſuch jewel are to me,
As none can give the like but ſhe
VVho gave you me: O do not ſcorn
To be by me your captive born!
Pris'ners their fetters wear, and I
My ſoul in your enlacing tye.
You think you loſe rich beam divine
Too much by change of being mine,
But what you loſe by your depart,
You gain by thraldome of my heart:
Prove kindly true to me, and know,
She, who did you on me beſtow,
May find greater, fairer many;
But more conſtant, true, not any.

Song

NOw tell me Artiſt, can ſhe love,
Or loving can ſhe conſtant prove?
Conſtant ſhe is, and love ſhe can,
But hard it is to find the man.
What one to pleaſe her muſt he be?
Worthy, and perfect ſuch as ſhe.

Then muſt I of her love deſpair;
For ſhe ſo perfect is, and fair,
As the beſt worthineſs in me
Cannot come near in leaſt degree:
Shall I then ſtrive to quench my fire?
No; rather love, and ſtill admire.

For ſhe love's proper ſubject is,
Who loves not her, doth love amiſs,
I'le love her then, and by her love
So perfect I will hope to prove,
That ſhe may love what ſhe hath taught,
And once be catcht by what ſhe caught.

Song

IF you will love, know ſuch to be
The Lawes of Cupid's *Monarchy,*
That to refuſe
Is to abuſe
Love's government, and I declare
That ſuch love's Rebells, not his ſubjects are.

To love is not to be your own,
Love ſtudies to pleaſe them alone
Whom it affects
Without reſpects
Of ought beſides, and love confin'd
Is but by uſurpation love defin'd.

If you did love, as well as I,
You nothing could nor would deny,
But would conceive
That you receive
What you beſtow, if this were true
Your heart to live in me, as mine in you.

IF my divineing ſoul, and all the Art
Love's School hath yeelded me, foretel me true,
I may poſſeſs a parcel of your heart,
And as I love, be lov'd again by you.

If fondly I preſume, and over-ween,
And all my arguments fallacious prove,
Pardon the errour, that ſo oft is ſeen
Of a ſelf-flattery in deſire, and love.

But if my wit my true informer be,
And yours with Sophiſtry doth not abuſe,
You may be lov'd and honoured ſo by me,
As trueſt and moſt zealous lovers uſe.
If now you ſhow diſdain, my hopes are drown'd;
If ſmile, with higheſt fortunes they are crown'd.

To her who ſhut him in her Cloſet to break his hearing of her ſinging in her upper Chamber, with her Teacher, made upon the inſtant to perſwade her to be more free.

YOu like heav'ns influence, beauty, conſtancy,
And order, would be like in this,

To hide like them your heavenly harmony,
Whil'ſt all beſides imparted is;
Yet Heav'ns themſelves deny not that to thoſe
Whom in their high Sphear they incloſe.
Be then like heav'ns in all, I ask no more;
They are no niggards of their ſtore.

Upon a Brayd of hair.

FAir thou art, nor canſt be other
That proceed'ſt from ſuch a Mother,
Soft and gentle, youthful, white,
Suiting her skin, and th'eyes delight
Such wore *Venus*, and ſuch hair
Wear all that buy to make them fair:
Silk and ſilver wrought together
Show'd ſo fair nor richly never,
Love's leading laiſs I hope thou art,
And with thee bring'ſt to me her heart,
Which to own imparts more pleaſure,
Than honour, beauty, knowlege, treaſure,
Or all poſſeſſions, which to gain,
Cæſar had left *Rome*, *Philip Spain*,
Alexander had forſaken
To maſter earth, and undertaken
To conquer her whoſe love alone,
Had fill'd his vaſt ambition.
Triumph my ſoul in this thy prize,
Bask thee in her lovely eyes,
And in her joy more height of bliſs
Than ever fancy knew to wiſh.
Let ſpite and envy ſwell and burſt,
And jealous frenzy do it's worſt,
Whil'ſt we by love's pure fire refin'd
Their wits out-ſhine, their malice blind,
And moſt ſecurely live above
All reach of paſſion, but our love.

ICannot ſay I in your ſervice ſtarve,
Since you afford me hope to feed upon,
But if you long confine my food thereon,
My poor life cannot long it ſelf preſerve;
A meat it is ſo languiſhing and dry,
That hourly I diminiſh, pine, and faint,
Unwilling to importune with complaint,
But that hope bids me rather beg, than dye:

Fair

Fair flattering hope, but oft deceiving gueſt,
Unhappy happy Anchor of our ſoul,
Which with diſtractions doſt our peace controule,
Where evils known our minds would leſs moleſt
Pity fair Miſtris, crown my hopes at laſt,
Let me not ſtill roule fruitleſs paſſions ſtone,
And make hel-tortured *Tantalus* his moan,
Who hopes and ſees fair fruit, but muſt not taſte.
Beſt wits indeed at firſt their favours ſpare,
But or diſcard or ne're long niggards are.

If my *Cæleſtia* be content to love,
Fair, love me then to my complete content
Soon will the Summer of our years be ſpent
When life ſhall but a grief and penance prove.
Since you the ſeeds of love in me have ſown,
Which now are ripened by your fair aſpect;
Oh do not now your harveſt due neglect,
But pleaſe your taſte in gathering your own:
Let me not Torch-like ſet on fire by you
Conſume my being in my ſelf-fed flame,
Whilſt you (too cruel) make my death a game,
And triumph in my dying fondly true
Love virtue like in action doth appear,
Where words the cheapeſt Agents of our ends
Oft counterfeit, yet paſs for perfect friends,
And proof-leſs none or little credit bear.
Who for ſelf-glory are content to fain
That I may think you are not one of thoſe,
A gloſs of kindneſs, and to entertain
Admirers of their worth in verſe and proſe,
Give me an actual argument that firm
May you to me, my love to you confirm.

FOrbear my headſtrong *Heliotropian* thoughts,
Forbear your ever gazeing on that Sun.
Such ſenſe-confunding object learn to ſhun
As you with nought but ſighs and paſſions fraughts.

And you my greedy never ſatiate eyes,
Who more you view, the more you ſtill deſire,
Your over dareing fixed looks retire,
For ſight ſubſiſteth by varieties.

Abſtain my feet, your haſty ſteps withhold
From her, to whom all lovers flock amain,
But none are ſeen back to return again:
Better is freedome poor than bands of gold.

But Traytors all, I fondly you reprove;
Too late your alien'd ſervice I recal,
Thoughts, eyes, and feet, tongue, hands and he art, and all
Are ſole reſign'd to her command and love:
And ſo inforc'd to love we all conjoyn
Suiters for grace to her the moſt divine.

ALLEGORY.

IT was that gracious ſeaſon of the year
When Husbandmen their welcome harveſt inn,
When faireſt fruits are in perfection ſeen,
And Courtiers through woods chaſe flying Deer,
When every ſwain requital due receives
For all the care and pains he had ſuſtain'd,
When I alone unfortunate remain'd,
Whoſe care and pains no recompence perceives,
That I imbarqued in the Courtly crew
Seem'd all intent on nought but foreſt-ſport,
When oft, alaſs, my heart was farr from Court,
Converſing moſt, my faireſt love, with you:
Me thought the hunted Deer the Dogs did chaſe
Reſembled me whom my own thoughts purſue,
And if a wounded Stag I chanc'd to view,
My pierced reſtleſs heart pity'd his caſe:
Sometimes I checkt my thoughts as at a bay.
Which broke by your fair conquering aſpect
They freſhly follow, careleſs to be checkt,
Permitting my repoſe, nor night nor day:
Sometimes I flye to ſolitary ſhade,
Hopeing to ſcape 'mongſt thick of letter'd leaves,
Sometimes in company, which grief deceives
I thruſt my ſelf, but ſtill my thoughts invade:
Thus toil'd by day, when night, ſweet time of reſt
(Cordial reſtorative of all that lives)
Truce to our toile, and fainting ſorrow gives,
I tapiſs in my bed, all care poſſeſt,
Where reſtleſs ſtill exil'd from eaſe I toſs
By thoſe my ſelf-bred, ſwift-foot hounds purſu'd,
Whoſe long enjoyed chaſe hath ſo indu'd
Them with advantage, that no hope of loſs
Nor hope of life remains, except your grace
Relieve, fair *Huntreſs*, my afflicted caſe.

RECONCILEMENT.

INduſtrious virtue (Miſtris of the wiſe)
Fair child of nature, and of precept born,
Finding her ſelf miſpriſed and forlorn,

Since

Since ſhe and beauty have been enemies,
Whoſe quarrel and divorce at firſt did grow
For that her counſel Beauty nought reſpected,
And idly nothing but her ſelf affected;
Virtue now pitying eithers overthrow;
The more eſteem with all, and grace to gain
A league of late with Beauty hath compact,
And made it as a part of her contract
Both in one mutual manſion to remain,
And none ſo worthy, none ſo fair approving,
They both united in *Cæleſtia* dwell:
No wonder then that ſhe doth all excel
Love by their virtue, or their beauty moving:
Virtue as her attendants brings along
Modeſty, wiſdome, courteſie, and truth;
Beauty brings ſmoothneſs, white and red, and youth
Grace, plumpneſs, ſtature, feature, and that tongue
Which (like all her perfections void of Art)
Charmes, and ſubdues even the auſtereſt heart.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

SInce I the fortreſs of my heart reſign'd
That Conqu'reſs fair unable to withſtand,
Who here on earth love's forces doth command,
Cupid hath oft ſolicited my mind
Her glory and his pow'r divine to write:
Wherein I humbly did his pardon ask,
Allegeing for excuſe, it was a task
Too great and high for my unlearned might,
That I (a ſtranger to thoſe lofty ſtrains
And ſmoothly wrought ingenious conceits
Which Poeſie ſententiouſly treats)
Should more imbaſe, than honour with my pains.
Whereat my ſelf he will'd me animate,
And bade me boldly undertake his will,
For he with moving Rhetorick and skill
My hearts, invention would illuminate,
And told me I ſhould need no other book,
Than thoſe fair *Hieroglyphick* Characters,
Which ſhe of worthineſs and glory bears
To all eyes viſible that on her look:
Wherewith embold'ned, lowly thus I write
What *Cupid* and her eyes to me indite.

INjurious Time, father of ugly vice,
Mercileſs enemy 'gainſt beauty ſworn,
Why mad'ſt thou not *Cæleſtia* to be born
When beautys prize was put to comprimiſe?

Had

Had ſhe but then in competition been,
Joves golden apple of contention,
Which caus'd the Goddeſſes diſſention,
Had never glorifi'd the froth-born Queen.

For ſhe (poor Dame!) had nothing to procure
Their amorous Judg his favour to incline,
To judg to her that glorious prize divine,
But beautie's bare and caſual fadeing lure:

Which, with thoſe gifts the other couple vaunted,
Heart's Idol, joyful wealth, by *Juno* proffer'd,
And graceful wiſdom by *Minerva* offer'd,
Cæleſtia all united could have granted:
She like *Pandora* doth all grace poſſeſs,
Wherewith the Gods humanity do bleſs.

SURVEY.

MY fortune was the other day
My Miſtris to ſurprize
Sleeping alone:
The faireſt one
That ever cloſed eyes,
Or ever *Morpheus* ſeiz'd for prey.

Each part ſo pleaſing fair remain'd
You eaſily might diſcover,
Their beauty ſcorn'd
To be adorn'd
By borrowing of another,
Nor wanted what her eyes contain'd.

Such ſleeping conqu'ring grace to ſee
Will certain credit win,
That fire of love
Doth only move
From ſightleſs power divine
Of *Cupid* and her *Deity*.

It by this ſlumb'ring beauty ſeem'd,
Sleep was with her agreed,
So much to grace
Her ſleeping face
That ſhe ſhould all exceed,
Who faireſt wakeing were eſteem'd.

She ſeemed like an Evening clear
When abſent is the Sun;

Though

Though not ſo gay,
More ſweet than day,
Whoſe ſchorching heat men ſhun.
When th'eye of heaven doth appear.

There might I gaze and view at leiſure
Each parts peculiar grace,
Brow white and even
As ſnow ſmooth driven,
The heaven of her face;
Fair cover of the under-treaſure.

Her cheeks were freſh as bluſhing morn;
Nor tincture fetcht from *Spain*,
Nor ever art
Could like impart
True unite Roſes ſtain
By thoſe our fatal Houſes born.

Her ſilken breaſts I next eſpye
Fair wrought with heav'nly blew;
Time truly keeping
Amidſt her ſleeping,
Bleſt who may reſt on you,
Where *Venus* and the Graces lye.

HÆSITATION.

MY cruel friend, too inconſiderate of my ſtate,
Why did you not conceal my too injurious fate?
To tell me my *Cæleſtia* loves, and loves not me?
Unfortunate ſubſiſting eyes that day to ſee?
Why am I not like *Niobe* to ſtone convert
Since love and ſhe prove ſo unjuſt to my deſert?
Tell me (my deareſt friend) what reaſon, what reſpect;
What beauteous parts in him, in me what lame defect,
Makes her (that frame of virtue) ſo ungrateful prove,
So ill diſcerning zeal, ſo to miſplace her love?
If to be full of fear, of paſſion, of deſire,
My blood now over-run with cold, now all on fire;
If to poſſeſs a paſſion-ſpeaking heavy eye
Which if unfixt on her, dejected ſtill doth lye;
If 'ſtead of periods with ſighes to interlace
All my diſcourſe, anſwers impertinently place?
If t'have a heart o'rewhelm'd with thoughts ready to break,
And yet a tongue benumm'd that would and cannot ſpeak;
If theſe affects I only in her preſence find,
And ſtupid elſe with her alone am rapt in mind;
If in her abſence 'ſtead of paſtime, mirth, and joy,

I nothing can poſſeſs but thoughts, care, and annoy,
A reſtleſs penſive heart 'twixt hope and fear diſtraught,
Which full with paſſions, ſighes, and troubled anguiſh fraught,
What late it beſt approv'd, for taſteleſs now rejects,
Nor any company, but only hers affects;
If ſadly ſhadow'd brow, and eyes, arms intertwin'd
A ſpirit to retire and ſolitude confin'd,
That never reſt enjoyes, nor joy, but in her ſight,
Baniſht from all, but this heart-eaſing pen-delight;
If whil'ſt heaven's torch his light doth unto us extend,
My thoughts to her alone, and to her glory bend:
And when the night invades, that gives all creatures reſt,
I reſtleſs ſole remain my thoughts on her addreſt;
If my enamour'd breaſt ſollicit ſtill my tongue
To ſound forth choſen ſtanza's paſſionately ſung,
And ſome ſmooth-ſlideing well-tun'd ear-enchanting verſe,
That may my love, her prizeleſs worth, and name rehearſe;
If this (alas! my friend) her love cannot deſerve,
Unfortunate I live, unfortunate I ſerve!
No, no, you may forbear an anſwer to return
Why I for her, yet ſhe doth for another burn.
I know you will reply, the God of love is blind,
His arrowes poiſon'd, ſuch as do corrupt the mind
With headſtrong paſſion and with reaſonleſs deſire,
Which ſet our weak ſubdu'd diſtempered minds on fire:
Reaſon is put to flight, and appetite bears ſway,
Which blindly leads, and blindly forceth us obey,
And that he much miſtakes, who from a womans mind
Or reaſon doth expect, or juſt effects to find,
Since paſſions, indigeſt conceipt, meer chance and will
Their reſolutions and their actions govern ſtill.
But ſoft my gall-diſtilling pen, your griefe contain,
Which howſoever juſt, yet blaſphemy refrain:
Admit her heart of fleſhly temper fram'd as mine,
Be pierc'd and captivate by *Cupids* pow'r divine,
Alas! ſhe rather ſhould be pitied, than accus'd,
Since what from force proceeds may juſtly be excus'd:
And if indeed, my fair *Cæleſtia*, it be true,
That your heart for another burns, as mine for you,
If you deſire to be ſo happy in your love
That his affections unto you may mutual prove,
If you expect your ſighs, which numberleſs abound
Shall e're receive reward or e're with joy be crown'd;
Oh! let your kindneſs then extended unto me
Make you deſerve your happy hopes effects to ſee;
And (fair) beware, leſt if you ſhew unkind diſdain,
Loves juſtice juſtly yeeld you *Talions* law again:
And if't be true that grief delights in company,
Then will you love my preſence and my ſympathy:
Together we will ſit, and comfort one another,

For grief is moſt extreme when we our paſſions ſmother)
Where breathing out at large our due complaints of love,
Wee'l both our hearts diſcharge, and pity learn to move;
And this lame happineſs of love ſhall pleaſe my mind
That though you cannot love, you are not yet unkind,
But pardon me, dear friend, 'tis not report alone
Can proofleſs my aſpiring fixed hope diſ-throne,
But ſtedfaſt ſtill in zeal and confidence I dwell,
As faithful I love her, ſhe may love me as well.

Preſsing an eſpouſing reſolution.

IN fruitleſs expectation to remain,
To be in bed and yet debarr'd of reſt,
To ſerve where you no favour can obtain,
Is (ſaith th' Italian) to be moſt diſtreſt:
And theſe unfortunate effects I prove
(My fair *Cæleſtia*) in my fervent love.

'Tis you detain my long expected bliſs,
'Tis you that make me reſtleſs paſs the night,
'Tis you I faithful ſerve, yet you it is,
Mercileſs you with-hold my chief delight;
And know (fair creature) he that faithful ſerves,
A coſtleſs favour ever well deſerves.

Think that you have a friend that doth poſſeſſe
A curious garden plentifully fraught
With all the pleaſures nature can expreſſe,
And all delights that ever cunning wrought,
And all theſe beauties ſingularly grac'd
By a fair fountain in the Center plac'd.

He lets you in, with welcome entertain,
And grants that many wayes your ſelf you pleaſe,
Yet midſt this raviſhment you do complain
Of thirſt extreme, which ſeeking to appeaſe
At that fair fountain, which you chance t'eſpie,
Your unkind friend his water doth deny,

And moſt uncharitable doth permit
That part of it ſhould idly ſlide away,
And part corrupt by over-keeping it,
Rather than yeeld a drop your thirſt to ſtay,
Which nothing elſe can quench, and's only bred
By thoſe dry ſweets, wherewith he had you fed.

Would you now take this party for your friend;
O, no; I know you rather would conceive
That all his kindneſſes did only tend
With quenchleſs thirſt your pleaſures to bereave,
And juſtly might you wiſh you ne're had known
Thoſe joyes, whereby your joy is overthrown.

That cruel friend (fair love) are you to me,
And your perfections that fair garden are,
Whither a welcome gueſt I ſeem to be;
My ſenſes raviſht all with pleaſures rare
Of beautie, enterchange of words and kiſſes,
Which yet all breed but thirſt and further wiſhes.

And thoſe as cheaply you my ſatisfie,
As you a water-drop may eaſily give:
Why (cruel fair) is't then that you deny
That kindneſs, without which I cannot live?
Deal plainly, may not this the true cauſe be,
You love my verſes better far than me;

And apprehend that if I once obtain
The full of my ambitions high deſire,
My love will Moon-like enter on the wain,
And having won the day ſtraight ſound retire?
O do not ſo abuſe your ſelf and me,
My love like *Phœbus* never change ſhall ſee.

My love like *Phœbus* never change ſhall ſee,
In conſtant courſe and heat ever the ſame,
And like the Northern Pole ſhall fixed be,
More firm than can be mov'd by heavens frame;
Conſtant to you till death I will remain,
For never ſhall I ſee ſo fair again.

No (fair *Cœleſtia*) love is *Venus* ſon,
Fear not the mother for the child's deſtroying,
Nor is that ſaying unto you unknown,
That th'eſſence true of love is in enjoying:
He plays the beſt who holdeth what he wins,
The wiſer ſort ſtill at their end begins.

If you approve my Muſe's loftie flight,
And to be fed with change of praiſes ſtill,
You muſt not oft delude her, and invite
Her to an empty lure, that yeelds no fill:
A Hawk that loftily hath flown and hard,
Well merits the beſt food and beſt reward.

Thoſe exhalations that the heavens feed
Did they not down again diſtil their rain,
Cœleſtial bodies ſoon ſhould want, and need
Thoſe vapours which the earth ſends up again,
And *Jove* himſelf ſhould loſe his ſacrifice
But that he mortals feeds and gratifies.

No fire can long ſubſiſt by ſmoke alone,
Flame's by an oily ſolid ſubſtance fed:
Who divers times a field hath till'd and ſown
Yet findes no profit by his labour bred

His

His folly well deſerves to reap but wind,
Having oft prov'd it barren and unkind.

Who ſhoots his arrows up and nothing hits,
Fooles bolts they prove, which their own heads do break;
One may be ventur'd, but he wants his wits
That all his Quiver ſpends one ſhaft to ſeek:
Though virtue ought not foul repulſe receive,
Yet wiſdome wills us fruitleſs labours leave.

Full ill he ſings, whoſe ſong cannot obtain
A draught of drink impatient thirſt to ſwage;
Though ſilly Bird, I warble many a ſtrain
To pleaſe your eares, impriſon'd in your cage:
Birds long unfed their ſinging ſoon neglect,
No Alms, no thankful language muſt expect.

As happy in love are they that give as take,
Fair, pity me and make me happy then,
Since you your ſelf ſhall equal happy make,
Women receive far more delight than men;
And if you find that I unfaithful prove,
Let me be made a reprobate of Love.

And if you like theſe off-ſprings of my brain
Whereto your ſelf the *Heroine* mother are,
Suffer them not to die with drought, but daign
To water them from that your fountain fair,
Which true *Parnaſſus* ſpring doth *Poets* breed,
And taſted makes their Muſe her ſelf exceed.

A MISTAKE.

IT's true that my affections lately bent,
And ſhap't their courſe that Mid-land ſtraight to win,
Where Love hath plac'd his uttermoſt extent,
His elſe inſatiate conqueſt to confine:
And as in nature it is proper known,
That fire ſhould mount until it hath attain'd
His proper place, the concave of the Moon;
So love until it hath that center gain'd,
(Whether by natures ſtimulating force
It is ſollicited her work to do)
Reſtleſs remains, ſtill labouring in it's courſe
Till it may reſt, where it aſpir'd unto:
'Tis likewiſe true, my love hath miſt it's end
And yet I cannot think my labour loſt,
Though the main fail, the By hath been my friend
So far as with content may quit my coſt.
Like to the *Alchymiſt* whoſe golden aime
Shoots chiefly at the *Philoſophick* ſtone,

Whereof though he fall ſhort, yet doth he gain
Many a pretious found extraction,
Many a quinteſſence, and Limbeckt oyle
To others and himſelf of uſe and pleaſure,
Nor thinks it an ill guerdon of his toil
T'impart unto the world ſuch hidden treaſure;
So I in theſe conceipts elaborate,
The wanton babes ſprung from an am'rous brain,
My paſſions fire and heat evaporate,
And mine own eaſe with others pleaſure gain;
And if I pleaſe the kind laſcivious ear
With theſe light aires, for pleaſure only tun'd,
I ſeek no more, nor care how the auſtere
Cenſure theſe idle hours in rhyme conſum'd:
They as ſuperfluous banquet-ſtuffe are meant,
Made but to pleaſe the outward ſenſe and taſte,
Which though they yeeld no ſolid nouriſhment,
They are not yet a profitleſs repaſt,
And if the ſtricteſt Stoick on Earth's face
Waſte not ſome hours, as idly ſpent as theſe,
Whereof remaineth no account or trace,
(So neceſſary pleaſures are, and eaſe
Without the which our ſouls themſelves oppreſs)
Then let me be condemn'd, but if you find
Your ſelves in pleaſure, waſteing time no leſs,
Nor ſhew remains thereof more than of wind,
Judge then my time at leaſt as happ'ly ſpent
As theirs that hunting love, who little care
So they injoy good paſtime, chaſe, and ſcent,
To make the ſilly purchaſe of a Hare.
I *Helen* ſought where *Lucrece* I did find,
At leaſt a *Lucrece* ſhe appears to me:
But were I *Paris* ſhe perchance as kind
Would prove as *Helen*, *Trojan* youth, to thee;
Oh no, I do recant, and firmly credit
She is as ſpotleſs, chaſte as perfect faire,
And thus will flatter her's and mine own merit,
If ſhe were other, I ſhould not deſpair:
And here my Love ſhall change it's former hew,
And yet *Chamæleon*-like remain the ſame,
As ſhe is chaſt, my love as chaſt and true,
And to like vertuous die it ſelf ſhall frame,
Living ſtill her's, though only fed with aire:
And as her beauty won my heart before,
Finding her now as vertuous, as then faire,
Her inward graces make me love her more;
Nor was my breaſt poſſeſt with ſuch wild-fire
That nought but *Venus* milk could quench my flame,
Hope's the ſole nutriment of my deſire,

Where

Where that once fails, my flames alone grow tame;
Nor am I of ſo ſtrong a faith in love
To think where free occaſion hath not wanted,
And free acquaintance hath giv'n means to move,
What three months have deny'd will e're be granted.
Who ſeeks a woman to his will to move,
Yet gains no ground in furthering his deſire,
Not to advance is to go back in love,
Let him good Souldier-like his Siege retire.
But fair *Cæleſtia*, ſince I have concluded
Your virtue like your beauty moſt divine,
Oh let no ſequel prove me now deluded,
Such ſubtilty would double that your crime:
Or be indeed what you appear to be,
Or may you ſtill at leaſt ſeem ſo to me.

A FANCIE.

MY heart's fair Conqu'reſs, author of my grief,
Deny me not to plead for my relief;
If you too cruel will no help impart,
Yet lend my plaints your ear to eaſe my heart;
Offenders capital that plead for grace
Are heard, though not relieved in their caſe;
'Tis you the winner are, cauſe of my pain,
Sick men and loſers are allow'd to plain:
You that have made me love, can make me live,
And none but you can my diſeaſe relieve;
Should I not then my cure from you demand,
I acceſſary to my death ſhould ſtand:
Accuſe not him who for dear life doth move,
But blame your ſelf who ſo inforceth love;
You that have made my heart in love abound,
Ought not to be offended with love's ſound.
He that is almoſt dead for want of meat,
You muſt not blame him, if he ask to eat:
Nor ought you ſuch an echo to condemn
As love receiv'd from you reſounds agen;
Nor blame that inſtrument whoſe ſound is ſuch
As your fair hand is pleas'd to give the touch.
And if your heart ſo flint-like be compos'd
That to no pity it can be diſpos'd;
If't be decreed by my malignant fate,
That here on earth that curſt infernal ſtate
Muſt be inflicted on me for my pain,
That I muſt love, and not be lov'd again,

Yet

Yet be not angry, Fair; or if you'l chide,
Chide *Cupid* that my ſubject tongue doth guide,
'Tis that blind little winged childiſh God
That doth ſo oftentimes deſerve the rod,
For his miſ-matching our affections fire
With an unſuited different deſire.
But to obey your will (which unto me
A venerable law ſhall ever be)
I'le rather all on fire within conſume,
Than once to ask a water drop preſume,
And rather over-ſwoln with love will break,
Than once to dare of love to you to ſpeak.
Thus will I inward bleed, untill I find,
Or death, or you my Love to me more kind.

Made in imitation of a Sonnet in Ronſard.

THough he that loves with unrequited love,
And finds his heat ingender no reflection,
Nor that his plaints can her compaſſion move,
That is the object of his true affection,
May uncondemn'd reſume his love again,
And to a more kind ſubject it apply
Himſelf exempting from unpitied pain:
Nor doth he wrong whom no deſert doth tie,
Nor doth he faith or conſtance violate,
For virtue and folly incompatible be,
And conſtant Lovers uncompaſſionate
Are fooliſh guilty of their miſery;
Nor breaks that Prince his faith who league hath ſworn
Of amity with ſome great Potentate,
Who will not after the like oath return
Of love and faithful aide unto his State:
For perfect love in ſympathy conſiſts,
And ſingle Love is but a fatuous fire;
Yet little merits he, who not perſiſts,
No victory is gotten by retire.
I'le love her ſtill, though ſhe unjuſt do prove;
And happier contentment will I find
In loving her with unrequited love,
Than to love one leſs fair, though farre more kind.

IS't poſſible you can deny
With ſuch unyeelding ſlighting heart

So

So ſmall a ſuite, ſo earneſtly
Purſu'd by my ſo true deſert,
That not the cheapeſt toy you wear
As ribban, pin, or thred of fringe
I may with your kind favour bear?
Love feeds ev'n on the ſlighteſt things.
Unhappily my heart is plac'd
Since for my heart I cannot gain
To be in this ſlight meaſure grac'd
That I importune to obtain;
You fear belike that I will make it
An earneſt of what I deſire;
No, I'le but as a Relique take it
Of you the Saint that I admire:
And though my true loves due relief
I hopeleſs am e're to attain,
Such proof will comfort yet my grief
In that I reap not your diſdain,
Welcom at laſt yet pretty thred,
Ne're yet ſince Love his reign begun
Was ſuch ſmall thing more merited,
More prized, or more hardly won.

DO not reject thoſe titles of your due
Which nature's art hath ſtiled in your face,
The name of Fair only belongs to you,
None elſe that title juſtly can imbrace,
You *Beautie's* heir, her coat ſole ſpotleſs wear,
Where others all ſome marks abatement bear.

'Tis not their cheeks touch'd with Vermillion red,
Stain'd with the tincture of enchanting skill,
Nor yet the curl'd deviſes of their head,
Their breaſts diſplay'd, their looks fram'd to their will,
Their quick turn'd eye, nor all their proud attire
Can make me their perfections to admire.

All this is done without Nature's conſent,
Thy beautie needs no art's inticing aid,
Thine nature gave, theirs art hath onely lent,
Thine ſhall endure when theirs are quite decay'd:
Thy beautie others doth as much excell,
As heav'n baſe earth, or earth accurſed hell.

Others are fair, if not compar'd to thee,
Compar'd to them thy beautie doth exceed:
So leſſer Stars give light and ſhine we ſee,
Till glorious *Phœbus* lifteth up his head,

And then as things aſhamed of their might
They hide themſelves, and with themſelves their light.

Since nature's skill hath given you your right,
Do not kind nature and your ſelf ſuch wrong,
You are as fair as any earthly wight,
You wrong your ſelf if you correct my tongue;
Though you deny her, and your ſelf your due,
Yet duty bids me fair intitle you.

FÆMININE EXCELLENCY.

WHen God gave man the high Lieutenancy
Of all commanding that on earth ſhould be,
He yet foreſaw no true felicity
Could grow to man without ſociety:
Wherefore he made of a refined mould
Woman to all his works as crown of gold:
The richeſt preſents are the laſt beſtow'd,
And art's perfections in the laſt work ſhow'd:
Her ſolely he intended mans companion
Moſt pleaſing object of his converſation,
Whereby who womans company condemn,
Highly God's ſacred will and law contemn;
And few or none neglect their company
But ſuch as want worth or ability.
The worthieſt men that moſt prize reputation
Would rather loſe mens than their eſtimation,
Which made th'al-knowing *Solomon* compare
Their love to things moſt pretious and moſt rare.
'Tis not the vulgar breath as hath been ſaid,
But womens good opinion that ne're ſtray'd;
They wits and virtues whetſtones are, that give
The edge and appetite, that makes us ſtrive
Each other to excel in ſhow and deed,
To gain the love of them that moſt exceed
In fæminine preheminence, whoſe love
All noble courages of men doth move.
Honour from men but fruitleſs pleaſure brings,
But womens love gives happineſs of Kings,
And only followes thoſe that do poſſeſs,
The beauties art and nature do expreſs;
Other delights that hang but on conceit
Are ſawce, and margent, this the Text, and meat:
Our ſev'ral ſenſes find their ſev'ral pleaſure,
But woman is to every ſenſe a treaſure.
To ſee, to hear, to touch, and if not taſt
'Tis by a ſweeter pleaſure far ſurpaſt.

For

For taſte in deed, and every other ſweet
That we enjoy by nature's benefit,
Only conduce unto the work of love,
Wherein alone we ſerviceable prove
To God, and nature, who each work beſide
Of our fantaſtick pleaſure do deride;
And they that give all pleaſure to the mind,
Are natureleſs, diſtaſted, and unkind:
Nature to me hath been ſo much a friend,
I'le ever honour her and ſerve her end,
But you'l object that womens company
Ought ſerve alone for mans neceſſity,
And that their idle converſation
Is uſeleſs, but for procreation,
As ſervile, ignorant, nor ought of worth
Is by their trivial fellowſhip brought forth.
But womens worth writers enough affirm,
Which ſo well prov'd I need not now confirm:
As for the fault of ignorance you find,
'Tis but your education keeps them blind;
Yet mid'ſt that blindneſs of ſuch art they ſhow,
As cunning'ſt wits of men do overgo;
And if their diſobedience you miſlike
Beaſts by our fall gain'd freedome, they the like
Perchance expect, and as the *Privernate*
Anſwer'd the queſtion of the *Roman State*,
That rebels did ſuch puniſhment deſerve,
As they that judg themſelves too good to ſerve:
Which made the gen'rous *Roman* ſet them free
Communicating *Roman* liberty,
Knowing that nature n'ere that State would bear
Which is commixt with ſervitude and fear:
So had I power to alter marriage-law,
Both ſhould be free, and both exempt from aw,
And then this verſe you happy true ſhould find,
No comfort's like to women that are kind,
But you my doting raviſht ſoul's delight,
Soul of your Sex, ſubject of what I write,
Whoſe company affords a ſecond joy
To that which heav'nly ſouls in God's enjoy,
And whoſe privation breeds another hell
To thoſe that e're did in your preſence dwell,
Where only to have power to come and ſee
Is happineſs above capacity;
Whoſe preſence charms our cares like heav'nly wine,
Infuſing height of joy and heat divine,
To whom all other beauties, that give light,
Are cold and dead as Glow-worms in the night,
You a quick ſparkling-bright-enflaming fire

That kindles all comes near, makes all admire,
As much more lively pleasing in compare
As gliding streams, than standing waters are:
Sole *Planet* of our *Sphear*, raising our blood
As mightily as *Cynthia* th' *Ocean*-flood.
I need not name you, you are like the Sun
Known by the most obscure description,
Oh! if you could in course as constant prove,
Too happy should he be that joyes your love.
But you like an unguided *Phaeton*
Take glory only to be gaz'd upon,
And to inflame this lower world with fire
Of an unbridled and untam'd desire,
Whilst your own heart, as hard, and cold as stone,
Is plac'd above all conflagration,
Reserv'd I think to be enjoy'd by *Jove*,
Disdaining all inferiour earthly love.
For *Leda*, *Europa*, *Danae*, all in one
Come nothing near you, (*Beauties* paragon)
You surely are a goddess, nor can be
Injoy'd but by a perfect deity;
For men may think you love, and find you faire,
But thinking to imbrace you, find but aire:
Nature hath been but niggardly to all
That unto you she might be prodigal,
To you true beauties fair original
Whence others have but counterfeit derival;
Men may o're other creatures pow'r pretend,
But full obedience they to you extend,
And glory more your sacred power t'obey,
Than over all things else to carry sway.

A QUÆRE.

BUt that, great President of this fair Round,
We may not 'gainst thy will expostulate,
Nor dare upon lame humane reason's ground
Oppose what thou hast pleas'd to ordinate,
Our reason's false light else would make us stray,
And with strong arguments our minds induce
Against the marriage-sanction to inveigh,
Whence flowes such ruine, trouble, and abuse:
Nor can thy institution be accus'd,
For that observ'd what now our torture brings
Had such felicity to us infus'd,
As equals poorest souls with joy of Kings.
Matches were first made by consent of love,
Which constant minds in purity excelling

Did

Did ſo perpetuate, that nought could remove
Them from their firſt affections fixed dwelling:
Now ſordid avarice, and ſwell'd ambition
Without reſpect of love make marriage-knot,
And are the vicious ends which that condition
With want of harmony and diſcord blot.
In former ages love did marriage draw,
Where marriage-band is now love's motive made;
Groſly he erres, who thinks that words or law
Can ſympathy of heart and love perſwade.
Love rather alien'd is than bred by force,
An eſſence tender, all divine and free,
Abhorring bands, and compulſory courſe,
Fainting at thought of forc'd neceſſity:
Happy thoſe times, happy that age of gold,
And free community of *Plato*'s ſtate,
When love was unconfined, uncontroul'd,
Nor any liv'd with thoſe their heart did hate;
Then love the Cement of ſociety,
Sweet band of peace, and muſical conſent,
Failing and turn'd to contrariety,
Each free from other to firſt freedome went,
And then the faultleſs, quiet, virtuous weight
Did not the undeſerved penance bear
With an unreaſon'd ſnarling jealous ſprite,
The pretious portion of it's age t'outwear;
Nor did they in the ſweet of home retrait
The matchleſs cordial of a travail'd mind,
Where happy love makes happy our receipt
A purgatory 'ſtead of comfort find;
Nor did that *Phantome* honour them reſtrain,
Or fear deſertleſs husbands to offend
Make women their true loves deſire refrain,
Not daring lend their own to pleaſe a friend;
Nor knew they falſe-bred ſquint-ey'd baſtardy,
Nor yet the horror of a loathed bed,
No the heart-gnawing cares by jealouſie
Of looſely kept, and lockt up honour bred;
Nor did that poys'ning damn'd Italian art,
The deſperate refuge of th'impatient ſoul,
So oft prevail with the malicious heart
That no reſtraint of virtue can controule.
And ſince that many are of ſuch complections,
That change they muſt, nor ought can long affect,
What miſery it is to ſuch affections
To plague each other with their love's effect:
The *Romans*, *Jewes*, and many other Nations
Had the advantage to repudiate,

Unty'd to allege their accuſations,
Which would but ſcandal breed to either's ſtate;
But ſince our law ſuch licence doth not uſe,
Each take their fortune, and be well content,
A common deſtiny none ought refuſe,
Since faultleſſe none, let's bear with one another,
Brag of the better, and the worſer ſmother.

SINCERE LOVE.

OH do not taxe me with a brutiſh love,
Impute not luſt alone to my deſire,
No ſuch prophane aſperſion ought to move
From you the ſacred author of my fire;
I ſeek your love, and if you that deny,
All joys that you and all the world can give
My love-ſick ſoul would little ſatisfie,
Which no food but your favour can relieve.
It is your better part I would enjoy,
Your fair affections I would call mine own,
'Tis but a proſtitute and beſtial joy,
Which ſeeks the groſſe material uſe alone;
The Town's not ours, the market-place unwon,
Nor do I her enjoy whoſe heart's not mine;
Heart's conqueſt is the worthy ambition,
Seal of our worth, a raviſhment divine,
Invincible to ſtrength of humane hand,
Union divine of mutual burning hearts,
Which both ſubdu'd triumphing both command,
Sovereign delight that God to man imparts:
Oh let me in this true joy happy be,
Or never may you be enjoy'd by me.

MY love to ſhew her cold deſire
Hath clad her ſelf in freeze attire,
Whil'ſt my love's paſſion all on fire
Melts with her beams that I admire;
She by this habit proves ſhe needs
No help external from her weeds,
And that ſhe *Phœbus* glory exceeds
Dimm'd by the covering clouds he breeds.

THeſe things muſt meet to make my Miſtris fair,
A graceful count'nance of a changing air,
A fair eye that a fairer ſoul diſcovers,
Good lips, full breaſts, fit play-fellows for lovers,
Plump wriſts, with hands well faſhion'd, ſoft, and white,
Fair ſtatur'd body to give full delight;

Yet

Yet I confeſſe I oft have pleas'd my mind,
Where what I mention was not all conjoyn'd.

Marriage an adventure.

TO be aſſur'd men love as they profeſs
(Lydia) it is a Myſtery I confeſs,
And to diſcern the right from counterfeit
Is a high knowledg Artiſts hardly get;
For art on falſe things ſets the faireſt hue
To make them be preferr'd before the true,
The art of art conſiſts in hideing art,
Well may you judge parts outward, not the heart,
It is a hidden book, which the moſt High
Can only read with his all-ſeeing eye:
It is the private Cloſet of the minde,
Where what we lay, our ſelves oft hardly finde;
Not to be robb'd or pickt by cunning'ſt wit,
But where weak ſpirits have the keeping it:
It is a Sea whoſe depth was never plumm'd,
Nor e're the creatures and the treaſures ſumm'd;
It is a skie, where wandring Stars do move,
But the Aſtrologie is hard to prove,
Beſt knowledge of it is conjectural,
Nor doth it under demonſtration fall:
If outward things deceive expos'd to ſhew,
Leſs muſt we think th'inward remote to know.
The beſt Phyſician oft fails of his skill,
And thinking by his art to cure doth kill:
Nor can the cunning'ſt Lapidarie tell
A true ſtone from a counterfeit ſet well:
Nor can the Goldſmith but by higheſt teſt
Know an adulterate metall from the beſt:
A little truth makes falſhood currant paſs,
As little gold by Alchymy doth braſs:
Man's grown ſo baſely artificial,
That we have loſt our golden natural.
Emulous art hath nature overcome,
And inward peace and truth hath overthrown;
Proud man that glories moſt in reaſon's uſe
By reaſon's grown moſt ſubject to abuſe,
And not content with what God him aſſign'd,
With pleaſures falſe, and falſe grief plagues his mind,
Whil'ſt ſeeking the felicitie of opinion
Still toils but ne're findes firm foundation;
For what we build though n'outward force o'rethrow
Yet change of paſſion quickly overblows.
Thus are we ſtill to ſeek, whil'ſt other creatures
Injoy the ſweet content of nature's treaſures,

Nor

Nor doth th'one ſervile to the other ſtand,
Whil'ſt he's indeed moſt ſlave that doth command,
Enough's a feaſt to them, whil'ſt what we have
Begets in us but appetite to crave.
Nature aſsign'd equality to all,
Nor meant her free gifts under ſale ſhould fall,
Nor e're intended we ſhould be ſo mad,
Having the face of earth ſo richly clad,
And ſo ſufficiently for man's full uſe,
That we ſhould labour after things abſtruſe,
Subterran metals wrought by fire of hell
Man's happineſs and quiet to expell,
Making them Idols, and the needleſs means
To purchaſe all which ſhe ſo coſtleſs ſends,
Whil'ſt beaſts enjoy a quiet uncontroul'd,
Free from the plagues and miſchiefs bred by gold,
Free from warre, murther, theft, and penury;
Falſe calumnies, and damned perjury,
Which we old Rebels againſt nature's law
Fooliſh commit without or wit, or aw,
And fettered live by our own enthralling hands
Moſt witleſs ſervile to fantaſtick bands,
Fooles to the wiſer fools, mad in deſire,
Preferring ayry ſmoke before true fire,
Subjects of fool-bred ſcorn, paſſion, and envy,
Malice, and boundleſs curioſity,
Inſatiate humor, ne're content with well,
That vainly ſtill importunes to excel
Reaſon's and nature's bounds, which overpaſt
No period of contentment can be plac'd;
Fair-promiſing, little-performing joy,
That in th'obteining doth it ſelf deſtroy;
Our fleſh's torture, cancker of ſtate and mind,
Fancie's fair weed, toy-doting childiſh kind
That feeds, and mads with fair imagin'd ſhowes
Rewarded to know leaſt where moſt it knows;
Ape of infinity that proud aſpires
Though nature bound to b'endleſs in deſires,
Vext by that Wolf ambition, pride and honour
That glitt'ring glaſs that ſnares who dotes upon her,
That *ignis fatuus*, that who e're purſues
Oft meets with inconvenience that he rues,
That tickling breath bought at the higheſt rate,
Guilt-pill that coſts ſo many a broken pate,
Monſter that preyes upon our blood, and eaſe,
And makes us toil, whom we contemn to pleaſe,
That britly baſe ſtrung gem moſt hardly won,
Rich laſting ſtuffe in ſhow, but quickly done,

That

That pleaſant bait that feeds, but never fills,
That Syren, that then flatters, when it kils,
That curbe of pleaſure, ſweet of our fond pain,
Fair inſtrument ambition's end to gain.
But *Lydia* to return again to you,
I grant 'tis hard to know falſe love from true,
Your proper art muſt be your guiding thred
That in loves Lab'rinth you be not miſled;
In many things we right concluſion take,
Though we no certainty of proof can make;
I proof-leſs think her painted, others fair,
And find fair weather in a threatning aire,
But venture *Lydia*, ſhe is ne're much wrong'd
Who joyes the fruit of love, for which ſhe long'd.

A NICE WIFE.

WEll women, w'are content for modeſty
You ſhall diſſemble, ſo you'l be content,
We ſhall eſteem it as a virtuous lye,
Nor force us to believe more than is meant;
To ſay you like, and love, yet have no end
Nor any further pleaſure do affect,
Than ſuch as friend communicates to friend
In ſight, and ſpeech, and outward good reſpect,
Such may be friendſhip, but 'twas never love:
Say truly when you do your husband kiſs
Find you no inward kindling ſparkles move,
That you enjoy a more contenting bliſs?
But may it not I fear be over true
That women have forgot to love indeed,
Nor any ſuch true love is found in you,
As doth from undiſſembling hearts proceed?
And that you may not ignorance pretend
What true love is, I will to you define,
That lovers true may reap their loves true end,
And magnifie a power ſo divine.

Love's an exhaled Meteor ſet on fire
By beautie's Sun in Region of deſire;
A pleaſing print nature ſets on our heart
Of faireſt feature, which to re-impart
Unto the world ſhe agitates our mind,
That thereby we perpetuate our kind:
A longing after inward free commerce
Where ſpirits ſeek with ſpirits to converſe,
A mutual bliſs, moſt joyful occupation,

Where

Where two that like would make one corporation:
Love is a liking taken to a piece,
Which to make ours we ſtick not at the price,
An abſent preſence, buſineſs full of doubt,
A gueſt let in, that keeps all others out,
A peaceful war, a friendly enemy
A free State turn'd into a Monarchy:
Love is an eſſence all divine and pure,
A pleaſant wound, that only one can cure;
A weeping joy, a hopeful ſweet deſpaire;
An *April*-day, *Chamæleon* fed with aire,
A large impriſonment, a bold-fac'd ſhame,
A play where holding out makes loſe the game,
An importuning fancy entertain'd,
That mutins reaſon, if not well reſtrain'd:
An *Incubus*, that ſits heavy on the mind,
Or mewing Cat, that hunteth after kind,
A digging to diſcover hidden treaſure,
Sole union of the mind's and bodie's pleaſure,
The pleaſant'ſt game, that ever was invented,
That ſweeteſt ſin, ſo hard to be repented,
The happieſt giſt rich nature doth beſtow
On them, that do her ſervice undergo;
Worker of wonders, father of all things,
That makes Kings beggers, and makes Beggers kings;
That makes the Lawyer plead without a fee,
And the Divine commit Idolatry;
That makes the daring Souldier to prefer
A ſingle combate far above the war:
Witneſs that Dame, who did the Lab'rer win
To quit his club, and ſettle him to ſpin:
Love makes the Merchant think his home-ſpun piece
Richer than ſtuffe of *India*, *France*, or *Greece*;
Love turns the Courtier's reaſon into rime,
And his ſleep-hours to curious dreſſing time,
Makes him leave Maſter, Horſe, and Hound, and Hare,
To hunt his Miſtris (ſure above compare)
And value each kind look, kiſs of her hand,
At higher rate than his beſt field of land:
Love makes the Sloven turn moſt neat affected,
Yet oft the curious careleſs, and neglected:
Love makes the ſilent ſpeechleſs man to ſpeak,
Yet oft ſets the beſt Oratour to ſeek;
Converts a *Papiſt* to a *Proteſtant*,
Whil'ſt he in recompence prayes to a Saint;
Makes *Atheiſts* to acknowlege *Deity*,
Yet holyeſt Writers profane Piety;
Makes honeſt unto one a common whore,
Yet makes laſcivious, who was chaſt before,

Trans-

Transformeth women into manly ſhape,
Yet maketh men become effeminate;
Turns age to youth, that once again they may
In *Auguſt* taſt the pleaſant fruits of *May*;
'Tis Fancie's nat'ral child, ne're lawful bred
But where by Reaſon Fancy's ſeconded;
Fancy but liking, reaſon love doth make,
Reaſonleſs love of madneſs doth partake,
But both affections, thus concurr in one
Fully t'enjoy their object as their own;
Nor is it love, that ſeeketh not to prove
That ſweet which nature makes the end of love.
Were't not a ſilly Bee, nay a true Drone,
That having ſeiz'd a fair flower as her own,
Would ſimply on exteriour pleaſure feed,
Nor ſeek to gain the inward honey-ſweet?
Such withering flowers are we, and ſilly they
That gather not their honey whil'ſt they may,
'Tis nature's work, who the cold barren mould
Makes fruitful by love's fire ſpecies to hold,
Her mind and pleaſures we ought not contemn,
Fantaſtick pleaſures are not like to them,
One loves this pleaſure, th'other loves another,
But every Son delights to make a Mother.

RESENTMENT:

FAir give me leave to call you cruel
Since cruel I have prov'd you,
You kind appear'd, but to adde fuel,
To torture him that lov'd you,
And well you knew your beauty never
Could have bewitch'd my mind,
Nor had you me intangled ever
Had you not ſeemed kind:
So to ſeem kind, ſo to diſſemble
Are but falſe Siren notes,
And do thoſe trait'rous lights reſemble,
That Ships intice to rocks:
Cruelty often favour proves,
And favour miſchief breeds;
Hard heart which pity nothing moves,
More hard which torture breeds:
Had you at firſt made firm denyal,
Nor ſeem'd to have affected,
I had not loſt with tedious tryal
The joy that I expected:
Love's Card was wont to tell us this
That we were neer our Port;

When women did but hear or kiſs,
But now all rules fall ſhort:
Like *Helen's* welcome Ile they are
Refreſhing pleaſant ground,
Where to put in, we ill can ſpare
But are moſt hardly found;
Like *Proteus* daily form they change,
Never the ſame remaining,
To day moſt kind, to morrow ſtrange,
Now loving, now diſdaining:
The witty yet that can contrive
Honour to join with pleaſure,
Go thorough where they earneſt give,
And keep their credit's treaſure,
Where ſilly things that love vain-glory,
Little reſpecting fame,
Make of themſelves a blaſted ſtory
Whil'ſt others get the gain:
As mercileſs as is the *Ocean*
Is wavering woman's mind,
And to give reaſon of their motion
Is full as hard to find:
Who will their properties diſcern
Like heav'ns joyes muſt know them,
What they are, never none could learn,
What they are not muſt ſhew them.
And as in heav'n no ſin remains,
Nor torment, want nor paſſion:
So woman's heart no good contains,
No firmneſs, no compaſſion.
Nor do I yet hereby condemn
All women, 'twere too much,
But 'tis too true that moſt of them
Are over truly ſuch:
I know they will themſelves excuſe
And tax corrupting men;
But well they know a chaſt refuſe
Is ſeldome mov'd agen:
'Tis when we find they entertain,
And lend a gracious ear,
That we purſue, though they complain,
We hope whil'ſt they will hear;
Sometime perchance to try their ſtrength
They'l ſuffer ſiege and battery,
And ſometimes too, they'l yeeld at length,
Such power have time and flattery:
Who loves approaches once hath paſt
As little need ſhe care,

In love's play to ſit out the laſt
Th'act where moſt hid they are;
But ſilly men why do we ſhow
The paths of love to thoſe,
That greateſt Clerks do overgo,
And blind as they diſpoſe?
Moſt expert Souldiers are they all,
With art to fight Love's field,
Nor better knows no General,
When to ſtand out, or yeeld:
If they be ſtrong, they open march
And brave the husband foe,
If weak, they night and covert ſearch,
All vantages they know:
Or by the confidence they claim
In their good man's affection;
Or by example ſtill they gain
And colour their election:
And think not ever they are ſilly,
That many entertain,
They are not ever the leaſt wily,
Though often the moſt vain.
They generally kind appear,
And freedome uſe to all;
That thoſe who they indeed hold dear
In leſs ſuſpect may fall.
As Keepers by familiar uſe
Of feeding Deer at hand,
The ſimple herd do oft induce
To come unto a ſtand,
Where freely any one they ſtrike:
So women freedome uſe
That unexpected when they like
They their own game may chuſe:
Such licence hath not ever been,
And fooliſh are we men,
Having had pow'r to keep them in,
To let them looſe agen.
Fair womens love I do confeſs,
Is a ſupreme delight,
But whatſoever they profeſs
'Tis hard to know them right;
She that pretends to love you beſt,
Will now as well expect
To ſee your love in gifts expreſt,
As they that leaſt affect:
They by the fruit will judg the tree,
Nor will believe you love,

Except they ample gifts may ſee,
Your love their worth to prove.
As men their wives love ne're the leſs,
Where mony's the match-making:
So women will not have you gueſs,
They love the leſs for taking.
But love farewel, ſince I perceive
Such pains and coſt you ask,
And are ſo giv'n to deceive,
I'l ſeek ſome other task.
Nought but aſſured love alone
Can my affection move,
And ſince aſſurance there is none
To know when women love,
My fortunes, faith and free eſtate
Shall ne're themſelves expoſe
To plead for love, and think we ha'te
When w'are but gull'd with ſhows.
As they oft meet with the beſt fortune
That careleſs are in play;
So they that leaſt plain and importune,
And moſt neglect, are they
Who women oftner do ſubdue,
Than pitiful complainers;
They ever fly from thoſe that ſue,
And make the careleſs gainers.
Poor wailing lovers ceaſe your hope,
That tears, though void of ſtrength,
Will by perſiſtance pierce that rock
Your Miſtris heart at length;
Your ſighs, tears, vows, and rhyming plaints
With all fond ſhew of duty:
Your making of them Idols, Saints,
Sole Empreſſes of beauty,
All doth but glory work, and pride
In their inſulting hearts,
Their own affections women guide,
Not plaints, nor yet deſerts.

Loving Prudence.

LEt worthleſs ſpirits fear unſtedfaſt love,
Guilty of defects that cannot love deſerve,
Such apprehenſion never me ſhall move,
My faith and merit ſhall your love preſerve;
But if change-loving your complection be,
By nature ſubject to ſatiety,
My love ſhall ſlack, as well as your's to me,
Anſwering nature's lov'd variety:

And

And though your love moſt precious to me is,
Yet have I learn'd to tame affections ſo
That none more conſtantly ſhall joy his bliſs;
Nor none loſe eaſier, what he muſt forgo:
'Twere idleneſs to urge your conſtancy
For future time above our power's extent,
The wiſeſt knows not, what next hour he'l be;
Love's nor by force, nor reſolution bent:
But to prevent malignity of time,
And permanency to our love to gain,
Give me your heart to keep, as you have mine,
Which no pow'r can remove whil'ſt you retain,
And your's in me ſuch merit ſhall approve,
We both will fearleſs be of change in love.

You'l ſay they are toyes, the fitter are they then
For ſuch vain bubbles Fantomes as are men,
They profit not, and wiſemen you will ſay
Pleaſure's foundation on profit lay,
To them that want not (to give nature right)
Profit it ſelf in truth is but delight.

Nuptial Beautie.

HElas! I cannot love, nor will I wrong
So much your kind heart, or mine own true tongue,
To play the cheater where no need compels
By vowing that I love you, and none els,
'Tis for baſe, fooliſh minds to undergo
To pleaſe themſelves or others with a ſhow:
Free ſpirits in reality delight,
Loving to give true nature it's true right;
And yet I cannot ſay, I cannot love,
But ſhe who now can my affection move,
Won to affect nothing, but for perfection,
Muſt be a perfect object of affection;
She muſt be unaffected, fair ev'n at firſt ſight
T'arreſt beholders eyes with ſweet delight,
Yet ſuch again, where looking you may finde
A ſilent check to a preſumptuous minde;
She muſt be ſuch, as can give due reſpect
To every man without a rude neglect,
Yet not of ſuch a light and eaſie ſtrain,
That her own due reſpect ſhe not retain;
She muſt poſſeſs a wanton modeſty,
Free affability with Majeſty,
Wit without pride, a freedom well confin'd,
Diſcreet diſcourſe, but moſt a worthy mind,

Where-

Whereby her actions ſhe muſt ever frame,
To paint her beauty with a beauteous name;
For nobleſt natures, generous and free,
Will never build upon a blaſted tree:
She muſt to this ſuch ayre of face poſſeſs,
As gives a life to what her words expreſs,
Now calm and careleſs, then with ſpirit bent,
In ſilent Rhetorick ſpeaking her intent;
She muſt be neither fulſome, ſweet nor ſour,
Of ordered, yet of free behaviour,
Accompliſhed with all moſt courtly parts,
Yet not tranſported with her own deſarts,
Uſing them only for her own defence,
Not greedy to bring them in evidence:
Such a fair Orange-tree my love muſt be
Compos'd of ſuch a grac't diverſity,
So ſhe in private be as *Venus* free,
Minerva let her be in company,
Deſir'd of all, poſſeſt by me alone,
Guiding her love with ſuch diſcretion
As gives acceſs to no ſuſpicion,
Nor juſt grounds of diſlike in going on.
A courſe uneven tires a love diſcreet;
'Tis perfect love, when love and reaſon meet;
Love checkt by reaſon doubtful is, and lame:
Find me a Love ſo fair, ſo free from blame,
She ſhall command my liberty, and me
To love and ſerve her, as her votary:
And mean while to prevent ſatiety,
I'le live in jovial free variety:
Love's but impreſſion of *Saturnian* blood,
Whereby we overvalue things though good.

Nec laſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum.
Laſciva eſt nobis pagina vita proba eſt,
So I hope, whatever my lines appear, my life ſhall be found ſober and honeſt.

My farewell to Catlidge. *By* M. G.

SOurce of my ſorrowes, whoſe unequal frame
Preſents the courſe and fortune of my life:
Here thine exalted height deſerves the name
Of uniform and ſtately fair: No ſtrife
Of diſagreeing parts; yet th'other ſide
With low and crooked lines abates thy pride.

Thy noble proſpect, and that large Empire,
By which thou ſeek'ſt to pleaſe and bribe mine eyes,

Can

Can ne're deceive my grief: Nor make retire
Thoſe ſtreams which from thee ſprang: Whoſe force denyes
To be exhauſt or ſtopt; through troubled tears
All thy delight dull, dark, confus'd appears.

Me thinks I ſee the Gulf, the Rock, the Grave,
Where beauty, ſtrength and life, and all that's ſweet,
At once their ruin, wrack, and burial have,
Which all in one divine ſoul here did meet:
Thou fatal ſeat of that inteſtine war,
Which all that's good and lovely quite did mar.

Thus to my grief and paſſion thou doſt ſeem,
Though crown'd with health and pleaſure; though the place
Where peace and plenty both ſtrive to redeem
With kind and noble uſage that diſgrace,
Death's cruel hand hath lately caſt on thee,
And to relieve the preſſure lies on me.

But calmer reaſon doth thee repreſent
In truer ſpecies to me; this doth plead
Thy innocence; this ſees thy fair aſcent,
And Noble riſe which heaven-ward doth lead,
Choſe by that matchleſs ſoul, which might her bring
To th'Throne and preſence of her God and King.

Farewell and flouriſh then thou happy place,
Ennobled with the laſt and ſweeteſt breath
Of earth's and heaven's ornament, whoſe race
Here gat the end and crown of life by death.
Long maiſt thou ſtand and ſafely keep all thoſe
Her virtues heirs, whom thy fair walls incloſe.

Condolement upon occaſion of the preceding Verſes received from another Author.

MY other ſelf in my affections and ſufferings, with whom more than all the world I delight to converſe preſent and abſent, ſuch ſatisfaction in the way of knowledg, conference, ingenuity, and Religious virtue I no where elſe expect; com-

mon

mon converſations, eſpecially ſuch as theſe times produce, are to me as full of Solœciſme, as the time it ſelf, they invite me not abroad; they have no influence upon me, either to quicken, extract, or fructifie. Some are knowing, but not truſty; others ſimply, but inconverſably good: there is ſcarce any thing left perfect, complete, or in any tolerable order now ſhe is gone whom we lament. Pardon my preſent manner of writing: for as it is to you, ſo is it only for you: and my great confidence in you makes me, as incurious, as free and open. Though I am at this time unfit to write, though my ſon lies under the diſeaſe and danger which hath bred our paſſion: Though I am none of the beſt conceited of writing, for the little good effect I find from it (we live by chance more than by the book, and the beſt praiſes are every day poetically applyed to vulgar merit and the writer's glory) though I have reſolved to leave it more than needs muſt; yet to ſupply what I was yeſterday ſaying to you in acknowledgment of the happineſs I found in you in the midſt of my loſs and grief, ſuch as I reckon another *Phœnix* unto me, for we will in the flames and ſpices of our Recordations ſtill raiſe her up, and keep her alive to our ſouls eyes, ſuch as whil'ſt we live, I beg leave of you to love, ſeek to enjoy, and make my ſelf yours with a conſecration of me and mine unto you. Excuſe me if I am or have been defective in entertaining you according to your worth, and that I am of no more worth to be entertained into ſuch place in your affections as I affect: And let my valuation and affection to her that hath left us, and whom you beſt (if not alone) know how to value, intercede and make ſupply with you in my behalf. But whither go I? I ſeem to put on an affectedneſs and complementalneſs farre beyond what I intended: for my meaning (next the giving you ſome account and thanks for the verſes you put into my hand at my parting) is, only in a tumultuary precipitate faſhion to let you ſee how my imagination was apt to work, and what (with infinite more) I could have laid hold on, if I had not deſerted both the formal following of my fancy and writing. Time is a dryer up of Radical and other moyſture, and I reckon my ſelf, as unapt to weep, as a ſtatue. Nature hath provided tears and ſhowers for a mitigation and diſſolution to heat and violence of paſſion and ſtorms, and as violence is incapable of duration, and reaſon and judgment with time recollect themſelves, tears thinking they have plaid their part give way to full and clear diſcourſe, and ceaſe in the ſtronger ſpirits. Yet ſuch power and ſo moving were your lines upon me, that entertaining my ſelf the moſt part of the way upon them, not only every reading but ſeveral clauſes raiſed ſeveral ſtorms and ſhowers on my heart and cheeks. So ſee we marble ſtatues weep either in preſent ſympathy with the weather, or in future preſage. And I pray God the future ſufferance of that family (whereof by intereſt of blood I have the honour to make a part) exceed not the preſent ſenſe in this ineſtimable loſs. I was by the way like an *April*-day, according as the Sun-ſhine and clouds of your ſpirit diſpoſed me; Sometimes I ſuffered in an apprehenſion, that according to your title of a farewell to the place, you might be become like others diſaffected, and abhorring all relations and circumſtances to your grief, and ſo to my ſelf: but therein again you happily

pily and favourably cleared me. Sometimes I became transported in your lively representations of her worth, and transcendent happiness of excellencie both in this and the better world: But presently as much dejected and overwhelmed in your pathetical expressions and sense of her loss. But in conclusion I found you like your self, as full of obligation as payment, to me as infinitely beyond my merit, as in your own conceit short towards her, in what you owe, and her virtue may challenge. My fancy wrought upon returning a farewell to *Lees*: I had cause and matter more than enough, as the breeder and true cause of that which hath been most unhappily translated to this unhappy place: but considerations as due restrain me. As I said, I resolve to deny my fancies their full birth or Trim; I can no sooner entertain half a thought of writing upon her for a subject, but I become oppress with a croud of matter, conceptions, and material Ingeniosities, that offer their service, and press upon me so importunate, that if I presently give them not a birth they threaten they will neither ever be found of me again, nor that I shall ever finde so good: I seem careless as never despairing of my fancy where she is the subject; Nay such is the plentie and treasure of her materials as scorn the help of fancie, and require no more but a reasonable Recorder and Register. What an unmatchable fortune hath *Lees* been blest with in two wives! the one the first to the father, the other to the son: The one like a *Romulus*, the other like a *Numa* to *Rome*; What a foundation of estate, virtue, and beautie brought the one? What an Oeconomy besides portion, Alliance, vertue, beauty and Religion, the other? *Candish* was her name, but most Candid her soul and condition. The enfolded Serpent is her Crest, most proper to her excellent discretion and judgement, which was as natural, as her Dove-like innocency acquisite unto her. Whatsoever in her condition was to be wished other, was fatally accidental. Her perfections were all her own, nor was there any perfection wanting in her, if not of not being her own enough. It is too unhappy, and frequent an incident to goodness to be too indulgent to others, and not to give themselves their due. Time had not hardned her to endure a hardness of time and fortune; if there can be an excess in goodness and charitie, it was in her, natural, moral, and divine virtues, contended in her for precedencie. But as well her death as life witnessed her charitie in it's true prerogative to outgo them all. She was matched to a field of crosses, she converted them all to a blessing upon her soul, and would have done upon the family, had not unlucky disease and death prevented; She was an Echo of her mother's name and vertues, and that as full, as numerous. I may crave pardon of her soul, and you for writing thus rashly and hastily upon so precious, so daintie, and sacred a subject; my study must be to stop and contain my self, as others use to work and labour their brain and fancie for invention. She neither was, nor is, as other women, death that was ever gastly and hideous to me in others is to behold in her a piece of sweetness and excellence: Her memory and whatsoever represents it (except her sad misfortune and *Catastrophe*) is all perfume, all rapture unto me; Were I not strongly instructed in Religion, I could not forbear a continued veneration, and address unto her as the

Saint of my ſoul. Great griefs indeed are not allowed a tongue, nor can they at firſt finde one, nor ever a due adequate and full one: But it were a kind of Sacrilege to rob the world in the due teſtimony of ſo divine a worthineſs, and our ſorrows tribute at leaſt in ſome proportion. This is the miſerable conſtitution of mortalitie, who will be indolent muſt be ſtupid and without affections; if we will love much (virtue or whatſoever) we muſt be contented to ſubject our ſelves to overflowing ſorrow, it never had a fairer, truer, or juſter occaſion. But I will abruptly break off at this time that ſence and proſecution, which ſhall otherwiſe neither fade nor expire in me. And to conclude with you to whom I began; The firſt paſſage of your Verſes, though I anſwer it not in kind, where you mention the crookedneſs and unproportionable lowneſs of one part of my houſe, that where that nobleſt of ſouls left this unſutable and unworthy world, I mean in monument and memory of her to raiſe, and grace the lower ſide thereof to ſuch a decoration, as (though nothing can become the occaſion) ſhall not be unworthy of the neighbouring Piles; And that (for all your farewel) I hope you will often become an eye-witneſs unto. The lines I gave you yeſterday, you find by their diſguiſe, were intended as a concealment and ſo to be kept (and therefore covered) let this Letter alſo remain with you as under ſeal of

This morning of
Sept. 14. 1638.

Your moſt ſincerely affectioned
Friend and Servant.

I Have formerly wondred at *Montagne* (whom you lately inſtanced unto me) that in his Eſſays he often takes a title and writes little upon it: I finde it now in my ſelf, I propoſe to my ſelf one thing, and other occurring matter and fancy poſſeſs and carry me away, my writings become Oleos, which, if like others you affect varietie, I hope you will the rather pardon; Even now the entrance to my letter hath been as well diverſion as matter unto me; It is received that we ſhould write as we would ſpeak, my ſpeech to you would be without formalitie, why ſhould I debate with my ſelf how to entitle you at the beginning of my Letter? to Superiours and Perſonages of great reſpect and little familiaritie I grant it decent and neceſſary, to others there is a kind of odneſs in it, which ſhows not well, you were ne're the leſſe welcome unto me as were my other friends in your company at our meals, though I ſaluted you not with my cup; It is to many eſpecially Inferiours more trouble and interruption than gratification, there is means ſufficient otherwiſe to expreſs our good affections, and I ſee not but why as well our kiſſing-ſalutes, as that might be antiquated and left: kiſſing is a kind and degree of copulation, which ſhould be and is ſo obſerved by the greateſt and wiſeſt Nations more elective and private. A Ladie of wit and qualitie whom you well knew, would never put her ſelf to the chance of a Valentine, ſaying,

saying, That she would never couple her self but by choice. The custome and charge of Valentines is not ill left; with many other such costly and idle customes, which by a tacit general consent we lay down as obsolete, onely with God we grow more ceremonious, except in the Lord's Prayer, where I know not why, we are growing to leave out the Doxology, though St. *Matthew* the leading Evangelist hath it at large, and so have we been brought up to it: What may the people conceive of our former stile in Prayers and Religion, if they shall be occasioned to think they have not, till now enjoyed so much as the right use of our *Pater noster?* We are also in our Creed grown more familiar with *Pontius Pilate*, he must now be *Ponce*, and why not as well *Julius Cæsar* July? *Quantulacunque estis, vos ego magna voco.* As I said to some, none of the most obscure of our Ecclesiasticks, who blamed the Puritans for troubling the people with abstruse points and novelties, that there was order enough to be taken with them, so that themselves upon whom we have no coercion would let us be quiet, and that my self who had been long learning the hard lesson of Religion and Conscience would be loth to be set to seek in my older dayes; So can I not but still continue it my prayer, as it is said to have been once used at *Paul's* Crosse, that it will please God to make our temporalty more spiritual, and spiritualty less temporal. God is a Spirit, and decency of Worship is all that is required in Christianity. Abundance of Ceremonies were a load to the Jews, and the exercise of Religion more by the outward senses than the inward, is too much, the way of *Rome* and a visible object of adoration. The time was when my charity led me, to wish Church-men might agree amongst themselves, and shine to us in their good * example, which would (*sans* Ceremony) best supply all wants that they find in our devotion. But now they put me to pray and think it no small happiness that my self may be quiet in the ways of God; There is a disturbance in all changes, though to the better, and often might better be forborn. You see how prone I am to fall upon the Church, we cannot travel but a Church will come in our way, are you not afraid it will prove to me, as is written of Christ, that he is such a stone, that who falls upon him shall be broken, and whom he falls upon, it will grind him to pouder? I have, you know, of late been at some cost with Churches within and without, I had ill fortune betwixt Saint *Paul* and Saint *Gregory*, I am yet as conformable as any, how long I shall continue so upon further alterations I know not, I love not to be put to my bearing, I hope I shall not; The abundance of my heart will say something, and I have often fallen upon some touches of this discourse in the confused pieces which you obliged me to take into your view and consideration. If Church-men will do things scandalous and unwelcome to us, they must expect to hear something unwelcome to themselves; I profess to honour nothing more than a good, and abhor nothing more than a bad Christian amongst them. I have met with some Friends who have prest me to the Press, over-flattering me that it were pity my conceptions should extinguish in a private Copy or two, and that I may otherwise be

* Ill living Preachers like evil Cows, kick down the milk they give.

wronged either alive or dead by ſome falſe publication: I cannot become perſwaded therein, I ſuſpect fame and abhor vulgar cenſure, I am conſcious of my precipitation and Crudities, and will not give the ſilly and malicious world a privilege to arraign me; Beſides, our Clergy preſide and over-rule Printing, and will diſallow all that conduceth not to their own advantage; be my intentions never ſo good, the Ark muſt * not be touched with prophane hands, they will be party and judge, *Unicuique in ſua Arte*, Religion and all that belongs to it is a *Noli me tangere* to the laity, more than to obey: The Tables of policy and government are bound up againſt ſuch ſtragling writers as I; let truth be what it will, I ſhall be contemned and condemned. They are our Paſtors, we the Pecus, yet is our conſcience too much accompanied with ſcience to go as every Clerk will drive. They have the keyes of the Church, they will in ſome ſenſe be alone privatively and excluſively, the Church, * Though it was not ſo in *Noah's* Ark, where the eight perſons cumulatively made it; they will now be Church and Chancel, whatſoever our Saviour ſaid of Sabbath; we muſt rather be inſtituted for them, than they for us; yet in the time of the Patriarchs we read of no ſuch Hierarchy: all we can ſay or write is Apocryphal, their ſayings are only Canonical; Let my zeal and charity be what it will, it is blind, it is indiſcreet farther than conformable to them, and their charity begins at home, they cannot, they muſt not erre or be in the wrong: Yet if you will rightly conſider, they ſhall find that naturally the more they aſſume, the more we ſhall examine and yeeld the leſs unto them. I wiſh them all their due, and more than a competency, but I find nothing more frequent in the Old and New Teſtament than invectives againſt their preachings more for themſelves and their own bellies than God and his truth. I make too bold with them, I muſt either not come in print or paſs their ſpunge, their Caſtrations, expungings and expurgatories. If I print not, I ſhall be rob'd; Plagiaries will make me after a while come too late to call my own, my own, yet will I as willingly conſent to my robbing, as gelding; Tranſcribings are moſt troubleſome and injurious, but I will be content with a few witneſſes like your ſelf to do me right upon occaſion, and keep me alive in your memory and affection. To you I ſubmit my ſelf, I give your pen as great power over me, as to my own. I have been told ſince you left me, that you found the concluding verſe of my Lady *Rich's* Epitaph (which like this letter was of a moſt ſudden compoſition) ſomewhat flatter than the reſt, my ſelf judged no leſs, it firſt concluded thus,

Had death had eyes he had not been ſo cruel.

But I thought it too light and licentiouſly Poetical for ſuch a ſubject; I love not exceſſive Hyperboles, much leſs over bold and prophane expreſſions. I deceive my ſelf if I give not a temperament therein beyond the ordinary; though neatneſs, form, beauty and fancy work as ſenſibly upon me, as upon others; yet have I never willingly complyed farther with them, than as I find them to comport with conveniency and other good reſpects. I affect to write more reaſon than conceit. I hope ſhortly to enjoy you farther, and refreſh my ſelf in your company this winter

* Yet divers paſſages of the New Teſtament give ſuch high priviledges to the child of faith as come little ſhort of the Prieſthood, whether for illumination or powers.

* Saint *Paul* gives the title of Church to a particular family, Saint *Peter* alſo, &c.

winter at *London*, endeavouring to avoid the ſadneſs of this place, and the approaching ſeaſon. What with the ſight of my Son's extremity, lying as I thought (and little leſs it was then) ſtrugling with death; and what with the immediate preceding heavy loſs of that incomparable Lady in the ſame my unhappy houſe; I am confident that ſince I was a child, ſo many tears have not been drawn from me. I want comfort and diverſion; but I almoſt deſpair to find them. I have long ſince loſt the beſt and deareſt of my converſations, my fate hath been ſuch, that I have ſeldome failed to find diſtaſte and diſcomfort from whatſoever I have moſt pretiouſly affected: ſuch converſation as can give me contentment, is ſo rare, and out of my way to enjoy, that I can little flatter my ſelf therein. You were a witneſs at your laſt being with me of a moſt extravagant and undue diſtaſte caſt upon me; God in all my courſe hath bleſſed me with a great portion of charity to paſs over offences, to conſtrue and hope the beſt; my diſcretion may be ſomething queſtioned in my patience, but I choſe the better and more Chriſtian part. If I once become loſt, I am hardly recovered; who well conſiders humane frailty, will the better bear it: we are little better than half witted; it is good to be circumſpect, but we are not thorough ſighted. I would the very text of Scripture and Aphoriſms of State were not too frequently taken by halvs, my writings are but parings and ſcrapings, (I mean in reſpect of matter, for I neither skim nor copy others) I dive not to the bottom of my ſelf. I had need gather ſomething, as I do, whilſt I write and ſcatter; for I loſe much of my own fancy by the way. I take not time to conſider and digeſt, I hope you will as haſtily read me. Time and the pillow are excellent Counſellors. Sudden reſolutions are ſubject to imperfection and repentance. Serious, deep and iterated ruminations are troubleſome chiefly to impatient ſpirits, and the lighter ſort are incompetent and incapable to undergo them; even the moſt intent and ſolid minds ſhall be often occaſioned to ſay, had I thought or known. Men addicted either to delights or much imployment, have neither leiſure nor patience to give weighty and implicate deliberations their full and due examinations: how often have I toſt a conſideration, as I thought, on every ſide, and in all it's aſpects, and yet found new and important diſcovery upon return? Though the *Spaniard* be often a loſer in not taking the advantage of preſent opportunities, yet his conſtancy and patience in timing, maturing, and purſuing his deliberations and deſigns makes much for them and their ends; their ſeveral bodies of Counſels, for ſeveral Kingdomes and affairs, are of great effect: Our late practiſed peculiarity of delegations and Committees, with a choice reſpect to the wits, capacities and experience of ſelected perſons and junto's, are greatly to be approved. Trades and profeſſions muſt of neceſſity be more exact in ſuch Countries, where as we find it written they are lineally continued. If the Art of Phyſick were diſtributed, as to Oculiſts one part, ſo other parts and diſeaſes had ſeveral profeſſors, particularly to attend them, their Anatomy and cure, though it ſavour of the Emperick, it might be much more happy unto us. But what make I then ſo buſie out of my Province? A Juſtice of Peace, as ſome will think, is

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the utmoſt of my calling: Yes, a Gentleman is a little of every thing, and peaceableneſs in God's ſervice concerns every man; Mountains are as well ſurveyed and judged from below, as vallies from above, and an impartial by-ſtander may often ſee more than the Gameſters. It is more than time that I unite your attention from my importunity and traſh: it is to me leſs trouble to write as it were without thinking, than to think without writing; poſſibly an active life like yours would prove more eaſie and healthful to me, than either of both; but I muſt take my ſelf as I am, and as we ſee little Birds in their Cages, and Apes and other Creatures force an exerciſe in their reſtraint, ſo, *Si fortuna negat facit indignatio.* I have both envied and emulated a Cat or Dog, in the tranquillity of their ſpirit: it ſhall ſtill be my aime, and I hope to become no more troubleſome to you, my ſelf, or any other in this way of writing: But I muſt ſtay my time in all things. Farre better than my ſelf, have profeſt themſelves ſubject to do the evil which they would not, and not the good they affected. As I am informed, you have wiſhed I would beſtow ſome further labour in poliſhing and better digeſting what I have written: but by that time you ſhall have read me through, I hope you will be otherwiſe ſatisfied: and I have, as you may find, beſtowed too much wit in excuſing the natural deformity of my writings, now to conſent to loſe, and caſt it away. Though I know my Children as black as a Crow, yet they are mine, and I muſt like them never the worſe for reſembling me; they were not made for the market, and they are too frequent in devout concluſions for the vulgar. I preſume better of you, and will conclude with you like the Letters of former and better times: Committing you to the protection of that Omnipotent God, whom I never ceaſe to implore; and who hath from time to time, and even to this preſent miraculouſly ſupported me by his grace and favour, to him be all glory, to you all happineſs from

This morning of the 22

of September, 1638.

Your moſt unfeigned, though moſt

unfortunate affectionate Brother.

STill to omit formality and compellations unneceſſary and ſuperfluous, Since my laſt of the 22. it hath been intimated unto me, that you are not ſo well ſatisfied as I would, in that I vary from my

my first taken measure and order of verse in some of my no long pieces. I doubt not but it will be disapproved by some of the most strict and formal Criticks; yet take I the boldness to like my self ne're the worse; it is for Novices to write by line and rule, words and lines are but the bark and cloathing of our minds: so decency be observed, my years and disposition have long dispensed with exactness of following the fashion, challenging some grateful privilege therein. Our modern fantasies in musick, and your Court-masking tunes have taken up a change of aire and spirit, and are the better accepted: you condemn not, nor prove not offended with a beauty for want of precise symmetry, affected forms of speech and complement are dis-affected; and matter regarded; *Scribendi recte sapere est & principium & fons*; it is neither this, nor that manner, that makes it good in writing, or other things; good Judgment is the thing, and never fails of order: it hath an influence into all our thoughts, looks, gesture, language and actions, and without it all will be wild and incomposed. In my late disastred entertainment, ostentation, and curiosity were so much avoided, that I forbad all extraordinary festival Pageants, Aromatiques, and Quelquechoses. If you are grown to choose a Horse for true strength and usefulness, accept of me in my mis-shapenness, my writings respect ease, duty, affection and profit, not affectation, fame, perfection, or delight; I hate fetters and circumscriptions, more than Religion, government, and reason cast them upon me; *Magnas nugas magno conatu*, is a double fault. I am no wayes a Precisian, yet in the Adiaphora according to the indulgence of our Church, I can and do dispence, so it be not with contempt. Sometimes change of matter agrees to it; sometimes, as we have a Christian liberty, I will as well as my leaders make use of a Poetical licence: Where is the law that restrains me? Why not conclude with a longer proportion of lines, as well as to intermingle a long and short? I have sometimes pityed a serious and pious Author needlesly and wantonly fall upon a Quadruplicity of rhyme or affected variety of measure and number in verses. If there be any harmony in rhymes, it is satisfied in two, and not without danger of fulsomness, as well as certainty of trouble in exceeding. I have often wished our Poetry like the Latine and Greek might be exercised without such subjection, if not barbarism. There may be a Rhetorical sweetness in numbers, spirit, and proportion, charming enough without it. I little respect old rules further than reason. Reason is the rule of rules, they often abuse us, and domineer in an usurped authority, as if we were, less men, and had inferiour or less faculties of soul, than those from whom we received them. I could never find the sound reason of subjecting Comical representations to the Compass of a day: to tell me that otherwise our conception becomes overstrained, is nothing: I can as easily stretch my fancy to a year as a day; and to think my self at *Rome* in an instant from *London*, or *Paris*, as to imagine my self at *White-Hall*, being in *Black-Friers*. I unwillingly lose a good story, or any thing that is good upon niceness of form: *Non oportet destruere substantiam propter accidens*, was a good rule, I long since learnt of an honest Physician, in case of bestowing more time and pains in study, than stood with health. Fame is the farthest from my thoughts, and yet you see

Antiquity stands convinced of so gross Errors that we should be weak and unhappy to adhere unto them.

ſee how famous they prove in their production, *Creſcunt eundo*, like *Elias* his cloud they unmeaſurably ſpread. I intended but a word or two, I wonder I ſhould be ſo tedious and talkative in Pen and Ink, who am nothing leſs in ordinary buſineſs and converſation. I hate a long Tale, eſpecially dramatical in the way of Dialogue and Scene; yet if you take but a piece of me, at once, I hope you may at leaſt, as well endure the reading, as I the writing; this and all my longeſt pieces are of one Boutade performed at a breath, part of a morning's exerciſe: My ſonnets of devotion, howſoever verſification be of a more elaborate nature, inſomuch, that moſt miſerably it will ſometimes fall out (I believe with the beſt and moſt fluent) that the ſubjection of a rhyme or meaſure, ſhall coſt more time and toil then writing a Page in Proſe, and in concluſion matter it ſelf muſt yeeld, yet were they generally of a ſuddain birth, they needed no Mid-wifery, but what they found from above. You find alſo in them an irregularity of here and there a ſupernumerary couplet at the end, the piece is complete without them; It alſo requires your indulgence to matter beyond form. I naturally hate to be clogd, yet hath fortune manacled me from my youth, want of liberty in the free uſe, diſpoſing and ordering of my ſelf and mine have infinitely prejudiced my contentment and fortune; I take the boldneſs to ſay it in preſumption of ſuch a moderation to have ever accompanyed me, and ſo much diſcretion, as it may be, you will bear me witneſs that had I not been check't in the maſtery of my ſelf and mine I ſhould have done much better in the world. But I grow as well diffluent as tedious, and therefore with deſire of your pardon and conſtant profeſſion of moſt ſincere affection towards you I reſt

Septemb. the 24. 1638.

Your moſt faithful Brother and ſervant.

MY really worthy friend, It is my unhappineſs to miſs your company at my return to *London*, and that which aggravates is the heavineſs of your occaſion, wherein I participate in the great loſs of your moſt valuable brother; ſuch a gravity, ſuch a ſolidity, ſuch virtue and piety are too much wanting in men of your and his profeſſion; pride, covetouſneſs, licentiouſneſs, ingratitude, hypocriſie, uſurpe the place of that ſweetneſs, meekneſs, hoſpitality and good affections to God and goodneſs, which were wont to be more frequent in your calling as moſt incident and proper unto it, and held before in coparcenere betwixt you, he hath now reſigned to your Primogeniture. God's judgments are to be feared when the world is not found worthy of ſuch inhabitants: So young, ſo ſuddainly dead under the practice of Phyſick, miniſters freſh occaſion

occaſion to continue my Invectives againſt that Cabal of colluſion, calamitous to mankind and nature. All the good we uſually get by relying on Phyſick is the neglect of other better means to ſubſiſt, and preſumption in evil diet and diſorder. I fear I ſhall hardly ſee you before I leave the town, and when I ſhall ſee it again, I know not, we are not fit for one another, *Mihi jam non Regia Roma, Sed vacuum Tibur placet atque imbelle Tarentum*, The civil *pretioſa fames*, the malign fires, fitter for a Chafing-diſh than a Chimney, and yet as coſtly as a *Buſtum* for a great Roman carcaſs or *Phœnix*, the Parrat heartleſs complements, Goſſipping diſcourſe, Petty cenſures of this man's ſeat, houſe, habit, eſtate, and the other's laſt action, Law-ſuit, child, marriage, entertainment, purchaſe, ſale and bargain, which the walking ſpirits of *Stows Chronicle*, Journaliſts and Commentators of the time carry from houſe to houſe, were I never ſo rich I could not now endure with patience; It is enough, if not too much, to be by vain experience made to be no Gull of Ignorance; The town is for Profeſſors, Tradeſmen, Officers, Courtiers, and ſuch as feed on others tables to live in for pleaſure and profit; Others if they be wiſe will not make themſelves a ſilly prey to the proud Shop-keeper, who plays the Spider in the Cobweb, and is now become as familiar, as he was wont to be humble and crouching. *Non tanti emo pœnitere, non tanti eſurio*, I will not buy ill air, ſtrait lodging, ill drink, and little good company ſo dear. I could poſſibly find as much pleaſure and eſteem in the Town, as another, if my mind were ſutable, but *Quid decet ac verum eſt* have long been my affectation; the vanities, idle viſits, Plays and paſtimes of young men become me not, other mens tables appear a kind of intruſion and importunitie, nor is a ſolitarie retiredneſs pleaſing unto me; Serious men are too buſie, and I am too ſerious for the lighter ſort. I will wiſh plenty and goodneſs of time, and howſoever it prove will help it by feeding on my own paſture, and rather inrich than impoveriſh by dearth and high prices; for the more they grow, the more I will ſpare and contract, nor will I dwell at the mercy of exaction; with choice of place. *Tenues luxuriantur opes. I, cole nunc urbes, quicquid non præſtat amicus, Cum præſtare tibi poßit, Avite locus.* When the Citie had moſt of my affection, I conceived reaſon ſufficient why a Countrey Gentleman might, as I often found, grow ſoon weary, and diſtaſted; coſtly and ill lodging and diet, enforced neatneſs, importunate viſits, perpetual cap, courteſie, and complements, ceremonious acquaintance, tedious and chargeable buſineſs, paſtime to ſeek, his wonted healthful exerciſe, Air and command turn'd to a ſedentary and ſervile obſervance, and a ſooty aire, ſuch as the thickeſt rined Vegetables rather pine than live in; this and much more may well occaſion him to think himſelf out of his element, when he is drawn to town, where he findes honeſty and goodneſs accounted ſimplicitie, and that, Ruſticitie; where not to wear his Beard, Cap, Clothes, and make his reverence in the modern Garb condemns him as much as to ſpeak falſe Latine in the Univerſitie, or go naked in the Country; where to become every mans acquaintance is to be none of his own, civil and charitable to every ſtranger, every impudent unchriſtian Begger, incivil, uncharitable to

himself, his fortune, plenty, health, ease, authority, piety and natural neighbours; where thoughts and actions are neither consonant to religion or Philosophy, nor language to the thoughts, innocency and vanity are the prey of rapine and deceipt, the purse falls into a dysentery, good order and conscience to a luxation, and the outside of the Platter is all the business. When I formerly lived in Town, I was at home in my place of birth and education with my Land close by, my fortune hath now made it other with me, and for my comfort, (if time which should improve my judgement, abuse me not, as it commonly doth the distastedness of old men) the condition of the Town is altered from what I have known it. Prizes continue double upon a sudden, and that which is most strange, without either scarcity of years, or plenty of money; penury of wit and good œconomy with abundance of luxury work the effect. No antient brave Roman was ever more free and prodigal of his blood in the way of honour and his Countrey's defence, than our English gluttonous Gallant and Epicure is easily and insensibly parted with his money (another blood to the wise) for fashion and sensuality. He affects bravery, and yet contemns what feeds it. He seems indulgent to his *Genius* and soul, yet thinks it base and superstitious to befriend them by looking into his reckonings with God and Man. The conscience of the seller prescribes no limits but what he can get, nor is the buyer restrained by any rule of discretion or price, broad Tables, large Diet, many courses and dainties, make slender fortunes, and narrow souls; gay houses and outsides, ill furnish't minds: we are, I know not how, become possest of late with a *malus pudor*, a slackness, a wretchlesness and shamefacedness to do what we ought for our profit and good, with a confident glory in our ruine, and what we should avoid; till God, authorized example, and wholsome sumptuary laws reform us, we shall never mend: *Sed quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* vitious custome hath prevailed by the discountenance of wisdome and virtue, falsification and corruption have so invaded us, that we have forgotten and lost the very Arts and *Idea*'s, as well as the habit of true working and living: To strength of mind and authority all is easie, gross impunity animates and confirms offenders, and the great fear is we shall never grow wise, but with a mischief; for my part, as I am without power, so I am worn out of fashion and acquaintance, and I find litttle new worth the seeking and imbracing; friendships are grown rare, dissimulation, cost and ceremony have extirpated them; Generosity is hardly to be found; all distrust, cunning, pride, self-conceited, self-affected, and never less wit, judgment, courage or virtue to boast of: As the World is, I cannot blame such as frequent the society and conversation of women, they pretend not so much wit and knowledge, but have commonly more than men, *Plus sapiunt, quia quantum opus est sapiunt*; their study and concernings lying in less room, they more strongly, certainly, and perfectly attein and comprehend; they exercise not such a falshood of Art, trade, and conversation as men; their discourse is more free, friendly, and ingenuous, their intelligence none of the worst, for they command generally our secrets, and what from the pulpit, what from our open-hearted conference communicate without book the quintessence of our thoughts and studies;

ſtudies; they ſtudy us as we our books. They are the winning commonwealth and ſociety of this our world, and like the Jeſuites ſtrongly combine and make it good by wit. They are greater lovers of worth and valour; they are more innocent and leſs dangerous to good men; obſerve their wayes and bargains, and judg if they be not ordinarily more cautious and frugal than our ſelves, they grudge not to take pains and be at ſome coſt with themſelves to pleaſe your eye. No *Confectio Alkermes* is ſo good againſt melancholy (ſo you ſurfet not on their dainties) as the diverſion and pretty trivial lighter part of their entertainment, gratification is the very worſt of them; and you ſhall wrong your ſelf and them, if you condemn them all for the worſt amongſt them; what was ever totally perfect? If ſome be bad, the beſt are to be the more eſteemed. There is I confeſs a difference amongſt them, ſo alſo of us, therein is our choice and judgment to be exerciſed: The company of the beſt men beſt at leiſure is to be enjoyed and found amongſt them; the very beſt things are often ſubject to abuſe, contein and make a Covenant with your eyes, and take but a preſervative of *ne quid nimis* along with you, and you are ſafe and happy: They are generally better affected to the times, and leſs poſſeſt with baſe and proling deſigns than we; their power with us and over us, proves their wit to be above ours, finer, clearer, ſtronger: They are not deſtitute of Art, but are more friends and inſtruments of nature, and ſhe theirs. Thus as I uſe, have I mingled leſs with more ſerious matter; this latter part belongs rather to others than to you. I preſume of your friendſhip, whom I know indulgent to ingenuity, an honeſt free career, and

January the
10. 1638.

Your moſt faithful Friend
to ſerve you.

Pathetically, if not too Prophetically inſpired, upon the death of the late Noble and Brave Prince

HENRY.

An imperfect, but true Inventory and Diſſection.

OH, how much happier had my fortune been,
To do the ſervice with my Sword than Pen!
And to have ſhed my blood for thee, than tears!
(Fair *Prince*) whoſe life, our hope; death, bred our fears;
Though thine own virtues have embalm'd thy Fame,
As far as planted is the Chriſtian Name,
And are too beauteous well proportioned,
To be by me unskilful crayoned,
Yet duty bids me offer at thy hearſe,
The faithful incenſe of this mournful verſe,
Which contrary to common Monuments,
Is not made fair without, for foul contents;
But poor without ſuch riches doth poſſeſs,
As budding youth did ne'r ſo fair expreſs;
Nor fear I now ſuſpect of flattery,
For to the living ſuch their praiſe apply;
Greedy to turn ſweet poiſon to reward,
Careleſs of duties, and of truth's regard.
Thy freſh and well-known worth that tax doth free,
Which livelyer we ſhall know by loſs of thee:
Irreparable loſs, where overthrown,
Lies our Great Britiſh worthy Champion,
Strong Bulwark of our Peace, ſteel-point of warre,
Loadſtone of virtue, glorious Northern Starre,
The Muſes love, favourer of all good Arts,
Friend to all good deſigns and worthy parts,
Judicious, juſt, hardy, and temperate,
Splendid in well-ruled managing thy State,
Too curious frame to laſt, Module compact,
For future times a pattern moſt exact,
Fair Ship, moſt fairly fraught for War and Peace,
Untimely ſunk, ſcarce launcht into the Seas,
Too glorious riſing Sun ſoon overcaſt,
That ſhin'ſt in Heaven, for here thy beams were plac't
On mould too dull, cold, worthleſs, to beget
An active fruitfulneſs anſwering thy heat,
Thy flames of virtue were more pure and high,
Than our weak ſtate could foment with ſupply;
No virtue didſt thou want, or vice poſſeſs
That could make great thy worth, or glory leſs;

Furniſh't

Furniſh't with all materials fit to raiſe
A high ſuperlative of Princely praiſe,
A true Minervian iſſue ſprung from *Jove*,
Viſible virtue forcing us to love:
As true a virtuous *Cyrus* natural,
As *Xenophon's* fain'd artificial.
Fair fire receiv'd as from our *Perſian* King,
Dead virtue once again to life to bring:
Heroick off-ſpring of that *Engliſh* blood,
Which antiently hath ſo celebrous ſtood,
As fair a ſplendor to thy Fathers ſtem,
As, or his Scepter, Throne or Diadem.
If *Troy* lamented *Hector*, *Grecians* ſcourge;
Far greater grief thy death to us doth urge:
Troy miſs'd no Captains, though their *Hector* dead,
But whom hath now our *Priam* fit to lead
With union and alacrity the Bands,
Of *Engliſh*, *Scottiſh*, *Welſh*, *Iriſh* Lands,
Whoſe active well-born ſpirits thirſted all
To follow ſuch a hopeful General;
Whoſe pattern ſet the coldeſt minds on fire
With glorious thoughts and generous deſire,
Sole able Engine t'have repair'd the fame
Of th'once illuſtrious wither'd Engliſh name;
Such virtue could not actionleſs remain,
Which made him fly our dulneſs with diſdain:
Wherefore brave Spirits that do inward burn,
Loving true glory join with me and mourn,
And with your flames make him a funeral-fire,
And with him end each thought that did aſpire;
Smother in his Aſhes what began to flame,
And teach your thoughts to ſtudy peaceful fame,
Temper your moſt untimely ill-faln heat,
Which may your ruine, not your glory get,
Except your idle glory you eſteem,
Vying who moſt effeminate ſhall ſeem,
Moſt proud, affected, and like weeds of worth;
Which our beſt ſoiles uncultivate bring forth:
Mourn and lament him Patron of all truth;
Nay, him the ſoul, and glory of your youth,
Nor never hope an active time to ſee,
Except enforc't to act our miſery.
Happy our Fathers warlike ſpirits; we
Hapleſs; though fortunate our Sons may be,
To whom this ſeven year retrograde hath brought
A Prince with like fair promis'd virtues fraught,
To top his ſtory with victorious bayes,
As *James* with ſweet of Peace hath bleſt our dayes;

Ad-

Adding as many Crowns as *Fames* hath done,
To Crown his titles with poſſeſſion.
Thus glorious Comet with more zeal than art,
In thy fame's dirige I bear a part,
Which may it pardon find, though hoarſly ſung,
And paſs with favour 'mongſt th' Elegiack throng,
As writ by him, who having vow'd ſword-ſervice
Can ill perform a Poet's ſacrifice.

Upon the death of Anne *of* Denmark *Queen of Great Britain, and the blazing Star appearing near her death, taken for the ſtellifyed ſpirit of Prince* Henry *dead not long before.*

BRave ſoul! thou haſt prevail'd, God hath his own,
And we ill debtors were, nor paid the loan
Of ſuch a Jewel, be thou *Henrie's* Star
Pointing thy mother's way and not our war;
Heaven be appeas'd, and grant our prayers, and tears
Prevent thy further anger and our fears.
Say that our falſe hearts to our ſelves, and thee,
Deriding goodneſs and true piety,
Led by our vain affections, as our God
Not charity, ſay this deſerves thy rod,
Let not the Roman petty Gods ſurpaſs
Thy rulers mercies; *Marcus Curtius* was
To them a ſacrifice their wrath to ſwage;
Our loſs hath doubled his, then ſlack thy rage,
And grant again, we feele no further pains,
But bleſs our dayes with joy, in what remains.

Epitaph.

HEre lies *Fames* his rich gem, the eyes delight,
The graces manſion, our fair dayes good night,
Glory of the Court, object no ſooner ſeen
But known the graceful preſence of a Queen:
Rich Jewels ſhe is ſaid to leave, farre more
Rich was ſhe in her pretious virtues ſtore,
Heaven grant her royal virtues tranſportation
Breed not a dearth unto her ſex, our nation.

Upon

Upon the death of my fair Couſin Drury.

SAy paſſenger, and for her ſake
Who while ſhe liv'd had power to make
All eyes that on her caſt their ſight
To fix with wonder and delight,
Daign that theſe lines one ſigh may borrow
Breath'd from thy heart with generous ſorrow,
To ſee in this ſad Tombe now dwelling
The faireſt *Drury*, late excelling
In virtue, beauty, and all grace
That heaven in earthly mould can place:
And that which may your grief increaſe
Is that ſhe did a maid deceaſe,
And all that we in her admir'd
With her is periſht and expir'd.
Matchleſs ſhe liv'd, unmatcht ſhe dide,
Drurie's ſole heir, and *Suffolk's* pride.

Upon the death of the ſupereminent Lady Hadding-ton, *Delineated to the life.*

IMperious ſoul, proud Quinteſſence of wit,
Union of nature's beauty forcing love,
Fair *Haddington* farewell, here dead with thee
Lie Love's awe, ſweetneſs, life, and majeſty.

Manly ambitious ſpirits, hope poſſeſt,
By conqueſt of fierce beauty to be bleſt,
Change your deſires, forſwear ambition,
The glorious ſubject of your hopes is gone.

Alas! nor verſe, nor picture can expreſs,
The leaſt of her heart-winning lovelineſs:
Happy who knew her, for he knew perfection,
Such as henceforth hath freed him from ſubjection.

Another.

MOunt up to heaven, free ſoul, with Lark-like joy,
Scorning our earthly baſe condition,
Where no malicious envy can annoy
Thy fair ingenuous diſpoſition.

There ſhew thy ſelf in thy pure nakedneſs,
Where all thoughts in their ſimple truth appear

To

To ſpeak thy ſelf with true born ſimpleneſs
Is virtue's habit out of faſhion here.

To cover, flatter, lie, be politique,
Hunt gain with greedy falſhood and deceipt,
To be a devil, ſo an hypocrite,
Are vertues to gain this world's good conceipt

Thou wert not ſuch, and therefore happy now,
If faith and truth may happineſs procure,
Thy life thy truth, death doth thy faith avow,
Theſe are the golden wings that mount thee ſure
To laſting glory; glory be thy due
For being faithful, noble, fair and true.

An Incentive to our Poets upon the Death of the victorious King of Swedeland.

FIe ſlow *Boötes* brood! what, not a line,
To celebrate a virtue ſo divine?
See you not *Perſeus* mounted in the skie,
Out-doing all the antient Chivalry?
Expect you till his Steed daſh on your brains,
To make you flow into heroick ſtrains?
Can your Electrian facultie in wit,
Raiſe nothing but meer traſh and ſtraws to it?
Is brave *Guſtavus* of too ſolid ſtuffe,
His great exploits, for your ſleight vein too tuffe?
That like poor falſifyers you deſpair,
To profit from a piece ſo rich and fair:
Whil'ſt from more trivial ſubjects you will drive
A trade, ſhall make your reputation thrive,
By ranſacking the myſteries of Art
To ſet a luſter on ſome low deſert.
Rouze up at length your over-ſtupid muſe,
Unite all in one quire, and bravely chuſe
No other rapture whereupon to ſing
Than the high Trophees of the *Swediſh* King.

The reaſon of a Gentlewomans wearing ſmall black Patches.

Of another Author.

I Know your heart cannot ſo guilty be
That you ſhould wear thoſe ſpots for vanitie,

Or

Or as your beauties Trophies put one on
For every murther which your eyes have done:
No, they are your mourning weeds for hearts forlorn,
Which though you muſt not love, you could not ſcorn,
To whom ſince cruel honour doth deny
Thoſe joies could only cure their miſery,
Yet you this noble way to grace them found,
When thus your grief their martyrdom hath crown'd;
Of which take heed you prove not prodigal,
For if to every common funeral
Of your eyes Martyrs ſuch grace be allow'd,
Your face will wear no patches, but a clowd.

Occaſioned partly by the Verſes above, partly by a fair Ladie's keeping on her Maſk in the houſe on a hot day.

The incomparable Lady Carlile.

I Ne're till now thought patches ornaments,
Gentile and happy was your Author's Muſe,
As gently cruel are her fair intents
Who kills and mourns: but why do you refuſe
Their names, who ſo much wit and fairneſs own?
I met that very day you ſhew'd thoſe lines
A beauty ſuch, as if it would have ſhone
Would have out-pierc'd the parching'ſt Sun that ſhines;
But chamber-maſkt ſhe was, cloſe mourner too,
The funeral ſolemnity ſhe wore,
Innocent guilty, ſweetly ſad, as who
Reſolv'd to intombe her ſelf to kill no more.
It may be alſo, ſhe did apprehend
Another ſchorching Summer would undue us,
And ſo her ſelf o'reclouded to befriend
Mortality; 'twas double favour to us.
But Sun-like beauty, know great miſchiefs flow
From great Eclipſes, well as blazing Stars,
We die as well, except your ſelf you ſhow
As by your beams, or our inteſtine wars:
Shine then and triumph ſtill; better ſome die
Than this Sphere want it's ſecond quick'ning eye.

Epigram.

VVE cannot ſcape by maſking of your face,
We find our ſelves ſtill taken by your grace,
By your I know not what, meer careleſneſs
Charmes more in you than others curious dreſs;
Each ſtep and motion of your frame or mind
Conſiſts of a compoſure moſt refin'd,

Cheape virtue is confin'd to face, yours lies
As well in your high ſpirit, as your eyes.

A Dunghill Cock untry'd will looke as brave,
So will a Cur, a Buzzard, Jade, or knave,
As the moſt virtuous in their ſeverall kind:
Value conſiſts in temper of the mind,
In judgement right, and reſolution ſtrong,
Ends brave and good, thinking nor doing wrong,
Conſulting truth and goodneſs more than will,
Knowing, and daring all but baſe and ill:
Diamonds in ſhow are little more than glaſſe,
Trivial appearances make men to paſſe,
But thorough tryal proves an Aſſe an Aſſe:
Difference in women is no leſs,
Their goodneſs makes their pretiouſneſs.

True Love and Honour.

THough you are graceful, brave and fair,
Beyond your Sexes rate, though wit
Ennoble you as well as blood,
This, nor your fine exalted aire,
And proſpect knowing all that's fit,
Nor that you are rich, great, but good
Subdues me: theſe to cement well
Is that wherein you all excel;
And if to theſe you take in love,
The *India's* cannot equal prove:
For me, I muſt not ſo aſpire,
My part is onely to admire,
Your virtue, virtue to the world ſupplies;
The Sun none ought think to monopolize:
Oncly I'le ſtrive to be as good as you,
And ſo part of your love will prove my due,
And mine, you being good, and good to me
Muſt or be yours, or virtuous ceaſe to be.

An Elegie upon the Death of the moſt fair and virtuous Lady Rich, *which moſt unhappily happened upon the* 24. *of* Auguſt, 1638.

HAd I leaſt hope complaints could reach our loſs,
Could I the Stars or Sea-ſand number,

I Would embarque her virtues ſea to croſs,
And to my grief's heighth raiſe your wonder.

Could or the world, or words ſuch truth receive,
As to her ſtory doth belong,
Could any but her ſelf, her virtues weave,
Or ſorrow find an equal Tongue;

Such Ship, ſo fraught, ſuch wrack I'de repreſent,
As would the Sovereign near ſurpaſs,
And make you in a Sea of tears lament;
She is not now that Nymph ſhe was.

Within, without, ſo glorious was her trim,
Such awe of Odinance ſhe carried,
Had ſhe not by diſaſter taken been,
Neptune alone ſhe muſt have married.

But though her virtues circles juſt content,
And her ſquare's juſt diagonal,
Numbers can ne're exactly repreſent:
Yet by our courſe Mechanical,

Somwhat wee'l ſay in lame and ſhort account,
Our due oblations to diſcharge,
Which ſhall alone all other worth ſurmount;
Faithfully drawn, though not at large.

Free from all pride, though none but ſhe had cauſe,
Neglecting beauty, huſwif'ry to mind,
Wholly reſign'd to Gods and marriage-Lawes,
Judicious farre beyond her years and kind.

Outſide and vanity, though moſt in faſhion,
Wrought not on her ſtrong fram'd and ſolid ſoul,
She liv'd by reaſon, as others by their paſſion,
And by her goodneſs did all wrongs controul.

Her preſence was a chaſtiſement to ſin,
Ill time could not corrupt her ſpotleſs mind;
Had her pure body of like reſiſtance been
Againſt the Air and ſeaſon too unkind,
We her ſad loſs had not ſo deadly griev'd,
And ſhe to our ſouls joy might ſtill have liv'd.

Epitaph.

IN title *Rich*, in virtue all excelling,
Rare Daughter, Mother, Siſter, Friend and Wife,
Piety ſeldome had ſo fair a dwelling,
Unparallel'd as well in death as life:

Here now ſhe lies, glory of woman kind,
Phyſicians ſhame, the wonder of her time,
In body fair, but fairer in her mind,
Fitted for heaven, and taken in her prime;
Few rightly knew to value ſuch a Jewel,
Had death had eyes he had not been ſo cruel.

On the ſame.

Such time as a moſt peſtilent mortal ſmall Pox ſeized and carryed many of eminent rank and virtue.

FOul Grief and Death this year have play'd their parts,
And *Syrian*-like conſpire againſt the beſt,
Aiming at one ſtroke to break all our hearts,
Their cruel ſpite ne're met with ſuch a feaſt.

They threw and bore the faireſt Phœnix born,
As ſingular, as unique to her friends,
They never twin'd ſo ſtrong a Cord to mourn,
Nor ſtrook ſo home, at ours and their own ends.

My wound ſmarts double on the by; what, where
She ſuff'red, how exceeding all repair;
How heavy to her friends and mine to bear,
This multiplies my grief with much deſpair.

My treaſure, reſt, well-being, all my joy,
Except what duty and piety require
Periſht in her; fate can no more deſtroy
Henceforth but love of good, and good deſire.
The good is none, which if I ceaſe to grieve,
Beyond my own death, let me ceaſe to live.

Such life, ſuch death, ſo conſtant, Chriſtian brave
Never became the triumph of the Grave.
I erre. Triumph was only hers; may I
Contemplate her both whil'ſt I live and dye.

Her

Her birth-day was her death-day, and her death
The birth to my diſcomfort, and ſad breath.

A Requiem at the Interrment.

WHo e're you are, Patron ſubordinate,
Unto this houſe of prayer, and do extend
Your eare and care to what we pray and lend;
May this place ſtand for ever conſecrate:

And may this ground and you propitious be
To this once powerful, now potential duſt,
Concredited to your fraternal truſt,
Till friends, ſouls, bodies meet eternally.

And thou her tutelary Angel, who
Wer't happy Guardian to ſo fair a charge,
O leave not now part of thy care at large,
But tender it as thou wer't wont to do.

Time common Father, join with Mother-Earth,
And though you all confound, and ſhe convert,
Favour this Relique of divine deſert
Depoſited for a ne're dying birth.

Saint, Church, Earth, Angel, Time, prove truly kind
As ſhe to you, to this bequeſt conſign'd.

Groteſque.

AS often, as we ſpeak, we are cenſured, but much more ſeverely in our writings; againſt them men take not only a privilege of boldneſs, but make a kind of neceſſity of exerciſing their wit and judgment, for fear of being concluded to want underſtanding, if they diſcover it not in their exceptions; they are the evidence that wiſe men give in againſt themſelves for a common Jury of fools to paſs upon them, it muſt be an extraordinary Coat of Mayl that hath no falſe and weak links: ſearching ſpirits, however weak in themſelves, will find

find them out. I have often obſerved that the weakeſt Sex and abilities will as ſoon diſcover a flaw and infirmity as the ſtrongeſt, they bend their wits to find faults, as do the better ſort virtues. Noble and great Creatures ſeek not chinks and cranies; a blemiſh in a garment is eaſily ſeen, when the true web requires a judgment, often, as fine as it ſelf. I am no Doctor, nor am I paid for cure of Souls, and I have ever affected privacy and retiredneſs of my poor wit ſo far as to have avoided all publick exhibitions more than neceſſary duty hath impoſed upon me, yet that I wrapt not my talent wholly in a Napkin, I am I know not how, fallen upon this ſally, rather in truth to Regiſter my ſelf to my ſelf than to the world; many good wits uſe to write down their occurring conceits, which chance uſeth to preſent better than any induſtry could extract. I have been a great loſer for want of ſuch practice. I know the better ſort, ſuch as I would admit and converſe with, want none of my ſlight and pedling furniture; yet may I ſerve to figure and awake unto them ſome ſuch of their own ſtuffe as would poſſibly otherwiſe never have become elicit, but have ſlept in their Magazine and Chaos. My writing is rather to mend my ſelf than others: the world had long ſince been much better than it is, if writing would have effected it, find fault with me who liſt, they ſhall hardly find, or more, or groſſer than I know by my ſelf. Spectators and Cenſurers of lives and action, exerciſe a Trade as eaſie as lazy, Scepticiſme, Criticiſme, and Satyriſm ſeldome miſcarry. It is as familiar to carpe, as hard to write of the times and not to become Satyrical. Errors in pretended Science, errors in wit, faſhions, and manners, are ſo groſs, that they ſeldome fail to meet with as juſt an invective and deriſion, as refutation. What a buſineſs we have made to our ſelves by impatience of our natural condition, by our affectation of that flaſhy forbidden fruit of knowledg? what a deal of Art, building, furniſhing, dreſſing, policy and paſtime are grown upon it? nay, what a buſineſs are our very paſtimes become unto us? how ſeriouſly we cultivate our trifles, our frothy aery ambitions? nature made the ſupply of our mouth (proviſion) as well pleaſure and paſtime, as neceſſity unto us; other creatures find it ſo, and ſuffer as little hunger, as men. Examine our own rules and definitions of * wiſdome, and judg whether they belong not more properly to other Animals than to our ſelves. Our fore-fathers were not unſophiſticated; but what a ſuper-ſophiſtication have we brought upon our ſelves more than formerly, in plucking down our old often more convenient houſes for the fancy of new fabricks? then comes the endleſs variation of proud and coſtly furniture: what a coaching, what a tiring of truly tiring Women and Tailors? What a curioſity of cookery, wines and ſawces, which young men were wont as much to ſcorn, as now they are curious to judg? Nature is loſt in us, our life is become an affected Pageant of ſhow, and we are nothing leſs than our ſelves, we are drown'd in our own Arts and follies. True honour and virtue are not ſo much as Themes to diſcourſe of, we care not ſo much as to ſeem virtuous, honeſty is a ſhameful ſimplicity, and virtue a net to catch Woodcocks; but mark the end, and you ſhall ſeldome ſee ſhame fail to overtake folly, pride, and vice. For my part I abhor baſeneſs and degeneroſity ſo much, that naturally I cannot well

*As right ends and wayes, or right reaſon of doing, chuſing, and refuſing, &c.

well endure that an unworthy conceit of me ſhould lodge ſafely in any breaſt; though faſhion be become a kind of ſuperſtitious Religion; and Religion taken up but for faſhion, and made ſuperſtition: God hath caſt me in a better mould, and this advantage I finde in goodneſs, that as vice hath two contraries, one of virtue, another of it's oppoſite vice: ſo have vitious men as well the malignity of others, as the goodneſs of the virtuous againſt them, where virtue hath only vice for enemy: And this benefit it hath, that as in a good conſtitution of body, it ſelf and exerciſe will bear out ſome miſ-dyet and miſ-accident; ſo will a predominancy of virtue and good reputation maintain its proprietary againſt much unhappineſs and miſ-fortune; whereas an evill name, you know of old, is half-hanged, and ſerves for a milſtone to ſink an otherwiſe ſtrong ſwimmer. The ſtrength of a predominant virtuous ingredience appeared in *Manlius* againſt his otherwiſe diſtaſteful auſterity, as in other Roman Captains againſt their remiſsneſs; *Gonſalvaes* reputation not being made of Cobweb-Lawn bore him out againſt ſmall exceptions. There are infinite degrees of ſouls; witneſs Oiſters and Plant-animals, inſomuch as it is to be doubted whether there be any ſuch ſubſtance as to be termed inanimate; every one hath more or leſs it's diſcourſe, or at leaſt affectations: But onely God is abſolutely perfect. Amongſt us, he is beſt who participates leaſt imperfection, and in whom virtue carries the greateſt ſway; ſuch deſerve an indulgency, and ſhall finde it as well from God as man. I am all infirm and imperfect in minde, body, and fortune: yet this commodity grows even from ſuch diſcommodity, that as valetudinary bodies by a due care and temperance ſubſiſt often better, and outlive more ſtrong and preſumptuous complexions; ſo doth a ſcanty yet competent fortune well ordered prove often more happy and leſs wanting than a luxuriant plenty. The like may be affirmed of a tenderneſs of mind; as Parſimony is a great Revenue, ſo experience when it can, *Inane abſcindere ſol do*, makes much of little: High minds, blouds and fortunes hardly moderate themſelves, and are moſt ſubject to inconvenience and ruine; ſuch ſeek to conquer all but themſelves, the want of which conqueſt expoſeth them to all aſſaults and ſpoils: It is a task that few undertake, and fewer prevail in, without it we are unfortified againſt our ſelves and others; it is often attained as well by flying as oppoſition, it is a Maſter-peece to paſſe over anothers infirmitie, as it is to put by the aſſaults of our own ſuggeſting fancy and concupiſcence, which is yet many times ſo eaſie that who once hath learnt to repel firſt importunate motions ſhall finde them ſo far from that importance and force which they pretend, that ſent away for the preſent, and another motion of the mind entertained, they will ſhew themſelves ſuch nullities and become ſo loſt, that if you would you can neither find nor recal them; This till we can do we ſhall not be friends to our ſelves; Averſion and diverſion are neceſſary in fencing, cure and life; Who cannot as well put by as make a thruſt hath little art; he ſteers not well that cannot well decline and avoid; It muſt be an exorbitant force to carry all down before it; Nothing is ſtrong or weak, * ſwift or ſlow, good or bad, but by compariſon and reſpectively to the Species

* A Mathematical *Radius* moving as upon a Center makes the motion of the Sun (if it move) no more than that of a watch in 24. houres, and what is ſlow in an Elephant is ſwift in an Emmet.

cies and greatneſs of the body and ſubject; To know our ſtrength, to know our ſelves, and God, is a height of knowledg to be laboured for; without ſome meaſure of it there can be no happineſs, God is the Author, God is the Circumference, God the Center of all exiſtence, to him be all glory. *Amen, Amen. July* the 16, 1638.

THree things have preſented themſelves this morning to my conſideration, of themſelves excellent, though in divers degrees; Religion, Policy, Arts: when Religion is not exerciſed in ſincerity, policy to publick good, quiet and Juſtice, and Arts are imploied in folly and errour, I cannot but deplore our humane corruption; they ſhould be the perfecters of nature, but diſtorted and abuſed, prove to truth of judgment her miſchief, her deformity; They leave her not to her ſelf, and our ſuper and preter-natural life ought to be inſtituted and advantaged by them; if yet ſeeing they have undertaken to lead and help her, they would at leaſt be conſtantly true to themſelves and their own pretences, it were well, better poſſibly were ſhe otherwiſe, if in her own hands leſs ſhould ſhe have of trouble and leſs to anſwer for: But perverſneſs of diſpoſition which is too generally predominant will ever reſt the beſt inſtitutions to it's own vanity, pleaſure, fantaſie and commodity, other is not to be expected, ſo it hath been, ſo it will be, whil'ſt we live in this world, the beſt of us abuſe our ſelves if we find it ſtrange; we muſt do herein as by the weather, pray for good and take it as it comes, uſe our endeavours, cultivate our ſelves to the beſt, and committing all to God, if we find our ſelves better affected than the common courſe, account it his bleſſing with a ſubmiſs and thankful heart.

June the 10, 1640.

With

WIth whom ſhall I converſe? Where is the dwelling of wiſdome, or innocent ſimplicity of heart? Happy Shepheards, whoſe converſation is with the heavens and the moſt innocent of creatures; Man generally is become a mongrel, neither good man nor beaſt: A Chriſtian in name, a Wolf in nature, an Apoſtate to God and nature, and they have no leſs forſaken him: Juſtice long ſince took her flight to heaven, Peace, wiſdome aud integrity have followed, their ſhadowes only remain upon us; Who ſhould maintain Chriſtian Religion, endanger and deſtroy it, who ſhould draw a bleſſing by ſtudying peace, draw a curſe or diſſention upon themſelves and us. It were brave if men durſt profeſs what they are, ot be what they profeſs: But from half-witted men there is nothing to be expected but wholly, folly, and miſchief. Storms ought to fall on their heads that breed them, and ſo commonly they do; I will ſhelter my ſelf as well as I may: naturally I love ſtirring, but the weather muſt be fairer; wrong courſes may ſucceed for a time, but right wiſdome and juſtice will at length prevail; That ſhall be my hope, that my Prayer. Sublunary diſpoſitions are ſubject to various influence and viciſſitude; virtue as well as ignorance often labours *faſtidio ſui*, Religion it ſelf hath it's Currents, its ebbes and floods, in entertaining things we are taken with a contemplation of their perfections, in progreſs we grow weary, we carp, we cavil. Nature affects change and liberty, ordinarily to the worſe; This the Roman Clergy knows, this they work upon, our vitiouſneſs affects an indulgent hand, that they preſent, like greedy Chyrurgians they love ſores to feed upon their cure, ignorance and liberty are the way to, and in their Religion, we are too much diſpoſed except God avert.

Suddain Touches in the nature of Characters, Written about the year, 1625.

A King.

TO be perfect muſt at the leaſt be of the ſecond form of wit, if not able to adviſe himſelf to the beſt, yet to judg of and chuſe the beſt upon debate, as alſo to make election of Counſellors untainted in their wiſdome and integrity. He muſt be ſeaſoned with the knowlege of that great God, from whom himſelf and all things have their power and being: from thence will flow an affection aſcending to him, and deſcending upon his people, with a holy ambition to imitate him as well in his juſtice and goodneſs, as power and greatneſs. He is a publick perſon intended for common utility, and his affections muſt all concentrate to the publick good. He muſt eſteem his happineſs and ſafety to depend on the love of his people, and therefore like a good Shepherd he will chiefly be pleaſed in procuring their contentment and welfare. And if (as every Shepherd hath his Dog) he will aſſiſt himſelf with ſome perſon of eſpecial confidence, he muſt be exceeding careful that ſuch his favorite be not choſen of a condition rather inclining to the falſhood and voracity of the Wolf, than that fidelity and good induſtry which were requiſite to his and his peoples good. He ought to think it a part of his duty to ſeek the underſtanding of his office from the beſt writers; for them he will find the moſt faithful and leaſt flattering Counſellors. Thence he ſhall learn that the only ſecurity and honour of a government both for the preſent and to perpetuity conſiſt in being zealous of Religion and reputation, in maintaining juſtice and the Lawes of the Country, which are the ſinews of his government, and the evidence of his regality. The zeal and obſervation of theſe cannot fail to produce the love of his Subjects, without which he would find himſelf being aſſaulted like a man without hands, which move but according to the heart. And howſoever craft, diſſimulation, and flexibility of conſcience are in the tenet of many men, qualifications neceſſary to Empire; yet true wiſdome of government will ſo order it ſelf, as to be ſeldome or never beholding unto them: for ſtrength needs no engine, and a good judgment will ſo reconcile the wiſdome of the Serpent to the innocency of the Dove, as to force the currents of virtue and ſtate both into one Channel. His gifts, preferments, and undertakings muſt be governed more by

by diſcretion than paſſion, elſe he ſhall want, be ill ſerved, and fail without pity. Reward and puniſhment are the weapons wherein he muſt be cunning, for they are the inſtruments of his honour and well being. It hath been an antient and conſtant policy to make all benefits to proceed from himſelf, and matters of diſtaſt from his Officers, elſe doth he hunt Counter, but ſo ſhall all the thanks be his, and the blame theirs. A good and cheerful countenance to well deſervers and ſuch as obſerve reſpect to him, will often ſpare his purſe, and make him a gainful return. To take notice of the worth and capacity of his ſervants and moſt eminent Subjects, and to remember them in the diſtribution of his bounty and imploiments, will much conduce to his honour and good ſervice. To cheriſh the good, and be conſtant to his word, is not the leaſt reputation. As alſo to enter ſlowly and with full proviſion into a Warre, and not to come off but with advantage. To give a free eare to diſcreet perſons about him that love him and his good, and to ſhew an affection to diſpence with his particular for the publick, is the way to know all and want nothing. He ought to be compaſſionate to the poor, and affect the relieving of his people, elſe ſhall he be ſo far from goodneſs as to be void of common humanity; To be better content in a ſmall revenue with love, than in a great one with hate and groans, for where the people loves, the King cannot want. He will by all means avoid to ſupply a preſent want, by giving way to a perpetual miſchief, eſpecially if not urged by the freeing himſelf from ſome eminent ruine. He will delight in his people and the expreſſion of their good affections, and eſteeming the money raiſed from them, as their blood, make conſcience in the diſpending of it. He will conſider what is neceſſary in a way of conſtant expence for the good, ſafety, and honour of a State, and before all things aſſign an infallible certainty of allowance thereunto. In gifts and paiments he will preferre the needy and well-deſerving, and crying debts before others, or matter of bounty. In caſe of defect of ordinary power for government he will affect to ſupply it rather by aſſent of the State than by acts of Councel, for they will never deny what ſhall tend to good government, and it will ſtand more firm, and beget better obedience. To preſerve his juſt power and Prerogative as well over himſelf as his Subjects, and to uſe *motu proprio* as well in effect as in word, will maintain his Majeſty in due reſpect, not ſuffering it and himſelf to be made covers of private ends and paſſions, nor intereſſing it but upon neceſſary preſervation of his Sovereignty according to the conſtitution of the State where he governs. He will eſteem it as himſelf ordained for common good, and think no ſmall Prerogative to be a King, though governing according to the rules of thoſe Lawes which make and keep him ſo. To appoint and obſerve ſet times as well for his affairs, as recreation, will keep him from becoming a ſtranger to his office and intereſt, maintain his ſervants in their care and duties, his Allies and Subjects in due reſpect, and will prevent infinite abuſes which might grow upon him, nor will it abridg but rather give a reliſh to his pleaſures. To conclude, he will think that a choice and great aſſembly, like a great ſtream, can hardly be corrupt, and

that their happineſs being involved with their King they are likely to give him as good, honeſt, ſafe, and wiſe counſel as any three or four heads in his Cabinet.

Nec minus alienæ libertatis, quam ſuæ dignitatis memor,
In maxima Fortuna, minima licentia.

A Good Counſellor.

A Good Counſellor is one, whom nature, ſtudie, and experience, have fitted with ability duly to deliberate and reſolve upon occurrents of the greateſt importance, and needs no oath, for his conſcience, wiſedome, and ſincerity will teach him ſecrecy and fidelitie. He will ſtudy his Maſters honour and benefit, and will be more forward to give advice therein without asking, than to move for his own advantage. He is a demi-god placed between King and People, and muſt ſteer a courſe of juſtice indifferently betwixt both. When fear, a temporizing humour, or private ends make him ſwerve from truth, he betrays his own honour, his conſcience and his Maſter. He muſt ever affect to be a good inſtrument between the King, his Allies and Subjects; for their good affections are the Kings honour and ſafety. He muſt direct his opinion by the examination of reaſon and truth, and neither by his own nor other mens affections. His Maſter and the publike good muſt be his object, far beyond his private, wherewith he muſt upon occaſion ſo far diſpence, that rather than not to adhere to juſtice, truth, and a good Conſcience, he muſt not fear any diſpleaſure or loſs of office. The more he hath been raiſed by his Maſters favour and fortune, the more he will cloath himſelf with courteſie and modeſty; for that honour is onely true which is given to a man, not that which he arrogates to himſelf. Or if he will exerciſe a haughtineſs of courage, it ſhall be onely that brave pride of neither doing nor ſuffering injury: for the other fooliſh one of ſelf-conceitedneſs and diſdain is ever the iſſue of folly, and parent of reflected contempt and ſcorn. He will be apt to do good offices, and affect diſpatch, for that will be his honour, as to undertake more than he can perform, and delude thoſe that relie upon him, will prove an abuſe upon himſelf and his own reputation. Nothing ſhall be more prevalent with him, than to maintain his Maſter in the love of his people: for that King that is beloved at home is feared abroad, poſſeſſeth a ſecure eſtate, a joyful heart, and quiet ſleep with preſent and immortal fame: In which happy effects a good Counſellor reaps no ſmall applauſe and felicity.

A Good Parliament Man

MUſt eſteem himſelf an Epitome of the three Eſtates, with a principal relation of duty to the King, the head; for in reſpect of Common duty all the members of a Parliament are Homogeneal. He is a Phyſician of the State, and ſo muſt endeavour to rectifie all diſtempers and diſorders therein. And if like an evill Phyſician, his ends be either his own advantage, or that he comply with the diſeaſe or inordinate humour of his Patient, he betrayeth his Prince and Country; and is that murtherer, thief, or whatſoever of evill which is reproached to a Mountebanck Impoſtor. The Writs of Summons teach him his calling; the King, the Church, and the Common-wealth, are his object; his own intereſt and allegiance will inſtruct him to affect to pleaſe the King, but his Conſcience will lead him to aſſent only to what is wholſome; his ſincere judgement, and not implicite faith is to be his guide. He leaves all favour, ill will, and partiality at the entrance, and conſiders the good of the King combined with that of his people. He feareth nothing ſo much as to wound his Conſcience, or to betray the truth, which above all things he ought to reverence. * Popular and Courtly applauſe are the leaſt of his aime. He is not ſo well pleaſed with any thing, as to ſee right ends propoſed, and right ways obſerved towards them, which ſo they prevail, he will gladly ſit in perpetual ſilence, but rather than matters be carried againſt his Conſcience, he will diſcharge it with whatſoever conſequence. His affections are to maintain all things fair and even in the Church and State as he findes them duly conſtituted, knowing that all Innovations are dangerous; yet ſo, as gladly to imbrace ſuch Propoſitions, as apparently conduce to a bettering and Reformation. And to that end he will never doubt that things tending to the publique good can be unwelcome to the King and his knowledge, it being a chief uſe of Parliaments to foreſee, inform, and prevent. He will be no leſs affected to a due relief of the Kings, than of the Countries griefs: For a neceſſitous Prince can hardly obſerve the Laws of goodneſs; and a good and loving people will never endure a good and loving King to be in want; or ſuffer the leaſt diſhonour. He will ſtudy to maintain concord, and will not follow a multitude to do evill. He will obſerve a becoming attention. He will make the beſt conſtruction, ever ſtudy moderation, and ſo, that right and Juſtice be obſerved. He will not fear any diſſolution; no not of the World it ſelf.

* Fame is too aery an object for a ſolid ſoul.

A good Courtier.

MAintains his Masters supremacy in his heart above all earthly affections, and furnishing himself with parts and discourse most acceptable unto him, courts him more zealously and diligently than his Mistris, knowing that as well his fortune as his duty requires it. His tenure is by courtesie, and he deserves to forfeit his estate for non-performance. The least incivility in him exceeds the greatest in another man; for he must reckon his example, next unto the Kings, of a diffusive nature. His language, cloaths and fashion will all be well ordered; but he will affect to win love, and esteem, rather by his inward than his outward parts, and will value the good opinion of one well famed, more than of an hundred others. Goodness will be his chief object, and reputation but a second. He will express to those that are virtuous and ingenuous; for there cannot be a greater or more sudden evidence of virtue and ingenuity in himself. He will study the favour of the powerful, and be voluntary with discretion, as good a Counsellor to them, as they ought to be unto the King. He will love his Masters honour, as much as his own profit, and seek it as industriously. He will not esteem that the Kings service is a dispensation with him from Gods, but will so court it on earth, that he may hereafter be a Courtier in heaven. Though complement and neat attire be a badge of his profession, yet will he avoid excess in either, and his purse and reputation will thrive never the worse. He will judg nothing to become him so ill as ignorance, debauch and ill company, and therefore will study to avoid them. He will bear an open countenance, and a close heart. He will be just of his word, and slow, but sure in contracting his friendship. Honest dissimulation, and a dissembling chearful patience are a kind of virtues necessary to his fortune and course. It will be a misbecoming discountenance unto him to be excluded by his defects from the fair performances of his companions, which often advance them to no small grace and favour in their Masters attendance. Wherefore if he come not to Court (as he ought) furnished with perfections of Dancing, Horsemanship, Languages, and the like, he will industriously bestow his idle and early honours, which will not be wanting unto him therein. Good parts may assure him of favour, and favour of fortune. To conclude, he, or no man, is bound to be a complete Gentleman.

A Gentleman

BOth by deſcent and quality ſtands ever bound to his good behaviour, outwardly in a fair civil, courteous, well ordered faſhion, and inwardly in Piety, Charity, Juſtice, Courage, Truth, Temperance and thoſe other virtues which the Schools teach; for if outwardly he be incompoſed in his carriage and civil reſpect, he will appear to men that underſtand good faſhion as full of Soleciſm, and more abſurd than the erranteſt Clown before a petty Juſtice of Peace; and therefore he will make it a buſineſs, ſo much to frequent companies of the beſt reſpect, and to ſeaſon himſelf with their faſhions, as that thereby he may avoid in the leaſt ſort to become ridiculous, eſpecially *prima facie*. As for thoſe inward ſeaſonings which are to this, as the ſubſtance to the colour, he will omit no occaſion to give proof thereof; as fearing to bely his Parentage and title, and to prove himſelf a Wolf and Vermin in the eyes of good men, who ought to have doubled his luſtre by worth and goodneſs. He will therefore be a ſtrict examiner of himſelf, and leaſt indulgent to his own errors. He will make truth his guide; for lies are but the bolts of fools that fall on their own heads, and moderation, his Governour, for it is the Baſis of all virtues. He will avoid occaſions of expence and quarrel; but being ingaged to them, he will carry himſelf nobly, and come off with honour; for to be caſt behind hand in fame or fortune, is much more difficult to recover than to prevent. His gifts ſhall be according to reaſon, not in exceſs, yet inclining rather to the moſt; for elſe they loſe their good acceptance; but being exceſſive he loſeth his thanks, as ſeeming to give what he eſteemeth not, and tainteth his judgement in not underſtanding proportion. When he falleth to game, let him not think it only an idle paſtime; for to a good obſerver it is one of the moſt perſpicuous diſcoverers of our inward diſpoſition and affection. He will mingle pleaſure with profit, but will make recreation his ſervant, not his maſter. Honour and virtue ſhall be his chief aim, nor will he draw a note upon himſelf for any thing but tending thereunto. He will by his courteſie make continual purchaſe of affection, but eſpecially in his own houſe where he can hardly over-act it. Yet towards men of inſolent demand and carriage it were but unmannerly to imploy it. Civility is an important piece of Society, eſpecially amongſt the better ſort, and like other qualities, it is to be exerciſed with great diſcretion, and good temper. High and braving ſpirits unſeaſoned therwith, would like Cocks and Maſtiffs, impatient of the fierceneſs of one anothers eyes, uncollected and unrecalled, aſſault each other with blows in ſtead of Salutes. Influence of diſcretion ſhould be an Ingredient in all our geſtures and actions, but it flows rather from God and nature than writing, precept, or example; It is a piece of fair nature and ſociety to make the beſt of others actions, words, contrivings and concernments not apt to cenſure, ſlight, detract and deprave: the moſt Chriſtian univerſal rule of doing, as we would be done by, may be a ſquare unto us, and will make the beſt return:

Terms of civility and urbanity come from the well-ordered manners and converſation uſed in Cities.

There

There have been divers books written of the inſtitution of a Prince, of a Courtier, of ſeveral ridiculous and tedious kind of complements, which ſome uſe as Saddles to all horſes, tyrannous oppreſſions to ſolid diſpoſitions, and ſuch as abound therein get nothing but the purchaſe of liers, which is not to be credited when they ſpeak truth, whereas an old faſhioned free-hearted word or two to the purpoſe are ever more ſignificant and effectual. There hath alſo been ſome treatiſes framed to frame a good Ambaſſadour; but none that I know have deſcended to the formal and now moral part of civil and reſpective demeanor in giving and returning viſits, receptions, and convoies, giving place at home, and at the Table, and ſuch like, ſome retired Ambaſſadour or Secretary might well perform ſuch a task. He will affect more to hear than to ſpeak, but when he unfoldeth himſelf, he will conſider what, and to whom, and ever contein himſelf within the bounds of his knowlege and truth; otherwiſe he ſhall be a loſer by one of his beſt bleſſings, his language. He will not ſhew that brutiſh ſenſuality to carry his mind in his belly, nor his ſoul upon his back, much leſs let it tranſmigrate into a horſe or dogge. Books and women he will uſe with diſcretion and moderation, leſt they devour and confound him, nor ſhall he make right uſe of either who beareth not himſelf above them; all theſe are to be uſed for life, and not as if we lived only for them. He will educate his ſon to be like himſelf, and not infuſe Grammar and Philoſophy into him in ſuch ſort, as if nothing elſe concerned him and his well-being. And therefore he will bring him up to the true underſtanding of honour and true reputation, and make him no ſtranger to the managing of a houſe and fortune which as much importeth him; and the ſtrangeneſs whereof to young minds wholly ingaged to other ſtudies and delights, is one of the greateſt cauſes of ſo many ruins to private fortunes. What is moſt comely and right ſhall be his ſtudy, and to diſcern of truth and right requires a fulneſs as well of acquiſite as natural furniture. Judgment of comelineſs comes the more eaſily upon common obſervation: That becomes us beſt which is moſt our own, moſt proper and proportionable to the circumſtances of our fortune and condition. It is over incident to many to trouble themſelves, incurre contempt, and ruine their eſtates by an erroneous affectation of greater expence, curioſity and bravery, than would be expected from them: ſuch breed and feed the Canker that conſumes them. What is obſerved and approved by the beſt, moſt ſober, and judicious, and neither to lead nor contemn to follow the faſhion is the beſt rule: to be outwardly too different is monſtrous, to be affected and curious, light and ridiculous. But I have paſt my hour and will not exceed, nor intend I either to write all or any thing formally or fully in this Subject; or if I did I know it were but loſt labour, for nature and preoccupate affection ſo poſſeſs us that impreſſions may be renewed and confirmed, but hardly firſt wrought upon the mind by the pen, eſpecially without prediſpoſition of natural parts, aſſiduity of meditation, and iteration, if not alſo the addition of frequent and authorized example. In effect much pen-labour might be ſpared, at leaſt in matters of morality, for the beſt natures and judgments with experience need it not, and the worſt are incorrigible.

Obſerve

OBserve and practise this confused heap,
And you may chance no small advantage reap:
Nothing more fairly than discretion growes,
Yet wit not ever clad in beauty goes:
Some say that nature doth the mind neglect,
Whil'st she the body doth too much affect;
'Tis best I grant, when both are richly join'd;
But if you love your self, love best the mind.
If you this Inventory rude despise,
You may, I doubt, more curious prove than wise.

A Supplement to the Gentleman at such time as he was out of my hands.

HE will practise frugality not so much out of a base affection to the love of money, as out of a general election which he hath made in all things to order himself by that which is the best, most comely and reasonable; whereunto he will subject all his affections, and thereby avoid the ingaging himself upon a present heat and humour to infinite inconveniences and repentance, which he might incurre (as men daily do) by rejecting a due regard to the distant future, and the true use of that discourse and reason which God hath given him, wherewith to govern his actions and resolutions, and which differenceth him from the beasts of the fields. Nay, it is ordinarily seen, that even the brute beasts themselves in their courses do less digress from such reason as concerneth them, than many an inordinate and wilful man. His course and demeanour shall be ever constant, equable, and correspondent to his fairest ends and pretentions, as flowing from the same fountain, all of a tenure, all of a piece, avoiding that just reprehension which falls often upon none of the least eminent, of being one in publick, other in private, now brave and generous, and presently unworthy and sordid, unweaving their own web, and unadvisedly clothing themselves in such motley, as they would otherwise disdain to put on. He will not be a Libertine in his jests towards men, much less towards God, and therefore will kill such itch in his tongue as most odious in Religion, and most pernicious to himself and others. All discoveries of an affected humour detract from him in the censure of the most judicious. Wherefore he will decline them, especially in his cloathing, for it argues too great levity to be implied therein, and too poor a diffidence of his proper worth to seek esteem and valuation from it. I will little esteem the respect of man or woman who shall respect outward more than inward bravery, or rich apparel more than a rich mind,

though both do well with women, the beſt of them are not carried with ſhowes. He will not eaſily upon argument enter into paſſion, which but argues his own doubt and weakneſs, for a clear underſtanding will pity or endeavour to rectifie, but not be troubled at others ignorance; and calmneſs maintain'd with a friend is better than to prevail in the cavils of diſpute. He will examine his own ſufficiency and goodneſs by the beſt Authors, and the wiſeſt and beſt men, and approve of himſelf only ſo far as he proveth conformable unto them, and finding himſelf fit to do ſervice to God, his King or Country, he will put off all reſtineſs and ſloth, and ſet himſelf forward to the imploiment of his beſt induſtry and abilities for the common good, yet ever ſo that he regard due opportunity, and modeſty, and make uſe of means juſt and honourable towards his advancement and imploiment: for though audacity prevail often upon others weakneſs, yet it is more ſecure from diſgrace to be over-modeſt and conſiderate, than over-bold and preſumptuous; nor will preferment unduely attained be valued and reſpected by minds truly worthy and noble. There are amongſt us a barbarous kind of gallants who conceive it great bravery to look bigge and contemptuouſly eſpecially upon ſtrangers, towards whom in truth a formality and courteſie of faſhion is moſt requiſite, and many women are not free from tax, who commonly have neither freedome nor civility in ſtore but for their ſervants, they think to endear and ſet themſelves off by ſuch carriage, though often void of other worth; we become acceſſary to their rudeneſs by terming it rather pride than ruſticity, which it truly is: They are proud to be thought proud, but ſhould be taught better manners by a juſt and out-doing ſcorn and cenſure; we nouriſh it in them by ſinking under it, and blame what we breed, as we do Children whom we firſt teach to be liquoriſh by giving them what they otherwiſe had not affected. It is alſo no ſmall fault in great ones not to be courteous to their inferiours, or not to countenance worth in place of their advantage, they expoſe themſelves often rather to ſuffer (a preſumptuous obtruding) familiarity than fairly to invite it, whereby they open the door to ſawcy boldneſs, and ſhut it upon the better and more modeſt diſpoſitions. Though it be true that there is nothing whereon worthily to fix our affections in this world, nor valuable to the fleeting and uncertain life of man, yet he will above all earthly things eſteem of true honour and goodneſs, as of that which will make him the moſt reſpected by the wiſeſt and beſt of men, moſt advantagious to perpetuate unto him a fair and happy reputation (which the moſt worthy and magnanimous ſpirits have ever laboured for) and moſt acceptable to God who cannot be pleaſed in any thing incompatible and unlike to himſelf. If therefore he either value to be well regarded by virtuous men, to leave a good reputation and name to deſcend upon his poſterity, to be ſecure from the ruines, ſcorns, and puniſhments that evil men daily undergo, or to be well accepted with God, whereby to provide to himſelf a wel-being as well after, as in this preſent life, let him labour for the true underſtanding of virtue, as the only rich habit of a fair ſoul, the knowlege whereof cannot fail to render him like unto it ſelf: nor is

it

it any thing but a wilful and ſtupid blindneſs to the diſcerning thereof that cauſeth the defect and contempt of it in thoſe many weak and uncultivated ſpirits that theſe and all times produce.

A Favorite.

NAming a Favorite, I intend not a Minion, the creature of Fancy that holds by the face, ſuddenly exhaled to ſuch an height as is againſt nature for an unprepared brain to contain it ſelf from giddineſs, whoſe proper Sphear is that of pleaſure and not of buſineſs, (eſpecially of State) him I leave to his Prince, like his garden to pleaſe his eye, and term him a Favorite whoſe tenure is in *Capite*, and whoſe good fortune hath made his worth and abilities known to his Maſter, fit to have the ſecrets of his boſome and his moſt important affairs communicated unto him for his counſel and guidance therein. This is the man whom neither birth nor induſtry (wherein he hath many equals) hath called to the reliſh of a Kingly power, yet fortunately finding himſelf in that moſt happy height and condition of means to do good, and glad the hearts of good men, is as well in gratitude to his Maſter as thankfulneſs to God bound to exerciſe the uttermoſt of his endeavours by making himſelf a bleſſed inſtrument of all welfare to the State wherein he is potent, which will ever be moſt eaſie to him who is armed with place and authority; and if he accompany them with virtue, modeſty, and goodneſs, he ſhall be an Armour of proof againſt ſuch ſpite and envy as is incident to his greatneſs from the tongues of malignant perſons. Circumſtance of place, favour, and fortune, ſhall not tranſport his conſtant and well prepared heart, nor will he diſcover in himſelf, any ſuch uncomely vanity and lightneſs, as to ſeem to ſet his mind upon magnificence of buildings, furniture, apparel, feaſts, and titles, but will rather affect the high glory which grows to good minds out of their diſpoſition to moderation and ſolid goodneſs from the tongue and pens of good and virtuous men. And howſoever wealth, greatneſs of title, and the chief honours of the Kingdome where he moves, are not more due to any than to himſelf, yet he will obſerve ſuch a ſlow and gradual acceſs unto them, that his inveſting himſelf therewith ſhall rather appear an unaffected or unlooked for favour of his Maſter, or a ſeiſin and livery after a due purchaſe made by his virtue and merit, than a ſudden, affected, and unproportionable elevation; which will ſo be his advantage as it is ſeen in nature, that high objects, be they never ſo lofty, do not yet appear ſo much to the eye, as ſuch as are much inferiour and of a ſudden aſcent. He will recommend to the favour of his Maſter, and cheriſh ſuch as are virtuous or excel in any commendable perfections, and ſuch only himſelf will be noted to have

about him. For we ordinarily conſtrue great men by ſuch as enjoy their company and good affection, and according as they ſhall entertain the good advice, at leaſt the perſons of ſuch near unto them, their ends may be calculated. Evil men and flatterers like Sirens will preſs upon them, and it hath ever been hard for men in great place to diſcover them; nay, ſuch will obtrude upon them, as will gladly work advantage to themſelves or their cauſe through their deſtruction. No ſmall caution will be required therein, but he is an able man, and my abilities may be remembrancers, but not Informers unto them. Wherefore I will leave, with this Character upon them, that he is either the happieſt, or moſt unfortunate man in the Kingdome: If he order himſelf well, and put not on pride, preſumption, precipitation, and paſſion with his greatneſs, but run a courſe of meekneſs, moderation and goodneſs, his reputation and memory are like to be bleſſed and applauded; but if otherwiſe he miſguide himſelf, and contemn the good opinion and affection of the better part of the world, it is to be feared leſt himſelf in his end prove odious and contemptible, and be condemned as unworthy of that fair fortune, and favour which have ſhined upon them.

A Divine.

A Divine is Gods ordinary Ambaſſadour reſiding with us, not to exerciſe the pompe and ſtate of one, nor to repreſent Gods Majeſty and glory, but to uſe the order, care, vigilance, and diligence of an Ambaſſador, by being a faithful Miniſter in his function and charge. Though he be termed *Theologus*, he will be *Theophilus*, a zealous lover, as well as a verbal Preacher of God; and he may be defined with a good Oratour, *Vir bonus dicendi peritus*: for if he preach not firſt to himſelf, and that his life be not anſwerable to his exhortations, his one day Sermon in a week wanting true life and ſpirit will not ſo much animate his Auditory to holineſs, as will his ſix dayes example (the Book that the people better underſtand) lead them to diſſolution and wickedneſs. God hath required that he be not outwardly, much leſs inwardly imperfect and deformed, and it is he who muſt make virtue viſible, and the viſibility, that will inflame our affection. Scandal in others is error, in him a monſter; no corruption being ſo bad as what proceeds from the beſt. He cannot be fit for the charge of other ſouls who is careleſs of his own; and who will beget affection in others, muſt firſt put it on himſelf. We would hiſs him from the Stage, whoſe action were groſly diſſonant from his words and part; nor is he better than a cheater of God and the

the World, who accepts of a ſpiritual living, without performing the duties of the Spirit. It is queſtionable whether an evill Miniſter be not inferiour to the holineſs of his Bells, and much more miſerable, for he is like them in calling men to Religious performances, in ſounding to pleaſe their eares, and in flattering, and ſolemnizing the times; but queſtioned upon a due account, in this world, or the next, he will find himſelf much more unhappy. But a truly Religious Profeſſor will abhor the Indecorum of being unſuitable to his Doctrine, fearing leſt thereby as much as in him lieth, he render both it and himſelf ſo ſeeming unprofitable, that men if it were poſſible would become diſtaſted of his calling, and Religion it ſelf. He will rather ſhew himſelf Gods Miniſter in godlineſs and humility, than the Devils Chaplain in his firſt ſin and impiety; and therefore caſting off all pride, vanity, ambition, covetouſneſs, and the corrupt inventions of men; he will conform himſelf to the purity and ſimplicity of the Primitive Church, and become as awful to wicked men in his preſence, as a Magiſtrate or Commiſſioner of God, ſent to take vengeance on their obliquities. He will Preach God in ſincere Devotion, and not himſelf in vain affectation, and will ſeek the advancement of Religion, more than of his own order and Hierarchy; for it is the ſplendor of the good and ſincere lives of the Clergy, and not their pompe and ſtate that muſt work upon our conſciences. He will be an obedient Child unto his Mother-Church, for ſhe cannot think him worthy to live upon and ſerve at the Altar, if he ſhall think unworthily of it to be obſerved by him. He will feed his flock more with plain and ſound Doctrine, than with abſtruſe points of Divinity, and janglings of Controverſies, or the empty ſound of language and conceits, (which become not the gravity of the Pulpit) and will value the Peace of the Church, before any particular conceited fancy of his own or others. Subtilties and niceties, he will confine to the Schools and Aſſemblies of his own profeſſion: The Myſteries of Religion once received, being rather matter for faith, than to be controverted and diſputed, eſpecially among the vulgar, who in no ſort ought to be taught or acquainted to ſubject the tranſcendency of their Religion to the groſsneſs of their reaſon. The infinitly free extending Mercies of God ever moſt wiſe to him unlimited, to us ineſtimable, the diſcreet Preacher will not by exalting, however moſt precious, confine and neceſſitate his Omnipotency to any one way excluſively alone. He will not, if he preach before the King, ingratiate himſelf by an Invective incenſing him againſt his People, much leſs in a popular Aſſembly be Satyrical againſt Magiſtrates, but will better diſcharge his duty by inſtructing ſuch as are preſent in theirs, and forbear his Caſtigation upon the abſent. He will be cautious of allegeing in the Pulpit out of whatſoever Author, their over-bold and profane conceits of Religion, as alſo of uſing (eſpecially inſiſting upon) the plain and naked expreſſions which are found in the Scriptures concerning women: for all that becometh the Bible becometh not the Pulpit, and there is danger of leaving ill Impreſſions in corrupt minds. He will uſe his beſt judgement in tempering his Sermons to the beſt profit and health of our ſouls: And conſidering it is natural for the ſweeteſt and pleaſanteſt

ſanteſt things to be the moſt nouriſhing, he will diſcreetly ſeaſon and order them, as well to the good reliſh of attention, as help of memory: and remembring that the yoke of the Goſpel is eaſie, conſiſting of comfort and glad tidings, and that a tender and wounded ſoul hath never leiſure to heal with the continual application of Cauteries and Corroſives; he will fear to bruiſe the broken reed, and beget more diſcomfort and deſpair than faith and true conſolation in the beſt and moſt attentive ſouls. Briefly it is only ſuch a good man that deſerves preferment, but he will rather go without it, than to buy it corruptly, with the price of his Soul. We expect no miracles from him, nor can he expect good life, and godlineſs from us, except according to his profeſſion, he ſhew us the way. Religion was planted, and muſt be maintained by the Teachers holineſs and humility.

Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt prius ipſi tibi.

They have, I thank them, done much good upon me; I would gladly make ſome requital.

Supplement to the Churchman

HE ought to be learned, *Scientia inflat*, But true Chriſtian Learning will teach him Modeſty and humiliation: They are *Ductores* not *Principes animarum*, Paſtors not Maſters of the Flock, though the Soul is more precious than the Body, ours are as much as theirs, Nor ought they to vilipend what they call temporalty, as not ſpiritual, or conſiſting of inferiour command or materials, than they and theirs. He will to his faculties be hoſpitable, and charitable eſpecially in his cenſure of ſuch as either in their Writings or otherwiſe expreſs a ſincere zeal to Gods truth however differing from his opinion Tenets and Aſſertions, nor tending to the diſturbance of that Chriſtian State the Peace and ſettlement whereof protects him: I have by Gods grace received powerful releif, and ſaving comfort from what hath been preached and publiſhed by one for his zeal and labour contemptuouſly and deſpitefully requited by Invectives and bitter condemnation from many of his coat and profeſſion. He will not be conſcious of foul ingratitude towards his Patrons for benefice and advantage received and conferred upon him, knowing his reception and coercion grounded upon admiſſion and ſubmiſſion, for notwithſtanding his miſſion he might otherwiſe as in Text, *have ſhaken off the duſt from his feet*: Nor will he prove inſolently tyrannous over the Author of his preferment, remembring the Scripture-admonition not to *Lord it over his Flock*, with the annuntiation Prophetical and Apoſtolical of illumination to the faithful, of a full inward inſpiration requiring no further inſtruction, and of becoming

becoming a Royal Prieſthood, whether duly or not already preſumed on and aſſumed by too many, as we find to our trouble and terror: And being raiſed by temporal power and concurrence will not inſult and chalenge beyond his right and commiſſion, wherein he is not aſſured to become ſole Arbiter and Interpreter, and which over-ſtrained may beget a juſt examination and bringing to the Teſt, according to Evangelical counſel and approbation of ſearching the Scriptures, whether ſo or not, incenſing to try concluſions, whether with the help of former inſtructions the Laity may not as well find an edification to a Poſt-liminary re-entry and recovery upon the Eccleſiaſtical power, as that is by many conceived to have invaſively intruded upon ſuch, who of late years, and at this day have reſented it in preſent exercise of a Laick-right, and threaten a further vindication: May ſincerity and modeſty prove the paſtoral prudential and inſtrumental rule to contain and prevent; nor may henceforward a corrupt predominating Clergy, make their hearts Altars of Sacrifice to their own nets, ſtretching what made them fiſhers of men, more to their undue exorbitant power than their winning our hearts and ſouls to God and his truth: But let all this and more be ſaid to the Pope and his Conclave, 'tis labor loſt, for as by wit and artifice they attained their Inveſtiture, by the ſame Arts they will maintain their acquiſition and hold it, till a high and ſtronger hand diveſt and diſpoſeſs them: May they not then overmuch heighten and advance their Miters and extend their Phylacteries, nor obtrude more Fundamentals of Faith than ever our Saviour or his Apoſtles impoſed either directly or deductively; faith is the gift of God, and Chriſt therein the great, if not ſole ſaving Fundamental, clogging ſuperſtructions are Anathemical to their Authors and confuſively burdenous and deterring to us; it excluſively belongs to the Holy Spirit *volentem ducere, nolentem trahere*, our Saviours yoke is eaſie, let not them make it heavy: The Roman Clergy give great eaſe by their implicite faith, and their abſolutions; blind imparted liberty diſpenſeth with diſquiſition and yeelds a ſweetning acquieſcence to Ignorance and Error: Though their *Jus acquiſitum*, antient foundation of pretended *Jure Divino*, Deep ſubtilty of profound learning and wit, numerous Partiſans in all degrees, and the *Remi nantes in gurgite vaſto* who in many years ſtudy have ſounded the dark well of Truth, are little leſs than ſure to be born down and out-faced in whatſoever diſcovery they may yet have made upon them: Let yet the iterated fate of imperious mighty *Rome*, often deſtroyed by unexpected force and deluge be a Caveat to their confident aſpiring ambitious pretences: The greateſt Powers have had their periods, and the Ocean-Sea it's limits, which attempting to ſurpaſs the proud encroaching impetuous waves frequently fail with a daſhing repulſe to impinge, break and terminate in a raging foam and froth; nor poſſibly ſhall any conjured Capitoline fulmination or ſtrength of Bulls prevail, Powder and Sword are deaf deſtructive Engines in popular fury to ſubvert Uſurpation, nay, even reaſon and prudence.

A Physician.

A Good Physician, (if any such there be) for bad enough is the best, in respect of the Arts uncertainty, will more affect the life and health of his Patient, than his own gain and living, and will not minister Physick to him to do good to himself. He will be sorry, that by a surprize of his over-deeming election, he finds himself imbarqued in a profession, where it is hard to thrive and be honest, in giving Physick only where there is real need, and a good confidence in himself, that it shall do good to his Patient; for he will have discovered that his title is but as of a Mountain from not moving, and that nature is the true Physician placed by God in every man for his preservation, and himself but a Professor of a most conjectural Art: so that who commits himself from nature to him, takes himself from a seeing to a blind guide. Though it be incident to his College to be over peremptory, as being used to the authority of prescriptions, and prostrate sick Patients, yet he will avoid it; for a discreet, plausible, and winning carriage upon the Patients good opinion and affection is the one half of the cure. He will not contemn an honest Emperick, knowing that his own Art grew but from experience often casual, and that God's blessings are not restrained to their College and old Books. He will not be sparing of his interrogatories, nor of his attention to his Patient's relation, who being sick, and paying, ought to be born with and humoured, but an humorous Physician is a most intolerable disease, for all is but too little to effect a true information, and to do well, he will often suspect, that the disease may grow from the mind. In case of which discovery he will no less industriously indeavour the cure of the body by it, and his good precepts and instructions throughly urged to that purpose, than by any other means, it being often the only way of cure, but nothing more ordinarily neglected by such as only affect to say something to draw a Fee, but will be sure not to trouble their own minds to cure their Patients: But from such God deliver me, who will as little admit them to the tryal of my disease and constitution, , as the Law doth a Butcher to be a Juror. Purging Medicines shall be his last refuge, after prescription of convenient exercise, order, warmth of cloathing and diet, which by some of the best are affirmed to be sufficient to cure any disease curable. He will affect chearfulness of countenance and fashion, for it is a Cordial to the sick, but he will take heed of an unseasonable merriment, which is often as absurd as unwelcome to the seriousness of a sick man. A thousand things have been, and might be said to his instruction, for no art more requires it, but this in summe shall serve my turn, who mean only to say something of a good,

but

but not to work a cure upon a bad Phyſician. I conclude that Phyſick had need have a God as well to the practice, as to the invention of it; for errors are ſo groſs, and ordinary diſeaſes and ſymptomes ſo complicate, Indications ſo croſs, nature and conſtitution ſo diverſly affected in Criſis and evacuation, nor doth ſhe ever powerfully ſhew her ſelf, till ſhe be put to it for life; Purging and blood-letting, prove ſo ordinarily diverters, impediments and weakners, in ſtead of helpers to nature, and ſeeing by a miſtaking we call thoſe our diſeaſes, which are in truth the working of nature towards our cure, and the diſcharge of her ſelf, as in fits of Agues, Collicks, the Stone, and the like; for my part, I chuſe rather with *David*, to put my ſelf into the hands of God than man, whoſe endeavours of cure and errors make us ordinarily more miſerable than our diſeaſe it ſelf. I end to my good Doctor, with that counſel of the Scripture, whereupon it is to be hoped that he will guide his practice, namely, that he and his Art are to be imploied upon neceſſity, which I think to be (for the ſenſe is ambiguous) in ſuch Caſes where nature and diet have ever appeared defective to work a Cure, and that his Art upon infallible and clear grounds hath ever been found ſucceſsful.

A Lawyer.

A Good Lawyer is ſo fallen in love with my Lady Juſtice, that there is no greater Antipathy in the world, than betwixt him and injury, nor hateth he any thing more than an undue courſe of proceeding. He will make his Science compatible with conſcience, and ſo run her courſe, that at the length he may be thought a fit Judg to preſide her high Court of Chancery. He will have a greater feeling of the cauſe and intereſt of his Client than of his Fee, and entertaining the defence of it for juſt, will affect more the gaining of it to him, than to himſelf, reputation. His carriage ſhall not be only perfunctory, neither in the taking notice, nor in the pleading of the cauſe, but he will both ſearch and plead it home, without tenderneſs either of his pains, or of the Judg his diſpleaſure. He will not ſo much frame his practice to corrupt cuſtome, as to honeſty, nor bear his eyes on the papers of his preſent Client, and his mind on the Fee that preſſeth at his Cloſſet door. He will eſteem his taking no better than theft, without the induſtry of deſerving, and of himſelf worſe than of a theefe, if his Client relying upon him he appear not in his defence, yet go away with his money. Wherefore he will entertain no other cauſes than he can honeſtly go through, nor take Fees without a reſolution to diſcharge

his duty for them. Though the Law be an imperious Lady and unſociable, yet he will endeavour to accompany her with the ſtudy of other literature, whereby to breed her better reſpect and his own prevalence: and indeed the ſtudy being ſomewhat dry and dull requires other learning, wherewith to lard and grace it. He will rather faſt from Imploiment than become patron of an unjuſt cauſe, eſpecially without having firſt delivered to his Client his opinion of the nature thereof, and the probability of the ſucceſs. He will not make a jeſt of his profeſſion (as ſome of them do) affirming their practice a pretty trick to get money, a contention of wits and purſes, a politick paſtime to entertain buſie brains, and a duel where the greateſt ſtrokes are given underhand; but will ſo defend right and Juſtice, as he would wiſh to be defended by them in his beſt titles and innocency.

A Souldier.

TO be a good Souldier and Commander he muſt know well how to obey, and command himſelf. He muſt temper his judgment with courage, and valour with diſcretion, he will not be greedy of other imploiment than ſuch whoſe iſſue is likely to breed his honour: and though he owe obedience to his King and ſuperior, yet if any ſuch execution ſhall be impoſed upon him as appears not feazable unto him, he will firſt diſcharge his duty in diſcovering the improbability, but being preſſed by their authority will undergo the charge with all alacrity and forwardneſs. He is conſtituted a Corrector of vice and diſorder in others, and therefore muſt in no ſort admit them in himſelf, eſpecially that of drinking, which is too ordinarily incident to his profeſſion; for if it were poſſible, he ſhould be more than a man, but that makes him leſs, and it is to be admired, how ſuch as profeſs and are generally in love with honour and reputation ſo far, as they will venture their lives upon ſmall puntilio's to the maintaining thereof, can conſent to overwhelm themſelves with ſuch a vice as draws an undervaluing contempt and ſcorn upon them, even from the meaneſt ſort of people. Though it be moſt unfit for a good Commander to be prodigal of his own life or his Souldiers upon an undue hazard, yet their condition being ſuch as to have ſold themſelves to mortal adventure, he will be ambitious of nothing more than to meet with a fair occaſion of dying in the bed of honour; and who feareth death will never be fitting for that profeſſion, and therefore will maintain himſelf prepared for it. He muſt in the exerciſe of his calling be an enemy to ſloth and idleneſs, and keep them from creeping upon him, as he would do his blade from ruſt. A continual vigilance muſt be the Sentinel of ſafety to himſelf and the

Toops

Troops under him: his taking notice of well deſervers, his good example, and fair promiſes will animate his Souldiers, and he will ever prove himſelf juſt of his word, both to them and the enemy: for if he often deceive and forfeit the truſt and confidence that ought to be repoſed therein, he muſt imputе others diffidence to his own fault, and will find it a perpetual prejudice unto him. He will make it a principal care to well diſcipline his men before he bring them into ſervice; for that makes the difference between a rable of Clowns and Souldiers, and what can be expected from ſuch as are ſtrangers to good order, and the uſe of their Armes? He will aſſiſt himſelf with good Commanders and officers, for what is it elſe, if their men be *Biſonians*, than for the blind to lead the blind? It concerns him to know all things neceſſary to his expedition, and to make ſure that they be fully ſupplyed; for as the greateſt honour in good ſucceſs, ſo the greateſt blame on the contrary will fall upon him that commands in chief. As want of courage will be one of the greateſt imputations unto him, ſo a ſordid avarice and parſimony would be none of the leaſt; for there is nothing more unanſwerable to a publick exerciſe of an Honorable profeſſion, nor nothing more deprives a Commander of that affection and eſteem which are moſt conducible unto him in all his actions and exploits. But the war is an Art by it ſelf, Commands in war are of ſeveral natures, occaſions infinitely vary, and they require a well experienced pen; wherefore, though I have ſaid ſomething to anſwer a requeſt, yet I forbear to proceed further; for I know it misbecomes me: and in truth, were my abilities the greateſt that ever any man poſſeſſed, yet I find the world ſo full of writing, and ſo little effect from it, every man flattering himſelf upon his own brain, and partially carried away with the undivertible torrent of nature, which ſuffers nothing to appear good unto him, but what is ſutable to it ſelf, that they muſt either be more in love, than I am with the exhibiting the unſatisfactory fruit of their conceits, and better natur'd in beſtowing much labour to little purpoſe, or elſe they will (as my ſelf intend) find out a more healthfull paſtime for idle houres.

An hours Meditation upon goodneſs and improbity.

GOOD God! what, and where is the good uſe of Religion? Juſt men have the Character of thee and thy goodneſs, ingenerate in their hearts, whoſe virtue alone produceth reverence towards thee, and charity to their neighbour, the Sum of Religion; but they are few, the

wicked abound and prevail, ſuch as make a Stalking horſe of thy word, and a ſcorn of ſuch as make virtue and piety their direction. Good men are a prey unto them, and they ſacrifice to their own nets, falſhood is their level, private advantage their mark, and like the Fowler they applaud themſelves in their deceitfulneſs. They proſper in their evil and crooked Arts whil'ſt uprightneſs is an unthrift. How little wit there goes to the waies and language of infidelity? and how little commodity to the exerciſe of truth? Shall I therefore abandon the good leſſons of my ſoul and habit of virtue? ſmother that fire of grace and charity which hath enlight'ned and warmed my ſpirit? Shall I in a baſe applauſe of the proſperity of ſuch perverſe ſpirits, like unto them ſell my ſelf to work iniquity, and eſteem the practice of Religion a melancholy-ſuperſtition, Hell but a ſcare-crow, and virtue a politique fancy? No, I humbly thank God I conſiſt of a metal and ſtampe more refined and divine. The double-hearted man cannot more delight in his craft and cunning gain, than I joy in my ſimplicity and truth; nor can he more deride my integrity, than I ſcorn and deteſt his falſe turpitude and impiety. Let him eſteem of wit and diſcourſe as an engine beſtowed upon him to advantage himſelf as well over the more innocent ſort of men, as over other creatures; concentrate his goodneſs within himſelf; become his own idol, a voluptuous and barbarous beaſt of rapine and prey; emancipate himſelf from all Lawes, civil, moral, and divine; ſhake off the bridles of fame and Religion, or elude them by Hypocriſie; whil'ſt I acknowlege my great Creator the author of all benefits and goodneſs (as I do the devil of all falſhood and uncharitableneſs) whil'ſt I reſt inflamed with the heavenly love of that bleſſed fountain of joy and beneficence, and for his ſake love the affections of charity and goodneſs, and extend their value where I find them, as I prove them more or leſs extenſive and communicable in their Subject and activity. Let the ignoble minded man conclude knavery for wiſdome, ſordid gain a diſcreet policy, and if he will, let him account cowardiſe a warineſs for ſelf-preſervation, and valour a fooliſh prodigality of life: I am no ſuch wittal. I have been trained to take my meaſure a nobler way, * and will cenſure as vilely of him, as his baſeneſs demerits howſoever diſguiſed. I will poſſeſs my ſoul as the ſoul of a man educated and inſtituted to conſcience, honour, civility and fair ſociety; and rather chuſe to periſh a noble honeſt way, than to advance my ſelf by unworthineſs and fraud, becoming vile and abominable to ſuch as are truly generous and religious. I will reverence God and righteous men, be true and zealous in ſeeking the honour and peace of my King and Country, be aſhamed of nothing honeſt, nor pleaſed in any thing diſhoneſt, be more indulgent to the errors of a good, than ſeeming virtues of a maligne nature, nor will affect longer to breath, than I ſhall endeavour to deſerve the good opinion of ſuch as are moſt juſtly worthy and communicatively good.

* *Rectum index ſui & obliqui*, So rectitude of affections.

Juſtitiæ cultor, rigidi ſervator honeſti,
In commune bonus.

What

WHat pity it is that it may be ſaid of many, as it was of *Naaman* the Syrian, they are great, they are honourable, they are mighty and ſuch like; but they are Lepers in a ſpiritual ſenſe? which is the worſt; for *Naaman* was cured by wiſhing: ſo will not, nor deſire not they, no more than Moors or Leopards.

SOme ſcorn to be term'd honeſt, but let me
Be honeſt deem'd, as I would honeſt be:
For ſuch to be, and firmly to remain,
Require no little ſtrength of heart and brain.

Of Death.

TO fill up this empty vacant ſpace, it is high time that I conclude my Characters with a word of the Philoſophers common Theme, I mean our general long Vacation, Death, the concluder and deſtroier of all worldly Characters, and filler up of all eternity, the period of conſiſtence. To ſpeak much of it, as others have done, were to ſay much of nothing, and to aggravate that by diſcourſe which but by apprehenſion is indolent: beaſts feel it not, Boies make it no buſineſs, reſolute and ſtupid men regard it not, and to a good Chriſtian it is rather an object of hope than fear: only ſuch as abhor to be alone and in the dark, and the over-buſie Philoſopher confound themſelves in conceiving and digeſting it. Things neceſſary and irremediable are rather to be born than expoſtulated, ſwallowed than chawed; neceſſity is the *Unum magnum*, and faith the *Unum neceſſarium* in paſſing it over: Whil'ſt we live it hath no being in us, when we die it is in an inſtant, and no ſooner come, than we are gone: Nothing ſeems more againſt nature, nor is any thing more natural; but as I ſaid I will not enter the commom paraphraſe of that nothing, or if any thing, rather a return to, than a forſaking our home: Nor will I pathetically end with the exaltation and flattery of that great univerſal Imaginary Monarch; let wit and Philoſophy fleſh him, cloath and paint him as they can, his Sceleton-Poſture and dart will ſtill appear terrible to weak Spirits; to me, by the grace of God and my Saviour, he ſhall be an indifferent gueſt, he ſhall not find me unprovided, the continual feaſt of a good conſcience ſhall not, I hope, be wanting unto me; it ſhall in deſpite of his all-devouring be my *viaticum*, and go along with me. *Amen.*

June the 6, 1640.

An

An Eſſay concerning Muſick.

LEt him that taſts not Muſick beware of the Tarantula's ſting, which is cured by an affectation of ſome Genial point therein. And ſurely he is ſo far from a perfect quinteſſential conſtitution of the mind, that I doubt, whether in ſuch minds ſome undigeſted lump of the Chaos be not yet predominant. It is to me an argument of a ſoul well in tune, to be underſtandingly affected therewith, nor is any one affectation more likely to be accompanied with a deteſtation of ſuch vices, as diſcord with the Law of nature and received virtue. For a diſpoſition once habituated in a delight of harmonious proportion, muſt conſequently diſtaſt ſuch uncomely diſſonance. If earth afford any reſemblance of the imcomparable joies of heaven, it is not improbable to be in Muſick. For I cannot name an earthly delight, where the mind is ſo disjoined from groſs and terrene objects, nor ſo ſublimed (as it were) to an upward center, which ſurely is God, the Center of the heavens and heavenly ſpirits. No ſmall teſtimony thereof is exhibited in divine ſervice, where Muſick hath been ever thought fit to elate and prepare the mind to celeſtial contemplations. But whatſoever it is to divinity, it hath ever been a child of the moſt civil nations and times, and they that like it not, are in that point Brothers to the Savages. It hath been blamed to effeminate and overſoften mens minds, which whence it is gathered, my ſelf could never conceive, except in that ſubſtraction which it makes from inhumane, barbarous and uncivil inclinations. For it certainly heates, cleareth, ſharpneth and erecteth the ſpirits, making them dance in the veins, with ſuch diſpoſition of activity, as when the Muſick ceaſeth, the heat thereof yet remains, not much unlike that of wine, in a Dutchman, which Alarums him to be doing and fight, though he know not with what. Allow it to heat, and you can hardly make it ſeem to quench courage, whereunto heat is even the form. *Alexander* might be a proof, or the ſeveral ſorts of Muſick, whereof ſome definitively exempt it from that Tax. But Muſicians are known generally fantaſtical and light. This indeed is a fault but in the Muſicians, not in the ſcience, which doubtleſs is often lodged in moſt judicious and grave ſpirits: Of *David* you will not deny it. Nor is it verily more to be accuſed, than the beſt wine, for infatuating weak brains. Divine inſpirations have been generally ſeen accompanied with a tranſportation of the weaker ſpirit that received them. They who leaſt love it, muſt at leaſt allow it to be a pleaſing dream, and an innocent paſtime, wherein if the body and ſpirits receive no nouriſhment, they may be yet after other defatigations delightfully entertained without waſt or expence, in freſhneſs and alacrity, for the embracing imploiment in either. It is commonly as of women, the worſt are to be had for money,

money, and often the pleaſure ſcarce worth the tuning. The haters of it think it but a noiſe, who are the more brutiſh, being uncapable of beauty, whereto the intellectual with the inſtrumental part is requiſite. The Scripture hath aſſigned a great property and delight hereof to the time of banqueting, for it is indeed a kind of banquet, and like wine, a moderation whereof pleaſeth, recreates, and is allowed to the moſt auſtere; but long ſet at and made too frequent, deſtroies both the receivers reliſh and good eſteem. Nor are all banquets (no more than Muſick) ordained for merry humors, ſome being uſed even at Funerals.

Aire.

So full of Courtly reverence,
So full of formal fair reſpect,
Carries a pretty double ſence,
Little more pleaſing than neglect:
It is not friendly, 'tis not free,
It holds a diſtance half unkind:
Such diſtance between you and me
May ſuite with yours, not with my mind.
Oblige me in a more obliging way,
Or know, ſuch over-acting ſpoils the play.

Song.

I Thought it much to be ſo fine,
So curious fitted every way,
Little ſuſpecting the deſign
Of competition for the day:
Moſt amiable fair conteſt,
Song of three parts it ſhould have been,
When you reſolved of the beſt,
Spar'd your reſerve and kept it in;
It was a confident deny
To huswife your perfections ſo,
As not to win by over-vy
When all ſeem'd on your ſide to go;

Yet

Yet not ſo clear but each made good
A fair retrait of Forces brought,
Though they had ſomething hovering ſtood
By yours in danger to be caught:
Each had her willing captive, I
Unto your triumph whole reſign'd
Will to no other Law comply
But what ſhall flow from your fair mind;
No flattering beauty hath the power
To aliene me a day or hour.

Song.

AMbitious Love, farewell,
You are too troubleſome a gueſt,
T'affect what doth excell
And to be ever at a feaſt
Is not the cheapeſt freeſt diet,
Leſs in joy and leſs in quiet.

Ile take ſuch as I find,
So it be good and handſome dreſt;
Pretty looking, freely kind,
To a good appetite is beſt.
If your uſage doth not pleaſe you,
Change is near you, change will eaſe you.

Seek not the higheſt place,
The loweſt commonly is more free,
Leſs ſubject to diſgrace,
Others eyes or your jealouſie:
Bold fredome will improve your taſt
Where awe embitters a repaſt.
A doting fancy is a fooliſh gueſt,
The freeſt welcome makes the ſweeteſt feaſt.

It is not nature's way,
She made love no ſuch buſy thing,
She meant it a ſhort play,
A common-weal without a King,
Her love on every hedge doth grow,
Her fruits are beſt in taſt and ſhow;
Her ſweets extend unto the meaneſt clown,
Often moſt fair, though in a ruſſet gown.

Aut

Aut virtus nomen inane eſt, Aut decus & pretium recte petit experiens vir.

DOth virtue then depend on time and * chance? it ſeems it doth, but God is the author of time and experience, chance is not chance to him, goodneſs growes not, but where he plants and waters it: Pretious experience, how much I have wanted thee? how dearly art thou bought? how ſlow thou groweſt? with thee we have enough to do to find and keep our way, but without thee we are giddy, we are blind, we walk, we ſtumble, we fall, as in the dark, thou art called the mother of fools; they ſhould have ſaid of wiſdome; for we are ſilly fools without thee, thence is ſaid that every one is either a fool or Phyſician: without thee we are ſtrangers to the world, we are ſtrangers to our ſelves; the beſt husbandman underſtands not to manage his ground, nor we our ſelves but from thee. Thou under God art the giver and preſerver of health and riches, rules of health and thrift are little acknowlegded but upon infirmity and ſufferance; Nature makes us paſſionate, but thou compaſſionate. A man that knowes the bearing of his beaſt will not overload him; had I enjoied thee, I had enjoied my ſelf, I had made thee and nature my Phyſicians; they pretend to be her props and helpers, but they rather confound and ruine her; they are her Apes, her Zanyes, deformed and miſchievous; inexperience, impatience, lazineſs, opinion, and cuſtome maintain their credit, and make us their Patients; the Spaniſh proverb is a good one, that God cures the diſeaſe, and the Phyſician takes the money. If men will uſe them, let it be yet as it was that no man ſhould draw water at the common well, till he had made through trial at home; the Art is uncertain, but their ordinary ignorance and careleſneſs makes it worſe; if they did not love our money better than our health, they would not neglect their antient breakfaſt. By exerciſe and agitation to ſtir up natural heat to work digeſtion and expulſion is Phyſick far beyond them. As *Archimedes* ſaid, that if he had other ground to place an inſtrument, he could remove the earth: ſo could I as well and ſafely work upon the parts within the Ribs, as below, I would not doubt to do wonders in cure, and without it there may be ſo much wrought, as ſhall hardly fail to maintain a body right built, in clearneſs, breath, ſtrength, and health, and ſo to cure, where other drugs weaken and ſhorten youth and life. The very thought and conſideration what Phyſick and Phyſicians do uſe, is alone a diſeaſe, *à nocentibus & juvantibus*: obſervation of what helps and hurts, with the ordinary benefit and communication of others experience upon free coſt, is Phyſick often more than enough: for as truth is ſaid to be often loſt by much altercation, ſo health by being too ſuperſtitiouſly ſollicitous. A medi-

* *Per varios caſus artem experientia facit.*

cinal life is a miſerable life, I deſire as much not to live, as to live by Phyſick, and when nature is ſo weak, that it cannot bear or work out a little diſorder, let her take her courſe, it is at the worſt but giving over a game that muſt be loſt, and going to bed a little before the hour. There may be means to temper the blood without drawing it, and many make faſting their cure againſt repletion: diſeaſes of Inanition are more difficult, yet they may have and find their reſtoratives without a Doctor. As exerciſe is the beſt Phyſician, ſo is reſt the beſt reſtorer; my complexion is active, and I have ſuffered much in want of ſutable imploiment: waters corrupt, and Iron gathers ruſt, and the Moth is bred by want and uſe of ſtirring: yet motion without moderation and a proper ſubject is often pernicious, as to milſtones, which grind out out themſelves for want of Griſt, and the beſt metal wears out with much whetting. A diſcreet ordering and alternation of motion and reſt is a great preſervative; Nature hath inſtructed other creatures in their ſtrength, and the uſe thereof beyond what we find for ours, in our Arts and practice. Their undefaced inſtinct out-goes our out-facing inventions and conceits; Beaſts have much of man in them, and man too much of (nay often worſe than) the Beaſts. It hath been obſerved that moſt men have in their aſpect a reſemblance of ſome Beaſt or Bird; conformity of ſoul depends much upon the comformation of the bodily parts, complexions are not ſo various, as ſouls; cruelty and falſhood are invincible in ſome, ignorance in others, choler in ſome, flegme and melancholy in others: I may be incorrigibly melancholy, but it is not of the Aſinine kind. Strange is the difference of the temperament of ſeveral mens bodies and minds, but more ſtrange the difference of the ſame man from himſelf at one and another time, now all dull and heavy, then all rapid, active, and aery; now quick and ſharpe, then ſlow and blunt of underſtanding; now apprehenſive and timorous, then all dareing and fearleſs: I verily believe there may be or are Spirits and tempers ſo fiery and bold as to be incapable of fear, howſoever it may be conceived a paſſion as neceſſary as natural to ſelf-preſervation, the unconſidering and undanted fierceneſs of ſome creatures witneſs as much: Thus for want of other entertainment I am put to ranſack nature, Art and my ſelf, and like *Diogenes* buſie my ſelf in my particular and with my tub, I write wildly, I write the wild-gooſs chaſe, if you like it not, let it alone, yet do you not contemn the Stars of heaven or plants and face of the earth for their ſeeming immethodical confuſion. To ſay ſomething of experience which hath thruſt me on this peece; Here you have that at an eaſie rate, which growes not on every ground, variety uſeth to pleaſe, let it not diſpleaſe you, if it profit not; and the miſchief is that I fear it will little profit you, if you much need it, if you be not already in ſome meaſure proportionable to what I write, it will but paſs by you like clouds, ſhadowes, and dreams, of little impreſſion and leſs improvement: What a number of notions there are in the world of reality to ſome, nullities to others? ſuch as witches, Apparitions, prodigious adverriſements, divine admonitions, inſtant and ſuddain relievings and aſſiſtances, *&c.* Many carry their faith no further than their ſence and experience: Some are ſo irreligiouſly pre-reſolved to decline

ſuperſtition,

ſuperſtition, that God ſhall be the laſt to whom they will attribute any ſupereminent production, they will rather ſtand confounded and loſt, than abandon ſecond cauſes, or acknowlege any ſupernatural effect. Yet extraordinary truths howſoever ſlighted want not extraordinary teſtimony, and God in all times leaves not himſelf without witneſs, there would elſe be, if manifeſtation ſhould be equal to every mans ſenſe, no place to exerciſe faith, and little extent to knowlege, if we were reſtrained to our particular experiments, though upon the difference of materials the Print take not, in all alike; we are caſt as it were in one mould, what concerns you not to day, may to morrow, whatſoever is written of man, *de te narratur fabula*, endeavour and be favourable.

Auguſt the 14, 1638.

Unhappineſs of Phyſick.

SInce I writ the preceding piece, it hath fallen out to my extreme ſorrow and affliction, that one of the faireſt, moſt noble and virtuous of Ladies, is dead in my unhappy houſe under the hands of the Phyſicians. She was ſuch, that as it was ſaid of one (none of the beſt) of our Princes, ; that if vices had been loſt in the world, they might have been recovered and found in him; much more truly may it be affirmed of her for all ſuch virtues as either ever were or can be Ornaments and bring a valuation to her Sex. As ſhe neither loved nor needed flattery, ſo was her worth ſo farre beyond it, that what had been ſuch to the beſt of others, applied to her was but lame abatement and defalcation; not only they who knew her with any happy intereſt and relation, but the very frame of virtue and the world that wants it ſuffer in her loſs; it hath been long ſick of a conſumption of virtue. She was of ſo ſweet, ſo winning, ſo powerful example, ſo ſerene and temperate an Aire, that vice and venom were never ſo maligne, and contagious, as her admirable virtue and goodneſs would have proved cordial and reſtorative to the world's recovery; but ſhe who was in a way of being the world's Phyſician, is loſt under the hand of Phyſick; her memory is not more happy in her deſervings, than her loſs ſad and indigeſtible; yet let us as there is juſt cauſe, feel it to the quick, to the heighth, there is a kind of ſweetneſs to ſorrow to the death, but more in the memory of her ſweetneſs, let that ever flouriſh, never die in thoſe that had the happineſs to know her, let us continue our ſelves a kind of ſacrifice unto her, as well dead as alive; As we water her memory with our tears,

let us keep it alive with our breath, and ſtill ſerve her in loving and ſerving whatſoever, and whoſoever hath relation unto her; her worth and contemplation are infinite, I ſhould never find a way to leave ſo full, ſo pathetique a ſubject, but by breaking off to fall upon her Phyſician; ſhe is an object ſo excelling, as confounds and oppreſſeth me, I would you could like me as much, as I love my ſelf better for ſuch confuſion, I hope I ſhall be clearer ſighted upon my Doctors. I would for the ſakes of the credulous, that they could ſee, as well into diſeaſes and conſtitutions, as I ſee into them and their common courſe and practice; I would there were not as much miſchief and murder, as vanity and blindneſs in their ſcience and profeſſion; the *Aruſpices* were not more fraught with impoſture and deluſion: they applaud themſelves and may juſtly deride us, they muſt get and live, though we loſe and die for it, they muſt be ſtill the ſame or nothing; but ſhall the world and we grow ſtill older, never wiſer? The better ſort ſhould be the wiſeſt, ſhall we ſtill turn our wealth to our bane in feeding and ſeeing them, to ſtarve, deſtroy and make us miſerable? Shall we never reſent what hath been long time ſaid, how there is more danger of the Phyſician, than of the diſeaſe? Do we not daily ſee the poorer people fall ſick and recover, whil'ſt the richer make themſelves a ſacrifice to the Phyſicians Art and tyranny?

Heu quam perfatuæ ſunt tibi Romatogæ!

Need we any other evidence, than what they daily give in againſt themſelves, in their groſs detected miſtakings, and contradictions, the one to the other? Is any man, who hath experience of their proceedings, ignorant of the almoſt infallible fallibility of their Art and conjectures? I have found it ſo frequent, that excepting ſome few ſymptomes of death, which they get by being about their dying bodies, I might almoſt (as in Kalendar-predictions and Prognoſticks) take more truly the contrary of whoſoever they affirm. I have often paid for their counſel and aſſiſtance, when my own judgment and confidence hath proved farre truer, than their threatnings; and my fears, than their hopes and comforts. They may be aſhamed to be ſo inſolent and peremptory, finding their errors and acknowledging their Art to be ſo conjectural, as they do. What is more ordinary, than for nature in ſuch a diſeaſe, and ſuch a body, to affect her diſcharge downward, when their operation is upward; and ſo contrary, ſhe to incline to a critical ſweat, when they in ſtead of our diſeaſe draw out our beſt Spirits with our blood, and ſo forth; what a diſtraction, what an oppreſſion, what a diſturbance and diſeaſe doth poor nature our ſure and ſeeing Phyſician ſuffer from them? Falſe friends, true enemies they are unto us; it hath been no ill Dilemma framed in nature's behalf, that either ſhe is too ſtrong for the diſeaſe, or it for her; in the firſt, ſhe ever prevails, if the Doctor do not hinder; in the laſt; have we not hourly experience of the Phyſician call'd in time, the Patient young and ſtrong, the diſeaſe common and known, and yet death enſues? Where is the ſaving, where the benefit,

benefit, where the advantage that their Art and they pretend? even in their own purſes impaſſible incompaſſionate, as they are. How many have they antiently deſtroied by cruel denying cool drink in burning fits, conſpiring with the fire and malignity of the ſickneſs, to poſſeſs the ſpirits and vital parts, which might thereby have been prevented, intercepted, allaied, and temper'd? They pretend to ſtarve the diſeaſe, when they ſtarve the patient; how is it poſſible for nature to work for her own ſuſtentation, either by medicine or otherwiſe, when you allow her not the leaſt ſupply? It were a miracle for her to ſubſiſt, weakned by malady, by blood-letting, by purges, and by ſubſtraction of nouriſhment, ſhe is wiſer than our Art and diſcourſe, and will refuſe meat and drink, when ſhe cannot bear them, and hold in, her treaſure of blood many times in ſpite of the Chirurgion, and give convenient effuſion of blood without the Phyſician. If ſometimes ſhe erre in her demands, it is by accident, and that leſs dangerous to ſatisfie, than the Horſe-leech Doctor. Experience hath taught them againſt their own method, that to give way to the violent appetite of Patients, is ordinarily ſucceſsful contrary to rules; nature never requires any thing, but is reſpectively and in ſome ſort good and fit for her, howſoever otherwiſe bad, where the Doctor runs a courſe ſimply and abſolutely deſtructive. We are all born with a Phyſician in our belly, *Adam* had no other, if God had judged them as neceſſary helps, as a woman, he would alſo have created one for him. I have otherwhere with much leſs cauſe diſcourſed of this ſubject; their Impatient I juſtly am, their Patient I will never be, I hold my life by God's mercy, and deſire no longer to enjoy it, than he ſhall pleaſe to give it, and maintain it in me, without becoming their Tenant. They who will give themſelves up to their conceited uſurped authority, *Stultos jubeo eſſe libenter*, let them live as miſerably, according to the ſaying, as medicinally. It hath been obſerved of ſome Countries, that ſickneſs and complaint in that kind were never frequent amongſt them, till the profeſſion of Phyſick brought it: we are gulled with their golden promiſes of health, as *Alchymiſts* abuſe many with the hopes of the Philoſophers ſtone, whereby like *Æſop*'s Dog they loſe the ſubſtance for the ſhadow, true gold for falſe hope, and health and life by revolting from nature and relying upon falſe impoſterous pretences,

Tuta frequenſque via eſt ſub amici fallere nomen;
Tuta frequenſque licet ſit via, crimen habet:

is too true between nature and the Doctor; he kills *cum privilegio*; Yet ſome there are whoſe Art hath not extinguiſhed in them Religion and humanity, who will diſſwade the ſelf-abuſing complainer from the cuſtome of Phyſick, as conſcious as conſcionable concerning their unhappy profeſſion, nor will they without extraordinary caution give the leaſt diſturbance or abatement to nature, but will move with care and fear, as in the dark; others there are of an inferior ſort to the former, none of the

the worſt, who if they meet a Patient whom common courſe hath brought to have recourſe in conſultation unto them, yet ſcrupulous and declaring a diſaffection to their nauſeous drugs, filthy and cruel violation, and tortures to nature, they will as ingenuouſly comply, as prefer the forbearance of their Arts imploiment, confeſſing with *Bellarmine* a *Tutiſsimum* differing from their ordinary waies, and even the moſt feculent and virulent amongſt them, preſt by a knowing and experienced oppoſer, will ſufficiently acknowlege the danger and uncertainty of their Art, not to be maintained but upon *poſtulata* and an implicit faith in their Rabbins; whereupon, as alſo their humoring their Patient, and preventing his recourſe to their enemy Emperick, they think to ſtand excuſed in all events, conceivnig him to be brought to a fair end, who dies according to their ſentence and method. Preſs and obſerve them nearly, and you ſhall not fail of matter enough from them to aliene as well your affections as good opinion of their ſcience: I too lately had occaſion to hear one of them, diſcourſing of giving his Patient a ſweat, diſallow of forced and unnatural ſweats, as ineffectual; from which aſſertion may we not naturally and ſtrongly deduce a general conſequence as well againſt their unnatural and forced proceedings?

My ſelf long ſince following the faſhion and common rode did to my ſmall relief and comfort, and no little exhauſtion to my purſe and body enthrall my ſelf unto them, who Viper-like where once they faſten their heads are not eaſily ſhaken off, cuſtome their fellow Tyrant engageth us unto them.

Nec miſſura cutem niſi plena cruoris Hirudo.

But the little help and great hurt I found from them, their as groſs as peremptory miſtakings, their as falſe as dire Prognoſtiques, and nothing more new from them than from my diſeaſe; beſides what I met by puddering in their writings, how the melancholy-cure commonly begins where the Phyſician is forſaken and makes an end, made me withdraw my ſelf from relying on them and their Art, ſince which time by God's grace and other familiar means I find my ſelf renewed in vigor and health of body and mind. Oppreſſed, debilitated, exanimated, fettered, caged, and enlazied nature, where they have left her any reliques of her ſelf, proud of our liberty, free from oppreſſion mounts and plaies upon her own wings, diſdaining their poor and imped feathers. To conclude with them who will never conclude with us, till they have brought us to our final concluſion. Tinkers they are that make more holes than they mend; and wonder not that they do not ever affect nor ſpeed our cure; for as common Chirurgians profeſs our pain to be their beſt friend, the like do they find in your complaint and diſeaſe, they protract, and draw your body that they may drain your purſe, they confine you from company, aire, common exerciſe, and diet, which would all prove your better Phyſick; they forbid you all that pleaſeth, and feed you with diſtaſt, Take heed of fruits, for many times if you eate the other bunch of Grapes or couple of Peaches it would prove your better purge; they work by nature's expulſion of their poiſons,

ſons, who would better have wrought for her ſelf, had you uſed the patience of putting her ſtrength upon a fuller charge in the malignity and exceſs of your peccant humors; like the Ivy to the wall, or play to a conſumed Gameſter, they miſerably uphold, what they had undermined: like the Impreſe of enjewelling the Diamant, they at the beſt conſume whil'ſt they faſhion you, nor are you ſo ſure of any thing, as to come weaker out of their hands. They ſeduce and controll nature, they ſilence and inſult over all aſſiſtants, who are not allowed to kill; and be their advice, Cordials, Receits, never ſo ſafe, never ſo good, they muſt be ſcornfully and inſolently rejected and become tolerating miſerable ſpectators of the tragedy, torture, execution, and death of their deareſt friends. They are often as buſie and cruel over their poor Patient, as Hawks upon their prey, or Ravens over a carcaſs, and as little troubled (nay poſſibly as proud) as hunters over a great Quarry. If they like not this, let the *Galeniſts* read *Paracelſus*, and the generality of them *Cornelius Agrippa*, and they will think themſelves favourably dealt with. Only thus much to you my Honoured Lady *Sav.* who were a ſuffering witneſs of that matchleſs Ladie's loſs; It is ſingular and irreparable to her Noble neareſt friends; and your ſelf, who knew and enjoied the ſweetneſs of her converſation and virtue, can find it no leſs. You make often uſe of Phyſick, my praier is that you may ſeldome or never need it; I confeſs you are thus happy therein, that God hath bleſt you to rely upon one of the beſt and ſafeſt in that profeſſion; he was the laſt that I uſed, and would I have recourſe to them, he ſhould be one of the firſt; it is their common practice, and neither their perſons nor Art that I abhor: I thought not amiſs to communicate to your view my conceptions herein; If I have uſed more paſſion than reaſon, or any evil and unproper Ingredient, yet better judgment can as well correct, as uſe. I humbly take my leave, but will never leave to grieve, and reſt

Your La^ps. moſt faithfully humble ſervant.

Sept. the 10, 1638.

I Deſire to be rightly underſtood, it is not the profeſſion, which is of God's inſtitution fair and good, but the corrupt exerciſe to the injury and abuſe of God and man, that I diſlike and blame, I have by Gods grace been ever conſtantly affected to goodneſs in all kinds and perſons, a virtuous converſation was never poſtpoſed to any thing of fancy within me; to the queſtion of what I like, my uſual anſwer hath been, that which is good, it is with me an argument of goodneſs to love and countenance ſincerity and goodneſs, ſuch I eſteem in all conditions, ſuch may I prove my ſelf, ſo be underſtood, if I appear tranſported in paſſion and aſperity, may the judicious find (and profeſſors be found to give) leſs juſt occaſion it will be a contentment unto me.

FINIS.

THE SECOND PART OF THE FOREST:

Partly,
- Encumbred with THORNS and BRIARS.
- High-grown, and Shady, fit for VOTARIES.
- More Open, but Uneven and Wild; yet ſtored with SIMPLES and SIMPLICITY.

LONDON: Printed in the Year, 1659

THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

FOREST:

Partly,
- Encumbred with Thorns and Briars,
- High-grown, and Shady, fit for Vo-
  TARIES.
- More Open, but Uneven and Wild;
- Yet Stored with Simples and Sim-
  PLICITY.

London: Printed in the Year, 1652

AN

INQUISITION

Taken upon my particular, and humane Frailty, Blindneſs, Preſumption, Unquietneſs, and Vanity.

THUS much for precaution; if you deſire to loiter by looking into my unpleaſant ſtory and late expence of time, cloath your mind in its Holy-day and Church-apparel, expect not an oſtentation of wit and Language, but rather a perplexed narrative, a ſolemn, ſad and ſerious exerciſe of Devotion, ſuch indeed as becomes the next holy week, penitential and mourning. Otherwiſe I adviſe you to forbear, for you will find all too unpleaſant and unſutable to your diſpoſition: nothing is here pretended but private diſcharge and ſatisfaction. All haſty, diſaſtrous, cloudy, tumultuous, incorrect, incompoſed, precipitate, over-ſubject to repetitions, for want of looking back and re-examination in the courſe. It is perplext, full of anxiety, tedious to ſuch as delight not to converſe with God in his works of grace, wonder, and goodneſs, *Nam ſunt Jovis omnia plena.* Eſpecially I perſwade the paſſing over many of the firſt following pieces as too much concerning my particular, after which the ſtreams begin to run more clear and free.

March the 15, 1637.

HEre ſee ſecurely what a vexed ſoul
May ſuffer in a laſting ſtorm; here ſee
Thoughts ſtagg'ring reel (whil'ſt the poor bark doth rowl)
Cling to the Maſt, Pray, Labor * to the Lee,
Threw out their lading, wraſtle with the waves,
Sink down their ſails; now lifted up on high,
Now almoſt ſwallow'd in th'Abyſs of graves;
Now a clear heaven, and ſtraight a diſmal sky:
Here learn how faireſt days may overcaſt,
Confounding all your quiet with a blaſt:
What maſters me to day, may you to morrow;
But, for our comfort, God can maſter ſorrow.

* Or from.

HEre ſee, how in a ſanguine complexion, when Gods grace begins powerfully to ſhine and work, as in the month of *March*, and turning of the year, ſtorms upon ſtorm: and,

Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia ſiccis,
Mollia cum duris, ſine pondere habentia pondus,
Sed Deus hanc litem (& melior natura) diremit.

COnſidering the face and fate of my courſe, I conceive it not unfit to record the reality of my beginnings, ſeeing the able witneſſes contemporate, and then converſant with me, worn out, and dead, and I diſaffect to appear either to the better, or the worſe. My perverſe fortune from my youth, with my melancholy diſeaſe, (fruitfull in nothing but thoughts, and thoſe not ever the moſt neceſſary or natural:) have often occaſioned me, with reflection upon my ſelf, to write ſomthing; not ſo much to apologize (for alas, it is vain, where there might have been prevention) as to give ſome eaſe to my ſelf, and extenuation in what I may miſ-appear to the world: but I have often been diverted from ſuch diſcourſe, by the overgrown wilderneſs, which long time and confuſion have brought upon me. Yet thus much let me ſay for my ſelf, (and wonder at my ſelf, in that I may truly ſay ſo) that neither careleſneſs, prodigality, nor an humor diſpoſed to riot or luxury, have bred my harm. Nay, (if there be any truth in me) nothing hath more procured it, than a miſguided ſobriety of diet, with ſuch an inordinate care for the ordering of my fortune in my beginnings, finding my ſelf pent and engaged to wife and children, as (whatſoever may be conceived, I dare affirm) no man of riper years and judgment, but might have fallen into, and will, whenſoever it ſhall pleaſe God to entangle him in divers and ſtrong incumbrances, inward and outward, which, in the circumſtances of my condition, ſo malignly concurred, that being ſomthing by nature, and more by accident, miſ-diet, over-apprehenſion and ſtudiouſneſs, diſpoſed to a ſtrong melan-

melancholy, it was impossible to extricate my self, without such an aggravation as rendred it incurable, and me most miserable, in the shipwrack of all joy and contentment: Wherein finding my self thus plunged, one while my refuge was to the helpless Physician, and another at last to strong diversions; such as * Building, Court, Company, feminine and masculine, Travel, Chasing, Gaming, and the like; which all proved but such miserable helpers as melancholy men use to find, full of expence, which till then, (about my age of 25. from 18. when I was married) I had avoided. Building, (as troublesome both to my fancy and purse) I soon left, and the loss of the brave Prince *Henry*, on whom I had laid my grounds, with much sickness soon after, casting me down, and increasing my disease, I became unable to make use, either of my natural parts, or time and expence bestowed in Court: thoughts beget melancholy, and that, * thoughts alternatively. It is questionable whether I did more hurt my self with my thoughts, (which many years together long since, brought me often, even to an utter exhaustion) or whether with Gods assistance, in a strong constitution of body and minde, (for had not God furnished me with as strong and present supply of extrications as intrications, I must often have perished) I more extraordinarily relieved and supported my self to subsist against the impetuous * curiosity of my disease and nature; but my unhappiness hath also been such, as in critical times of my life, to have met with such unlucky crosses and connexions of fate, to put me out of my course, that the consideration thereof would make any man (not otherwise superstitious) take knowledge of an over-ruling hand therein, whereunto (I humbly thank God) I so submit my self, as that for my spiritual good, I acknowledge there ought to have gone no less, to work a total conversion in me, so hard is sanctification to be wrought even in men of religious inclinations. For my posterity, I must crave their pardon: hoping they will with me submit to the Almighty hand, which can at its good pleasure as well raise as ruine. Worldly confidence illudes, nor can any thing confirm prosperity in this and the better world, but a firm faith, and resolved obedience to God and his Son, in whom alone is salvation. That, that alone can reconcile and calm the contrarieties of our complexions in the distractions of pleasure, profit, conscience, honor, decency, authority over others, or a self-enjoying; making true Religion the onely star of our course, whilest others, for want of it, sometimes wildly flote, and sometimes sink in the confusion of their passions. Good intentions, without firm resolutions are insufficient. No man hath meant more thriftily than my self: but alas! in what a mist of contrary indications and contingencies do we live? when I concluded against houſ-keeping, I have been indulgently over-ruled by others to the contrary. And this I have found a great error in my nature, to have been more apt to gratifie others, than my self, and to believe them often more wise and trusty, * than there was due cause; a miserable condition of the better natures: Engagement to wife, and servants made over-necessary, take away the liberty of our resolutions; to intend thrift is commonly enough to enrich, but woefull experience teacheth me, that diseases and crosses such may come, as shall turn the strongest out of his way.

*. I chose to entertain my mind to build in dividing my *London* house, where (in all events) there would be least loss, and then lived many years in the lesser part.

* As, *Mater me genuit, eadem mox gignitur exme.*

* I mean not a curiosity of ostentation or daintiness, for such never possessed me: but onely of sedulous consideration and rectitude.

* To judge others by our selves may be a rule of charity, but not of wisdome.

way. No man more abhorred debt, selling, and selling, than my self: yet few have more incurred them. No man almost hath allowed himself less cost or sensuality, than I: yet the diversions my disease hath urged me unto, have set another face upon me, towards such as were not acquainted with my inside and native affections. Few have more affected the service of King, Countrey, and Friends: nor have by accident been more unserviceable. I ever extremely fancied my chief seat; yet fear of cost in fitting the house, and height of charge in living there, by occasion of such an eminent seat, with other accidental considerations, kept me thence, till such time as my fortune was most unfit for that, and it for me: and yet against much reason and interest of my own, I was drawn with relation to my predecessors and posterity to settle my self there, with so much cost and * trouble, as (but by the grace of God) it is a wonder how, in such indisposition and lowness, I have undergone. This the good God can do, and howsoever it shall please him to dispose of me, (whose preserving hand I confess I have wonderfully found) may it please him to make my life and death to his Glory, it is all my ambition. Many unlucky circumstances, like that of a free mind entred into Court with a pent fortune, I omit; partly in respect of others, and partly as fit to be confined to my self, who have suffered their perplexities and contrarieties. Gods grace is all in all; for the best of us is subject to be carried away, both against what we know, and what we would. Such a blindness steals us from our selves.

* In truth, falsehood of materials and workmen, their mistakings, and loiterings, make building much more vexatious than formerly.

This Discourse, which I have these many years at times been inclined unto, and have forborn, in respect of the little credit or use which it might bear, and the confused nature of it, ill befitting my health and condition, wrapping my self in an honest conscience to my self, and having long since put off the world and worldly censure: yet have I at last thus tumultuarily adventured upon it, having not cost me much above two hours in one afternoon: wherein, though I cannot vindicate my self, (for alas! who can, against errors so seeming easie to have been avoided:) yet I can be content, that such of mine as love me and truth, should find me here, such as I have been, and not such as I may be traduced.

June the first, 1637.

I Must not forget to thank God, that my fortune is not utterly ruin'd, considering how all my helps and hopes have failed me in my cure, and otherwise; how costly, diversions have been unto me, whereby to support my self, and how unfit I have been in the mean time to look to my estate: Debauch and Gluttony have spoiled many a body and fortune; scrupulous abstinence and care mine.

Good God, how vain and miserable a thing is man, without thy good Spirit to direct him! by Nature corrupt, by Art sophisticate and confounded: how lost in the ignorance and inexperience of youth! how short

ſhort of the tranquillity of other creatures! how often ruin'd by accident, by miſtaken courſes; I, by that which men call good nature! yet happy (in worldly account) are they, whoſe natures lead them, not onely to affect thrift, (which many by reaſon of other, not bad affections, imperfectly do) but to make it their pleaſure, their felicity; which humor throughly poſſeſſing them, pleaſeth, profiteth, and advanceth them in fortune and reputation: whileſt others, bred to more ingenious and fair-appearing ways and ſtudies, unthriftily miſcarry. How ill, and unadviſedly do Parents provide for their young Heirs, giving them Tutors for Learning, and Arts, neglecting their inſtruction in true Virtue, and uſe of the World and their Fortunes! How lamentable it is to ſee many (who, if left to themſelves, would do well enough in the world) over-ſwaied by others, and ſo turned out of their way, as that they cannot recover themſelves! But alas! why ſuppoſe I, it would go well with us, if left to our ſelves! who know nothing more aſſuredly than this, that all humane wit and reſolution are vain, without the powerfull Grace of God to aſſiſt us; That I implore, that alone is my comfort and ſupport, that ſweetens all the bitterneſs of Fortune unto me; and but for that, I would a thouſand times as reſolutely and conſtantly have left this life, as others fondly and dotingly imbrace it; Chriſtian Religion had need be maintained in our hearts by a ſtrong hand from above, ſeeing it abridgeth us not onely of our general liberty of this worlds delights, but even of the freedome of leaving the world, when it affordeth no delight unto us.

June the ſeventh, 1637.

OH God, how great and juſt are thy judgments, how wonderfull thy mercies! how extraordinarily canſt thou humble us by the one, and relieve us by ſpiritual graces in the other! how great a work it is, and how many degrees are required to effect a firm converſion upon us! I moſt humbly thank thee for the gracious effects I have found thereby; ſuch, as hadſt thou not ſent me temporal afflictions, I muſt have been eternally miſerable. Let no man rely upon his own ſtrength, reſolutions, and precautions; for when God hath a work in hand, and leaveth us to ourſelves, we ſhall find ourſelves ſo dementated, as that we ſhall be able to make no uſe thereof to our good. We ſhall find ourſelves ſo impriſoned, ſo way-laid, againſt what we would or ſhould do for our help, that it will become impoſſible for us to make uſe of ourſelves and ordinary means, &c.

It proveth (as I apprehended) that once entred in, I ſhould hardly find the way out of this deep, thorny thicket. My health and life have been lately ſo deſperate, as it is little adventure to undergo any thing; and indeed, my nature hath been too prone to put many things to the hazard. The rule of *quod dubitas, ne feceris*, had been much better obſerved; but alas!

alas! what rules can be ſtrong enough, not to be over-born by our blinded precipate paſſions and fate, &c.

I neither muſt, nor will ſpecifie the numerous particularities of my miſ-fortunes. Onely thus much I will ſay, that from my coming from under the rod to this preſent, I have ſucceſſively met, firſt with dangerous diſeaſes in the Univerſity, then with engagements and accidents of conſequence to my whole fortune and courſe: then with ſuch a melancholy, as daſht all my ſpirits and countenance, otherwiſe ſtrong and bold: then with extremity of divers ſickneſſes, which more dejected me; then with a ruinous vow; then with loſs of children, and other heavy diſgraces, the effect of my diſeaſe; then with deſperate effects of miſtaken powder * and courſe of Phyſick; and after all this and much more, &c. Though generally I ſo deſpaired of life, as not to dare to venture any thing upon it, to buy ſome place to ſupport me in my fortune, and againſt my diſeaſe, by diverſion; yet I once attempted that courſe, and was moſt ſtrangely and cauſleſly put by. Somtimes I have reſolved for a courſe in the Wars, (as againſt the Turk,) and then came Peace and Truce; in the Low-Cuntreys, then came a ten years Ceſſation. In truth, imploiment (in likeli-hood) would have prevented the weight of my diſeaſe.

* Which over-kept in a ſmall Doſe, and having loſt its due operation, lay in my body till the next Spring, and with a burning and corroſion then for three months ſpace deprived me almoſt wholly of ſleep, which to an inveterate melancholy, was no little ſufferance.

Many things which appeared in me affected courſes of pleaſure and vanity, were in truth laid hold on by me, for diverſions and ſupports of my oppreſſed ſpirits, againſt the violence of my diſeaſe.

June the ninth, 1637.

WHen I think what my fortune hath been, and how long and continual the afflictions which I have endured, as well in mind and body, as in my eſtate, I make queſtion, whether many years (if not ages) do not paſs in the whole world, without paralleling my ſufferings: None but an extreme melancholy man can conceive them; which yet have been aggravated in me, by a contrary and moſt ſenſible complexion; no body, but of an extraordinary ſtrong conſtitution, could have undergone them. How often have I thought my ſelf at my end! how often wiſhed it! and yet hath it pleaſed God miraculouſly to preſerve me. Oh that it might pleaſe him thereby to work his glory and ſervice! otherwiſe, how long have I been, and now am, from deſiring it! I confeſs myſelf infinitely faulty, both towards God, Man, and myſelf; but withal, ſtrangely unhappy in the occaſional circumſtances and concurrencies of my miſchiefs: I have evidently diſcerned an extraordinary and high hand therein, and I moſt humbly thank God, who hath by degrees brought me home unto him. I have long ſubſiſted onely under the ſhelter of his wings, and deſire nothing but his favour to my end: Nothing elſe hath ſupported me, nor could, nor can. My mind and fancy were naturally active, and for want of outward imploi-

ment

ment befitting them and me, turned and wrought upon my ſpirits. If I had, notwithſtanding all objections, ſettled at the firſt, I had found that center and quiet, the want whereof infinitely hurt me, by giving way to my fancy to be over-much working upon it, before I put ſuch courſe in execution. I at laſt gave way to prevent the like inconvenience of trouble and coſt, which might befal my [illegible] in a juſt affection of ſetling there. I confeſs, that in projecting what concerneth us, it is not unneceſſary to be poſſeſſed of a ſummary diſpoſition therein; but to deſcend to an exact punctuality of particulars (in a precautious ſpeculation) before time and opportunity of acting and execution, is commonly as vain as troubleſome. Fancy may pleaſe, and infatuate it ſelf therein; but the preſent view and circumſtance of things to be preſently acted, is that which gives the final order and determination, with a contradicting and retracting nullity, to our prepenſed conceits and reſolutions.

June 11. 1637.

Sapiens dominabitur Aſtris, is a pretty ſaying; but if not applied and reſtrained to godly and divine wiſdome, as far from truth, as the Stars are ſhort of God. It is extraordinary, that in all my courſe of a long life, I ſhould ever meet with hinderances and croſſes, even when I have moſt ſtrived to avoid them, and never with any thing of help and eaſe; yet this for my comfort, and to exempt me from envying others, if I would but in an ordinary meaſure have digreſſed from my auſterer ways, to mine and me, there might have been a larger proportion of Honor, Authority, and Fortune. God knows what is beſt for us, and I affect nothing, but according to the faireſt means, and his good pleaſure. That noble friend of mine, who, upon conſideration of the natural ſtrength of my body and mind, wondering at my infirmity and diſabling in my fortune, in concluſion imputed it to my having been put out of my way; upon what ground, I know not, but I am ſure he was not miſtaken. For firſt, my early marriage in a ſhort Fortune, abated the edge and alacrity of my ſpirits: Next, the courſe and converſation of the Court, by accident made unfit and unfavourable to me, having entred upon it, was no ſmall dejection; my ſelf alſo, by the examination and teſt of diſcourſe, contradicting * and reſtraining my natural and youthfull inclinations (which other young men uſe with a full ſail to give way to, and uncontrolledly pleaſe themſelvs) amated and contriſtated my mind. But above all, the good Spirit of God, (whoſe ways and Religion are oppoſite to fleſh and bloud, and conſequently, to me and mine in nature) brought ſuch a conflict upon me, as proves at firſt, to corrupt nature, ever harſh and perplexed, with many reluctations, winnings and loſings of ground; but by degrees and ſucceſſions of grace, ſweetly recompenſeth all our conflicts, all our ſufferings.

* They who wreſtle not againſt their appetites, nor are over-ſolicitous of avoiding all inconveniences, are they who often ſucceed beſt, and ſailing in the common channel, enjoy the commodities and delights of this world. Many inconveniences are eaſier born than avoided, eaſier admitted to be ſubſequently rectified, than induſtriouſly and curiouſly eſchewed.

Good God, how ſweet and admirable are thy mercies, which never fail to relieve and deliver them who perſevere to call and rely upon thee! Oh the tumultuous condition of a penſive uneaſie mind! Oh the *Herculean* labour to oppoſe and repreſs it! How thoughts impetuouſly, like *Hydra's* heads, grow upon us as faſt as we allay and cut them off! *Juno* ſhould have ſet *Hercules* to that task, to have plagued him more than all his Monſters, all his Labors. It was truly ſaid of it, that it is *Hoſpitium calamitatis, & quamcunque rem malam quæres, illic invenies.* It inſinuates itſelf at firſt as a flattering friend, but in the treacherous ſweetneſs of it, we drown and loſe our ſelves like unlucky flies, &c.

Proh Jupiter, quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ noctis habent! how many ways there are for us to loſe our ſelves in this worlds Labyrinth? and how many miſcarry before they underſtand where they are, why they came, and what they have to do? ſome loſe themſelves in their pleaſures, others in their troubles; ſome find unfortunate and ſudden, ſome a lingring ruine; ſome are born to fair, ſome to ſtormy days; ſome to journey with the wind in their backs, ſome in their faces. If fate be but a dream, the world hath been much deceived, the conſtancy of it in ſome mens fortunes ſpeaketh it more; to the Chriſtian, all is the providence of God; and there is no true plaiſter for the cure of a broken heart, a broken fortune, but the contemplation and application of his goodneſs and mercies by a lively Faith; that muſt be his gift, and will diſpel all clouds, ſtorms, and diſcomforts. It little imports what weather we find in a ſhort journey, ſo we attein, at our journeys end, a place of perdurable joy and comfort.

How full of darkneſs is the mind of man! how little do we underſtand! and how little are we able to make uſe (without Gods grace) of what we know! how often and violently are we tranſported, as it were, againſt our wills, againſt our knowledge! how obvious and near unto us are things ordinarily moſt uſefull and affected, which yet we are moſt blind to diſcern at our need! ſuch is our frailty, ſuch our blindneſs: So that neither ears, eys, knowledge, will, or underſtanding, are farther available, than it ſhall pleaſe God to bleſs them: He alone it is, that gives the will and the deed, and without him, the will is uneffectual. He hath ſmall experience of the world, or hath little obſerved himſelf, who hath not this experience. It hath pleaſed God to have bleſſed me with ſome underſtanding, ſome induſtry, and ſome holy affections towards him: All have failed me, and in all I have been failing to my ſelf; yet through many falls and frailties, I am confident at laſt, by his great mercy, to have atteined ſuch Grace as will abide with me, to my eternal comfort. God grant me to my end, the antidote of Faith, and confidence of his mercies in Chriſt, &c.

Auguſt 8. 1637.

It

IT is good to refer ourſelves to God, who beſt knows what is good for us. In the diſcourſe of death, I fell in my firſt manhood to affect that * kind which was leaſt long and languiſhing, (ſuppoſing ever a conſtant preparation) but it hath pleaſed God contrariwiſe, that I have ſpent a great part of my time, facing and ſtrugling with ſeeing imminent death, ſo far have I been from enjoying the pleaſures and contentments that this world affordeth to others. I humbly thank God, who hath given me patience; and without his grace, and reſpect to him, my reſolution could never have undergone it. Melancholy, the taint and canker of our minds, bodies, and fortunes; how many ways, and eaſily art thou contracted? how almoſt impoſſible to be cured? how inevitably incident to many; yea, the ſtrongeſt minds, eſpecially when many perplexities, and croſs accidents do at once aſſault them?

* As did the firſt *Caſar*.

For my part, beſides the miſchievous diſtemper bred in my body, which naturally working upon the mind, made all more ſowr and difficult. I met with croſs ambiguities, and indications, in almoſt all that concerned me, or that I affected: I confeſs (that which now more tormenteth me) a reſolution and courſe might have been taken to have prevented (in reaſon) the unhappineſs which I have found and bred: but alas, I was nipt in my bud, deſtitute of experience and good advice, met with times oppoſite, and ſuch a diſpoſition of my own, as could neither abandon it ſelf to pleaſure, nor rigid enough to * profit, though ever ſo ſenſible therein, as never to allow myſelf a ruinous delight. My expences had never the ground of pleaſing myſelf, though our artificial humane condition be full of ambiguity, and ſome minds more than others, of various complexion. Yet had I miſt my diſeaſe, I might (with Gods grace) as well as another, have extricated myſelf: a ſoul hard to pleaſe, and a pregnant fancy, are of the moſt troubleſome gueſts a man can lodge. I have at length learn'd ſo to diſaffect this world and worldly pleaſure, that by Gods grace, I am onely pleaſed in him. It was a hard conqueſt, &c.

* In truth, my eſtate was ſo ſcanty, that my endeavours could entertain no further aim, than to be able to ſubſiſt.

Auguſt 8. 1637.

Man, certainly in his naturals, as more abounding in fancy, is more variable than other creatures, yet more ſophiſticated by * Art and policy; by Religion, croſſing his nature, caſt into further ambiguities and perplexities; difficulties and diſproportions in his condition and fortune, with reſpect to his quality and engagements, aggravate and intricate him often more: But when a rooted Melancholy once ſeizeth him, (as by many accidents as well as naturally it often doth,) then to diſ-entangle from the croſs conſiderations incident to a perverſe fortune, will trouble a ſtrong mind. Nay, ſo hard is it to reconcile the inconveniencies, to find and take the beſt in the courſes of the world,

* Religion or artificial reaſon taken to heart, checks our *Pleropboria*, in natural pleaſures.

that the ſtronger and larger the mind is, which is to chooſe, the harder it finds it to pleaſe it ſelf, and the more it plungeth it ſelf to incumbrance and diſeaſe.

How eaſie are conveniencies to be found? how hard it is to find them? how eaſie it ſeems to pleaſe our ſelves? how hard to pleaſe God and our ſelves? how often have I oppoſed my fancy and affection by a way of abſtinence and frugality, which yet hath proved moſt improſperous unto me? how often have I, by Gods grace, preferred him before all worldly delights, and yet wanted the grace of conſtancy? What ſhall I ſay? if ever man plaid a long, heavy, unhappy part upon the ſtage of this world, it is my ſelf, &c.

Auguſt 21. 1637.

NO care is more natural or neceſſary, than for Parents to enter their young ones into a proportionable fortune, and fair courſe, to be able to live in the world; the direction of a Father to his Child therein is of main importance. I was left young, and greatly wanted it; had I been left ſingle, young as I was, I was reſolved never to have married, but ſo as to have ſet my ſelf at eaſe for houſe-keeping, and other charges which attend it, according to my quality.

My mind was not ſo looſe, but that I could have contained myſelf in expence; for, till I was loſt in my diſeaſe, I gave many years proof thereof. That error hath been verified upon me, which is ſaid of Fools, That they ever begin to live.

Time and neceſſity, the great rectifiers of our courſes, have made me ſee my faults, and accommodate that which I thought impoſſible.

Auguſt 22. 1637.

MIſerable condition of my condition, and the melancholy humor! how one while, for an evaſion, it diverts it ſelf by a working imagination, how there may be a bettering! other-while it aggravates it ſelf upon conſideration how incurred misfortune might have been avoided! both fruitleſs and perplexing.

September 26. 1637.

THere is little commiſeration due to ſuch as entring upon a fair and full accommodation of houſe and fortune, waſtfully conſume and abuſe it: With me it was far otherwiſe; yet, young as I was, had I been

been left with money in my hands, or had raiſed moneys to myſelf by what I had; I was not ſo looſe fingred, as not to have kept or imploy'd it to my advantage. I am confident, that many an Heir ruineth his fortune; who, did he enter upon Moneys, as well as Lands, would thrive and do well.

To a nature not fooliſhly diſſolute and prodigal, money ſets rather an edge of increaſe than diſſipation: *Ignoti nulla cupido.* It was a rational way to reclaim that prodigal which is recorded, by ſhewing him thoſe maſſie heaps that were to go to diſcharge his waſtfull debts: The eye makes the moſt effectual impreſſion. I have known a Prince, who was inſenſible of giving great ſums by word, yet was tenacious of what once came into his hands: As the hand naturally, ſo money politically, is the inſtrument of inſtruments; without it, like ſhips without water, the wiſeſt and moſt active can make little uſe of themſelves. Gods bleſſing I ever imply; for, without that, the builder builds, and watchman watches but in vain,

How unhappy is the condition of an unquiet mind! and how hard it is for a ſpirit, ſharp-ſighted, and ſenſible to inconveniencies and advantages, to maintain a tranquillity amidſt the unſound and humorous incidents of this life! ſo little is the reality, and ſo various the apparitions of humane contentment. Fortune is to ſome a mother, to others a ſtep-dame; ſome ſhe humors, ſome ſhe croſſes from their infancy; and whatſoever is ſaid of every mans forging his own fortune, he knows little, who finds not greater abilities miſcarry, when inferiour ſucceed. We made not ourſelves, nor the times, and other circumſtances we live in, whoſe correſpondencies (ſhall in deſpite of us) import us: Good Mariners are often ſunk at Sea, when ill ones arrive at good Harbour: For me, I acknowledge in myſelf (through my whole courſe) many errours; yet have I found ſuch an unhappy conſtellation of fatality over-rule me, that what courſe ſoever I had taken, I can hardly perſwade myſelf, I could have had any better iſſue: Moderation, ſobriety, care, Religion itſelf, (preſervatives to others) have been to my fortune, body, and mind, flails and rocks; yet all conducible and neceſſary to a better life, &c. I thank God for all, and deſire no more but his Grace, in granting me either patience, or a fair deliverance from this worlds miſeries and corruption: I have long hated and deſpiſed the world, and all the frail vanities that others dote upon; I find every day more and more the nullities, the wickedneſs of its pleaſures, &c.

September 27. 1637.

HAd I my full ſtrength, and clearneſs of ſpirits, had I much more knowledge, and would and could conveniently beſtow much more time in working, theſe over-flowings of my heart and brain; yet ſuch is the obſcure confuſion of this ſophiſticated world, and my natural curioſity,

riosity, (by malady much more hard to pleaſe) that I ſhould never ſatisfie myſelf in writing, what belongs to this or any other Subject: I would willingly by theſe evaporations impart, with eaſe to myſelf, ſome impreſſions to my friends, how there hath gone as much fate as fault to effect my miſery, and to occaſion them to reſent and compaſſionate the wretchedneſs of humane condition, by repreſenting myſelf none of the worſt-endowed with parts of body, mind, and eſtate, thriftily and temperately affected, become nevertheleſs moſt tediouſly miſerable in them all; ſuch hath been Gods will; and ſuch, in deſpite of nature and reaſon, ſhall be his condition, whom accident and circumſtance conſpire to afflict. A Doctor of Phyſick told me long ſince, that I had too much mind for my body; but never adviſed me the moderation of the one, and natural improvement of the other. I thank God, towards him who is the chief good, it is the better for me, and good for me that I have been troubled: I confeſs I had naturally a ſtrong, active, and ſenſible minde; yet not ſuch, but if I had eſcaped accidental melancholy, I might well have tempered it: but when that ſeizeth upon us, things otherwiſe eaſily to be paſſed over, become anxious, full of ſcruple and perplexity. * I knew not what I ailed, nor whence it proceeded, but enforcedly yeelded to melancholy effects, ſuch as retiredneſs, over-reading, and over-thinking, little as then conceiving how the body ſhould become oppreſſed by ſo abſtracted a thing as the mind.

*The ſmalleſt ſeeming inconſiderable cauſes, are often inductions to the greateſt actions, wants and concluſions of this world.

My firſt ſtudies in the way of morality and Sceptiſm, took off my edge from wordly delights; Gods good Spirit afterwards was a check to me againſt them, by whoſe mercy I was never free from perplexity till of late. I will, by his grace, fix my ſelf upon him, and leave off to ruminate upon, much more to enumerate my infinite paſt miſgovernments and misfortunes. God be praiſed, my Sons beginnings are as well, if not better, than ever yet were any of our Family.

Croſs tides, they ſay, make the *Iriſh* Seas ſo troubleſome and dangerous; there is a proportion of bearing, beyond which we ſink. I was in my prime youth encountred with many unfavourable diſaſters, &c.

The great change of the Court, and long greatneſs of them whom accident, &c. My * abſence in travel hindring my falling in with thoſe times, my retiredneſs by that courſe, and over exact ſtudy of language, which certainly is proper onely to children, to whom it comes inſenſibly, and is moſt troubleſome to curious ſpirits; theſe, and much more conſpired againſt me.

* Great evils are truly obſerved to take advantage by ſeconding one the other.

I would, when my fortune was whole, have matched my Son, then very young, and have aſſured my Lands upon him for a reaſonable Portion; it could not be. My Predeceſſor, after a long and deſperate ſickneſs lived juſt enough to marry me; and many ſtranger things than theſe have befallen me in the Article of a Cataſtrophe to my fortune.

* *November* 2. 1637.

To

TO say something still of divers ambiguities and perplexities incident to my condition and fortune, which, besides the accidental change bred in my body, could hardly fail to work an alteration upon a mind curious of avoiding inconveniencies and choosing the best: My nature was bent to ordinary pleasures, yet morally withdrawn to an observation of decency, virtue, moderation, and improvement of knowledge, with an acquisite affectation of Philosophical, Moral, Civil, and Christian perfection, wherein as well for vogue, fashion, and reputation, as truth, I could not willingly consent to come short of the best. When I grew towards manhood, being of my self disposed to forbear marriage until I should be thirty years old, and then not to marry without great choice, in fitting myself, and obtaining a fulness of fortune, to set myself at ease in my quality and that estate, &c.

I found the inconvenience: but Wife, Children, and my disease, made me unfit for another mans house; and though I wished, yet I could not resolve a change, which to me, who could never easily admit a resolution with inconveniencies attending it, was ever abhorrent, my natural curiosity (whose mind was never quiet, till all circumstances and conveniencies were run over and over, and accommodated by me) made all things, (especially in a seat of my own) most troublesome.

To a sowred spirit, nothing is more unfit than idleness, nothing more troublesome than its curious discoursing upon resolutions; nothing more unfit than confinement to one place, yet nothing more hard than to resolve and digest change and alteration.

The Court, where I was young entred, followed, might have kept me from that sad alteration, whereunto travel, study, and retiredness in care and fancy of what belonged to a house, drowned me; but that also by accident was unfit for me: yet at length, for a strong diversion, and under so brave a patronage as that of Prince *Henry*, I re-adventured upon it; but his immature death, and much sickness of my own following upon it, with other disproportions, finally alienated me from that course.

Thus, and much more, hath my life been a conflict with disease and fortune: I have formerly touched many more particulars, yet not all, nor the worst. It is one of the greatest insatisfactions of writing, to an ingenious spirit, in most important matters to have least freedome; there are many *Noli me tangere's*. The contract of Gods grace and Religion, against the impetuosity of natural affections, hath been many years my greatest combat: I have fought resolutely, but received many foils; yet by the infinite goodness of my Saviour, I have received such most unexpected succour, that, to my unvaluable comfort, I triumph, &c. I have dedicated my self (next to God) wholly to my Son, and have many years endeavoured his good beyond my own: I have now made my self his Pensioner, and I wish no worldly hapiness more than his prosperity. Thus with a running pen I ease my mind, which, though with no serious exactness, yet with little prejudice to my health,

for

for otherwiſe, the ſtrength of my diſeaſe would not ſuffer me to bear the ſtrength and curioſity of my own diſcourſe.

He who is ſubject to aduſtion of obſtructions, let him ſhun, as a Rock at Sea, over-ſtudying, or tiring of his thoughts; and when he finds concluſions come not off clearly, and that a reſtineſs of diſcourſe grows upon him, let him give over for the preſent, (not admitting the leaſt tumultuation) till ſuch a good and fit time after, as he may return new and freſh to work: by this means ſhall he avoid much hurt of his ſpirits, and attain better to his ends.

In reading alſo, little and little at once ſhall diſpatch more, and that without inconvenience of health, than much together to the oppreſſion of the ſoul: *Ne quid nimis*, in all things is an excellent inſtruction; how many a man hath tired his horſe by riding a little too faſt, who might otherwiſe have come well to his journeys end? The like is ſeen in expence, a very little contracting would often have given eaſe and thrift, where a very ſmall over-ſpending hath bred continual want and ruine.

By my miſerable experience I could give many rules upon this worlds courſe and melancholy. Moderation is good; but Gods grace is above all, and without it nothing can proſper.

How luſtily doth the root feed a tree, whoſe branches are few and ſmall in reſpect!

To the all-ſeeing God be glory; for with us (but through him) dwels nothing but darkneſs, error, frailty, and ignorance.

November 4. 1637.

MY gracious God, the ſupport and guide of us and all our actions, ſince thou haſt vouchſafed to grant me a firm and happy faith in Chriſt, and love of thee, with a contempt of all earthly and carnal joys; confirm unto me, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, thy heavenly graces, and the comfort of thy good Spirit; for I abhor myſelf whenſoever that joy faileth me, or any worldly affections aſſault me: None more than I knows their vanity, their unſoundneſs, their emptineſs of all true and perfect ſatisfaction, ſuch as left me ever to ſeek, ever unquiet, till ſuch time as I wholly reſigned my ſelf unto thee. The world is a Wilderneſs of ravenous beaſts; there is no path, no ſafety, no contentment or protection, but through thy favour: Sweet Lord, impart it unto me, and I ſhall find that quiet and joy of heart which I have ever wanted. Help me; for I ſhall hate my ſelf, if, through the infirmity of my fleſh and blood, I reap not more joy and complacence in my ſurrender to thee, and in thy grace, than ever I did or could find in the moſt full and flattering pleaſures which this inſtable world affords. I have often found thy moſt mercifull and miraculous relief and ſupport, beyond expectation, beyond natural conceit.

Let

Let thy mercy and grace continue with me to my end, and at thy good pleaſure ſet a period to that life, which I onely hold in expectation of a happy diſcharge and diſſolution by thee. *Amen, Amen.*

November 5. 1637.

A Phyſitian once told me, upon repair to him for my diſeaſe, that I was to reſort to God, call upon him for his grace, and guide my ſelf by him, or to like effect: I thought it then ſtrange and improper in his profeſſion, but I have found it ſpoken like my good Angel; for there is no ſuch anchor, nor ſuch receipt to a troubled, to an agitated ſoul. The melancholy humor once predominant, in deſpite of judgment and reſolution, will obtrude importunate thoughts and fancies, take occaſion from almoſt every object, to make a troubleſome and diſcourſing impreſſion, make things, otherwiſe of eaſie reſolution, anxious, and vexing, repreſenting difficulties as faſt as deſigns, whereunto free ſpirits are not in the leaſt ſort obnoxious; they are in a clear light and alacrity, delighted in themſelves, entertained and diverted with ordinary converſation, buſineſs, and paſtime, whileſt the other droop, and howſoever often naturally quick, would play upon the wing, the melancholy clogs, checks, and pulls them to the ground. God alone is the *Hercules* that can purge that *Augean* ſtable, the *Æſculapius* who can give relief; ordinary Phyſick is but a palliation, nay often an aggravation of the diſeaſe. The powder called *Kellowayes* powder, with Gods bleſſing, is to be prized; for it goes to the root, it works at length, and ſo as the patient may ſleep, play, go on in an ordinary diet and courſe; a common and long courſe, which urgeth keeping in, weakens, and makes tender, is miſchievous, and incompatible: if ſuch powder breed inconvenience, *Epſam* * waters, though but a draught in a day at morning, wonderfully allay and rectifie; as alſo the uſe of new and good Sider: theſe, with Gods grace, conſtant exerciſe, and a moderation of the mind, are incomparable. *Probatum.*

God hath given me ſo ſtrong a body and mind to bear the injuries I have received from my ſelf, accident, and courſe of Phyſick, that I admire. May it pleaſe him to make my life and death to his glory.

November 6. 1637.

* The uſe of *Tunbridge* and *Epſam* waters, for health and cure, I firſt made known to *London*, and the Kings peoples the *Spaw* is a chargeable and inconvenient journey to ſick bodies, beſides the mony it carries out of the Kingdome, and inconvenience to Religion. Much more I could ſay, but I rather hint than handle, rather open a door to a large proſpect than give it.

GOod God, of thy great goodneſs continue thy mercy upon me; and as I have hitherto proved the truth of all worldly things to be nothing but vanity and vexation of ſpirit, ſo be thou to me joy and comfort. It is true, that my nature, education, courſe of life, and diſeaſe, require ſociety and diverſion: the conſideration of my paſt and preſent fortune, is full of ſadneſs; but thou canſt raiſe light out of darkneſs, and joy from ſorrow; thy good Spirit is the ſpirit of comfort, and without thee there is truly none: thou haſt bleſſed me ſo far, as to have allayed, ſatisfied, and expelled all my worldly fancies. I have fitted

my houſe and fortune to my Son, in as much as I affected and was capable: bleſs it unto him, and by thy grace exempt him from theſe unquietneſſes which I have found; there is no perfect, no ſolid happineſs in this world; teach him to bear ſuch inconveniencies as may be better born than ſought (with an unquiet unſetling) to be avoided; it hath been to me a great diſeaſe to over-humour my ſelf therein, there will in all conditions be ſomthing amiſs; a mind curious and impatient is a great miſchief.

Thus appeareth that which hath been obſerved, that men ſeldome or never betake themſelves to good and right courſes till ſuch time as a preſſing neceſſity (I might rather ſay, God) compelleth and enforceth them. Neceſſity (I have ever ſaid) is the ſure reformer; then, and not till then, and often after ſmart, we contract our ſelves, and contain and refrain our extravagancies, preſumption, diſſolution, and luxuriant fancies.

November 6. 1637.

A Searching ſpirit, faln amongſt the crudities and cavils of this worlds Sophiſtry and imperfections, is a great oppreſſor; it were well if contentions lay onely, as ſome affirm, in the brink, and not in the depth of Sciences; ſearch ſhews it far otherwiſe: It is a happy ſpirit that can paſs lightly over the things of this world; and even in matters and myſteries of Faith, curioſity is neither ſafe, nor allowable. I am ſomthing of the nature of thoſe dogs, which coming into a ſtrange place, reſt not till they have ferited every corner.

It is likewiſe a natural importunity with me, in any thing that concerns me in mind, body, or fortune, not to take full reſt, till ſuch time as, to my capacity, I have run over all that ſeemeth to belong to ſuch reſolution; willingly I ſit not down ſhort of other men, (I mean, in honeſty, decency, and knowledge) much leſs ſhort of my ſelf.* Yet if we ſeriouſly and curiouſly mind theſe earthly things, they are full of ſcruple and vexation; if we ſlight them, a deliberating nature wants much of ſatisfaction and contentment.

* Ingenuous minds aff. & to give a due and juſt accommodation to all things and perſons, and to themſelves no more, which is hard to do in this various fantaſtical world.

It is that which I have long ſince found and affirmed, that if we ſet our hearts on theſe worldly matters, they prove fooliſhneſs and perturbation; if we be cold and dull in them, all things are alike: but it is the miſery of a hot complexion, that it requires entertainment, hot, full, and ſtirring, &c.

Where grace once infuſeth it ſelf, all earthly troubles are evacuated, that alone is friends, pleaſure, and advantage enough, it is all-ſufficient, all conſolation: Perfect then, good God, the ineſtimable gift of Faith, which thou haſt given me; it is truly thy gift, fleſh and bloud cannot afford, nor reliſh it; thy ways to it are wonderfull, often ſharp, but moſt ſweet in the concluſion; I kiſs thy rod, I rejoice in my afflictions, and feel that I had periſhed, if I had not periſhed.

Thou who haſt rebuked the winds, and they have obeyed thee, rectifie my ſpirit, and calm all ſuggeſtions, all ſtorms within me. Then may melancholy be infectious, but not deſtructive; then ſhall I live and die to thee and the glory, which is all my ambition, all my prayer.

November 7. 1637.

I Have not found any thing more ſtrange, nor been more abuſed in any thing, than that conſtitution of ſoul which is frequent, and more or leſs incident to us all; ſo mixt, ſo Heterogene, ſo pregnant, and right of underſtanding in ſome things, and ſo dull and wrong in others, (ſuch commonly are they which moſt diſturb the world, as diſſonant from weakneſs, as true ſtrength of judgment, exhibiting, according to the ſaying, ſuch productions as a fool could not, and perfection would not) ſo appearing docile and capable of reaſon and improvement, and yet in effect ſo inſenſate, incorrigible, and unalterable, as it is hard to conceive how ſuch incongruities and inconſequences ſhould conſiſt in the ſame ſubject, or in truth, how they can quadrate with a ſoul rational and inſtructible: but there is aſſigned to us all, a natural ſtature in all things, which no Art, food, or induſtry can enable us to exceed, &c.

November 8. 1637.

TRuth, exactneſs, and perfection, are Ore of a rich Mine; but lie ſo deep, that they often hardly recompence the labour of their extraction: my end is not ſo much to vindicate, as to give ſome true knowledge of my ſelf, and ſhake off the burthen of my mind to my pen and paper; it is unfit for me, and I for it, and yet I cannot avoid it: and this is one of the unreconcileable properties of my condition, I write not to pleaſe, I write not for oſtentation, and if I did,

Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Quam ſapere & ringi.

It is too true, that the fine curious affected ſhooe often wrings the foot: High ſeats * are brave and Aiery, but low ones quiet. *Romæ Tibur amo ventoſus, Tibure Romam*, was a production of a fine, but windy melancholy ſpirit. Would I be an idolater, I would ſacrifice to quiet and dulneſs. I will affect wit and curioſity in nothing, but to repent my ſins, and pleaſe my God. Gracious God, it is thy infinite power and ſpirit that worketh in all things vegetable, and ſenſible creatures, in, and at their firſt production, without any diſcourſe of theirs, teaching them their nouriſhment, their ſuſtentation: thou art omni-preſent, omniſcient, omnipotent; aſſiſt me, good God, in my diſcourſe, in my reſolution of dedicating my ſelf wholly unto thee, &c.

* So of minds.

November 9. 1637.

GO now, preſumptuous and over-weening man, boaſt in thy prerogative of reaſon and nature, confound thy ſelf in thy own ways and inventions; nature may lead thee to pleaſure and profit, and ſo

commonly it doth the moſt baſe and vulgar ſpirits; but it muſt be an extraordinary ſupernatural ſpirit, that can make thee thrive to this and a better world.

This the natural man diſcerneth not, and the fool cannot underſtand, but this the School of Experience, as well as of Faith, teacheth us.

Thou, O God, art the God of Nature; but the ways of Nature and Religion are ſo diverſe, that it is a kind of irreligion to ſeek or meaſure Thee in Natures courſe; the courſe of thy Spirit and Judgment run another way; they, thy Decrees, thy Graces, are all ſupernatural and wonderfull: to Thee be aſcribed all Wiſdome, Juſtice, Power, and Majeſty.

And here, my moſt gracious God, I humbly thank thee for thy merciſull and wonderfull ſupport through my whole courſe, to my body, to my mind, to my fortune; for it equals any thing that I can call ſtrange, that I have ſubſiſted through all my ſtorms and ſufferings, without having incurred utter ſcorn and ruine: ſhipwrack is not ill eſcaped with loſs, and a good haven at laſt is not a little joy, though thy ſtorms have all paſt over me. And ſeeing I have uſed this term of the *Pſalms*, I cannot let paſs how moſt appoſite and accommodate I have found many of them to my condition, as the 88. and divers others, in my friends being removed far from me, and ſundry other paſſages. Lord, I humbly thank thee, that thou haſt ſo made my face aſhamed, as that I have got and found thee, and found, that of thy very mercy and faithfulneſs I have been troubled; I can now call thee the God of my Salvation, my conntenance, and confidence; for I have found the beams of thy mercy ſo to comfort me in darkneſs and miſery, as that I doubt not to apply to my ſelf, as well the *Pſalms* of conſolation, as I have done thoſe of complaint and diſtreſs.

I can now look upon all this worlds glories, pleaſures, and vanities, with contempt and pity: Continue thy mercies, and I have heaven upon earth; thou art perfection of Philoſophy, thou art the true *Summum bonum*, in thee is all fulneſs, all joy.

Humane diſcourſe and reſolution can do much; but firſt motions and ſurpriſes upon the mind, diſturb nature, concoction, and the ſpirits, even in meer nullities of conceit, in deſpite of a firm faith and reaſon: it is from God alone to prevent them, to allay them.

Temptations are often above the power of fleſh and blood to reſiſt: A ſplenetick ſuper-induced habit, is moſt violent in hot and active ſpirits and conſtitutions; there it eſtuates, there it ferments and boils: how it ſuggeſts, confounds, reſolves, and then again forgets the circumſtances of a former reſolution, and by forgetfulneſs, or a new predominancy of humor, relapſes to a freſh rumination, and confuſion upon the ſame ſubject. Such infirmity at firſt is querulous, but in extremity

tremity wraps it ſelf in ſilence, and exceeds expreſſion, it dwels in inward conflicts, hopes by Gods grace the beſt, prepares for the worſt.

November 9. 1637.

HOw gracious and good (O God) art thou, that wilt be found in trouble, and become the relief of that calamitous ſoul, which had neglected thee in the times of ſeeming proſperity! Thy wonders appear in the deep, and out of the deep thou art called upon; the deep of diſtreſs, the deep of melancholy diſcover the wonders of thy Judgments, of thy Power and Mercy; even as the Stars and glory of the Heavens is diſcerned out of a deep well, not otherwiſe appearing.

Lord, with what a fulneſs do I labour to expreſs thy glory and my comfort! even in that, temper me, or I ſhall be confounded. *Ipſa felicitas ſe niſi temperat premit.* Vouchſafe to demonſtrate in me, by my life and actions, what my pen cannot expreſs.

What was ſaid of Fortune, is true of God, *Occæcat hominum animos cum vim ſuam ingruentem refringi non vult.* According to Gods determinate counſel, we diſcern, or are blind; we judge, reſolve and execute aright, or loſe and confound ourſelves in errour and folly. Thy decrees, O Lord, are irreſiſtible.

November 11. 1637.

HAd I been left a freedome in my ſelf, or been conſtant to my own Diſcourſe and inclination in the ordering of my ways, it might have been worldly fortune enough unto me: but I found my ſelf pent, fettered, and intricated in all my courſe; many changes, inconveniences, and incongruities brought upon me, little fair way to a fair mind; betraied to worſe, though older counſel than my own, which in ſome things, to my prejudice, I followed, though not in all.

Æſtuat, & rerum diſconvenit ordine toto.

Is truly mine; happy for this world are they, who fall upon an equability of mind and fortune, fitted and ſuitable to the times, and their condition: now to me, *Ut placeas, debes immemor eſſe tui,* is not ſufficient. I have contracted infirmity, decay, and age; knowledge, reſolution, * precepts, Philoſophy, all earthly advantages, without God, are of little effect, and as little comfort: they all ſtand aloof, like falſe friends at a time of need, when the ſurpriſes, and precipitations of nature and fortune carry us away in deſpite of them, in deſpite of ourſelves.

Thou

* Rules are ſo variable in their application, that without ſtrength of experience & diſcretion to over-rule them, they as much miſlead, as direct; they ſerve to good notions and diſcourſe, but little to practiſe: I mean not ſuch as are mechanical.

Thou, my God, canſt reconcile all ſtrifes and diſcordances, and wilt at laſt (though not till the laſt) refine us from all our droſs, all our corruptions, wholly perfect, wholly ſanctifie, wholly fit us for the ſerene peace and joy of thy Kingdome, &c.

November 13. 1637.

MAny have been the evil conſequences of my affliction, yet ſuch *quæ cadere poſſunt in virum probum*, if not *fortem*, and ſuch as (God be thanked) have not made me in worldly ways, do things falſe, ſordid, baſe, or diſhonorable, by his grace, as rigid and inſuperable to the world, as humble and ſubmiſs to him, contrite and broken to him, in moral virtue inflexible and entire.

Sir *Edward Coke* was wont to ſay, that let his Son order matters as he would, he ſhould never take more pleaſure in ſpending, than he had done in getting: and I may ſay, that never man ſuffered more in getting, than I have done in my conſumption. Gods will muſt have effect: *Cæſar* alone in ſobriety was the overthrow of his mother Commonwealth. I was ever far from being Epicure, or Riotous; God at his good pleaſure can permit ſome men to proſper by their prodigality and Luxury, whileſt others ruine themſelves with their thrifty intentions.

A conſtant courſe is the way of thrift, as not to be diverted by ambition, nor over-ſtudying for the improvement of the mind, *Alias res agendo*, with a neglect of domeſtique fortune, in an œconomical way, but without Gods good influence, even that often does and ſhall miſcarry. I and many others, by an over-affecting of melioration, have ſpoiled all, like him that darkned his rooms by much inſcribing [*Fiat Lux*] in his windows.

Theſe papers I know may appear imperfect, I would the beſt of us in Chriſtianity were not ſuch. It was a right obſervation, that it is hard to be throughly good or bad; we are conſtituted of contrary Elements in our bodies, in our minds. It were happy if Religion it ſelf were maintained in its purity; it runs through the conduits of humane diſcourſe, and it is to be feared, that it often carries with it too much tincture of humane conceit and policy, yea often to our own abuſe and miſchief.

Marriage is a holy thing, I wiſh Gods inſtitution were rightly underſtood and obſerved therein, in the undertaking, in the preſſing, in the courſe, in the diſſolution: Certainly, there can be nothing more unchriſtian, than for man and woman to come together, and live together, as ordinarily they do; and poſſibly a great part of the world might at this day have been Chriſtian, more than is, if man had not caſt more conſtraint and reſtraint upon it than God.

I am perſwaded, no Treatiſe could prove more Chriſtian and uſefull, than if ſome able man would exhort people in general, not to ruſh into marriage ſo raſhly and corruptly; Parents to leave their Children full freedome, with their conſent, in ſo important a caſe; and Princes to take into further conſideration that *Norman Gottiſh* Law, which occaſions precipitate, unſutable, and immature Marriages, and proves the ruine of infinite good Families.

The *Romiſh* Prieſthood ſaw ſomthing, when it exempted it ſelf; I hate a falſe, politick, and hypocritical Chriſtian; better be without all knowledge, than due obſervance in Religion. Ignorance is a better plea with God than halting.

As I have formerly ſaid, upon peruſing of theſe my writings, I find many confuſed repetitions, which could not otherwiſe happen, conſidering how curſorily they paſſed my pen, without examination, without deliberation, without method; they are raptures, they are ruptures of a loaded ſpirit: I have affected thereby to disburthen my ſelf; but my perturbations and notions lie ſo deep and peſtered, that I have ſtill reſted unſatisfied in giving them their full and due light and birth: I do like the Dog at the River of *Nile*, a lap and away for fear of the Crocodile.

The atrabiliary paſſion is indeed like the *Nile*, the original hardly known, the overflowing breeds infinite venemous ſtrange creatures and monſters, yet by Gods grace, a * happy fertility may be raiſed from it: ſolitarineſs, one of its children, works us either too much good or evil; it affects exactneſs, and ſits not down in a mean: Gods ſaving grace ordinarily draws good out of evil, and where it works, leaves not, till it habituates us in as much perfection as humane frailty can bear.

* A predominancy of any of the four humours is pernicious, and ſo of Melancholy in exceſs. Ambition is condemned of many, who would be glad to reſemble it in its concomitancies of virtues; that, and Melancholy, with their right correctives, may prove as happy as witty. They are often miſ-ſhapen and bad in the root, but fair and good in the fruit; like Wardens, choaky and harſh in their crudity, but of generous and excellent juice and reliſh, ſeaſoned and concocted with the ſoft and gentle fire of Gods good grace and ſpirit.

The ſad infected ſoul dwels in ſo foul and tainted a cask, the body is full of ſuch mud and dregs, that it muſt not be over-much ſtirred, and preſt upon by any courſe, or diſcourſe; for, like the ſea, it works and ſwels a long time after.

November 28. 1637.

THis artificial world, or rather ſecond Chaos of many making, hath been to me, and is to many, an Inſtrument whoſe Muſick is not worth the tuning, nor the tuning worth the ſtrings that are ſtretched and broken about it. Many a good man makes here ſuch a voyage, as many

many have done in the discovery of the North-west passage. Much industry and patience, wrestling with mountains of seas, ice, and rigour of weather, and in the end glad to recover their Countrey, with their victuals spent, and their Vessel weather-beaten, having found little but the vanity of their voyage, and that what they sought, is not at all, or hardly to be found.

Here the ingenuous, and ingenious nature finds it self intricated; here it toils and spends it self, and by that time it hath made discovery of this worlds vanities, and in any good sort surmounted them, by that time it understands what nature* and what grace will bear and comport with, it becomes so infeebled in health and fortune, that there remains nothing but to wish a happy return to our heavenly Countrey: And as those Northern climates are found onely inhabited by wild, crafty, and ravenous beasts, so is the world incompatible to an honest sincere Religious disposition; Heaven is the proper sphere of goodness and perfect sanctification.

* Politick engagements, humane inventions, and unnatural sophistications raise such a mist and confusion, especially upon the most ingenuous well affected spirits, that the best of our short day is past, by that time we can clear and free our selves.

I am contented not to destroy these papers, because they carry in them many great graces and good motions of Gods Spirit upon me, and will or may, like so many pictures, hereafter serve to shew and witness me, as well to my self, as to others, what then I was, even through their crude, unpremeditate, unreviewed confusion, which with the imployment of some more accurate labour and diligence, I confess I might correct: but having satisfied my self in their private production, I am contented to let them pass lame and disordered as they are: some also may make happy use of my unhappy observations and errors.

December 7. 1637.

AS he that travelleth towards a mountainous Countrey, climbing one hill, discovers still more and farther, both in prospect, and to be ascended; or like *Sisyphus* his stone, still begetting new labour; so is there no end of writing. Infinite have been the writings, and might be, upon the melancholy Subject; and innumerable have been my sufferings and conflicts in it, more than are fit to be revolved, or related, wherefore I must desist: No humor is more eagerly set upon entertainment, diversions, and delight, none more necessarily require and urgeth it; but thus incident is it unto it, to trouble and infest it self in its entertainments, hardly moderated, hardly contained and satisfied; they had need to be such, as are of a nature to entertain the mind without over-busying the fancy: idleness is pernicious, and business cumbersome. Gods good assistance and Spirit must be the best and onely support and guide.

How subtle and witty in far fetcht and strained apprehensions and impressions, is the dejected spirit to its own hurt and disturbance: without

out Gods help, and a firm faith and reſolution to oppoſe it, it were incaple to maintain it ſelf.

There were no end in ſetting down incidences and conceits, as they obtrude themſelves: it is beſt in this caſe to be abrupt; cruſhing of this root affords inexhauſtible juice, but of importune, malign and venemous effect: Mans ſpirit is infinite, and ſo our diſcourſes.

November 29. 1637.

AND now, moſt gracious God, I render unto thy Divine Majeſty moſt humble thanks for thy wonderfull preſervation to this day; for, as I have diſcerned thy extraordinary ſuper-eminent hand in humbling me, I have no leſs participated of thy mercies in my relief, even then when I have been brought ſo low, that both in body and mind I have conceived my ſelf incapable of all humane help or evaſion; this hath often tranſported me to an extaſie, and admiration of thy infinite goodneſs. It hath taught me to be other than ſuch as reſent not thy ways and judgements, how thou art all in all; the Author of all, but eſpecially good motion: many who feel not the motion of their heart in ordinary, do yet in an extraordinary trouble and diſtemper of the ſpirits, take notice how then it beateth within them, and how by the motion of it they move, and are glad to comfort and ſtrengthen it; ſo fareth it with men neglecting the motions of thy Spirit within them, by whith in their beſt proſperities they ought to move, in tribulation they reſent it, they are glad to comfort it, and ſeek their ſupream comfort from it. Thy providence is the current, in which we all inſenſibly move, all our ſails and oars cannot carry us out of it: he is an ignorant Navigator who knows not this.

Thou, O God, art the Star, the Loadſtone, the *Neptune* of our voyage in this world; be thou my current, my guide, and to thee be all my Sacrifice: Flexanimity is thine alone, and but for the favour of thy good Spirit, I had been ſhipwrackt upon a thouſand Rocks. I have been put to encounter croſs winds and waves, the Leviathan of diſeaſes, and that like a Veſſel without Maſt, Sails, Oars, or Stern, or at leaſt tottered and diſabled in all my natural furniture, my ſpirits waſted, my blood conſumed, &c. Yet through all theſe defects, all theſe ſtorms, thou haſt appeared my mighty deliverer, redeemed me from the ſwallow of infinite threatning gulfs, &c.

The Plant may attribute growth to its own virtue, but what were it without the Sun? or what motion hath the heart of man but by Gods grace? &c.

December 2. 1637.

HYpocondriaque paſſion more or leſs too general, as learned *Laurentius* affirms, in exceſs, makes the body an *Æolian* Cave, and is of the nature of what is written of the Hectique Fever; in the beginning hardly diſcerned, and eaſie of cure, but in proceſs of time too manifeſtly diſcovering it ſelf, and hard to be remedied. From the upper regions of the Air, proceed the inundations and corruptions of the loweſt: It fareth ſo in the body of Man; the Head, Heart, and Stomach, (I might ſay principally, the Mind) breed the crudities, impurities, and obſtructions of Liver, Spleen. Miſeraiques, and the lower Belly, which by their evil noxious vapours and effects, revenge themſelves upon their ſuperiours, offending and infeſting them with great trouble and miſchief, inſomuch as ſome have made a ſuperſtition in the bowelling of dead bodies for a perpetual purity.

I have had experience of the truth of ſuch diſcourſe, and have by Gods grace, and great agitation of my inward parts, wonderfully preſerved my ſelf; whileſt we live, we are to do the uttermoſt and beſt we can for our ſelves.

OH the lameneſs, oh the miſery of mankind! having attained ſome principles and elements, we preſently preſume we know all things; then we doubt, then we queſtion, and in concluſion, our humane knowledge proves ignorance and cavil: To know God is the onely true knowledge, all elſe is vanity and confuſion.

Good God, teach me to ſubſiſt as well in thee as by thee, and I am happy; do thou ſupport me, and it is alacrity ſufficient; moderate my working ſpirit in my petty imployments, and I will eſteem it no ſmall matter to ſpend my time well in Piety, Charity, and ſome worldly trifles: I never affected any thing more than to do good, and be uſefull in good ways; but to be imployed without power and freedome, or in matters unſutable and unpleaſing to my affections and diſcourſe, I have ever preferred a private quiet, and exemption, affecting rather to exerciſe a power of compoſing home-bred inconveniencies within my ſelf, than to undergo their impoſition from others, I could as well as another have been a buſie man, &c.

1637.

HAppy are they who according to this world deſire little, or moderate their deſires, even in the way of perfection, knowledge, and happineſs it ſelf: for our portion here is ignorance, imperfection, and loſs of happineſs by over-ſeeking it; in the true knowledge of God, and his favour, conſiſts the onely true tranquillity and felicity, and nothing but the perfect joys of Heaven can ſatisfie the perfection, and *Summum bonum* affecting ſoul.

When

When we have ſaid and done what we can, we are in ſuch a miſt and confuſion of things, ſo ſhort-ſighted through our falſe Perſpective, that there is much chance in diſcerning the truth and right way, even of things within our reach and capacity; in deſpite of all our ſearch and circumſpection, God is all in all; without him, ſeeing we ſhall not ſee, and underſtanding we ſhall not underſtand; who refers to nature, and our natural univerſality of faculties, and not to his extraordinary influence, is blind to his grace and operation. By him we live, move, and have our being; and no thing or faculty works, but through his grace and providence.

FAntaſie in us, is like the ſail of a Ship; without it, we want much of ornament and motion, with a predominancy of it, we are in danger of over-ſetting; without it, many things, otherwiſe delightfull, are dull and inſipid, and if it be over-pregnant, it ordinarily ruines and befools us. It is our Souls Perſpective, multiplying objects at one end, and leſſening them at the other; it is a better ſervant than Maſter. Happy they, whoſe Steer and Balaſt can rule and command it. It is a Horſe that muſt be born with a hard hand, if it get head, it tranſports us to much inconvenience, and hardly contains it ſelf within any limits of judgment and reaſon. All things take their tincture from it: It is to be leſs than man to want it, and more to bridle and over-rule it; God alone can temper and moderate our inordinate fancies* and affections; he alone is commenſurable to our vaſt deſires.

Moderation hath ever been a hard vertue, the moſt conſcientious ſpirits have ever been ſubject to ſuperſtition and idolatry, ſtrength of fantaſie is apt to multiply it ſelf beyond meaſure, irreligious hearts cut the Gordian knot which they cannot untie: to diſtinguiſh betwixt God and man, muſt be from God and not from man; Man may endeavour and concur, but God alone can clear and confirm. My good God, I will (with thy good grace) let my heart looſe to no other object, than thy ſelf, and what is pleaſing unto thee; ſo ſhall I have fulneſs of joy, nor ſhall I regret or envy the moſt ſplendid employments, or fantaſtical delights, wherewith this world Syren-like enchants the minds of ſuch as dote upon it: Smile thou upon me, and let the world frown or ſcorn; the worlds kiſſes are poiſon, the embraces confuſion, they carry their ſting with them; but thy favour is preſent and eternal felicity.

If the very enjoying of our fancies, and feeding them, be a kind of ſurfeit and oppreſſion, what is it to fail, be croſſed and miſcarry in them? Little ſail and little fancy make the beſt and ſafeſt voyage.

To conclude theſe ſhreds and ejaculations, which may weary, but never ſatisfie either my ſelf or any other: (for there is ever more and better to be ſaid) our artificial, infirm, and perplexed condition, is to a curious ſtrong mind, a natural and ſtrong diſtraction, a large and vari-

* In our naturals they had been eaſily contained, and within a ſmall compaſs, when nothing but faith can now circumſcribe and quiet them.

ous proſpect works upon, and divides the fancy, and with a divulſion breeds a kind of convulſion in the ſpirits, and a ſolution of that ſweet continuity and harmony which God hath ordained natural unto us. Original and actual ſin inhabiting in us, deſerve that and much other puniſhment. If God of his great grace and indulgence give us not a clew of his thred to guide us, we are confounded and loſt in this worlds Labyrinth; he is ours and the worlds prop; and if it had not pleaſed him wonderfully to aſſiſt and ſupport me with extraordinary ſtrength of reſolution, and his good Spirit, I had a thouſand times periſhed in my errours, and confuſion. Wild Affections, which lead grave Reaſon by the noſe, had undone me; a vertiginous ſpirit, and my own weight and ſtrength had oppreſſed me: And well might I miſcarry, ſeeing the ſtrongeſt ſpirits are, in the multiformity of their diſcourſe, moſt obnoxious to find reaſon to fortifie themſelves in the groſſeſt obliquities, to us in propriety is all ſenſuality, vanity, fooliſh preſumption Sophiſtication, and corruption of truth, with innumerable exorbitancies and follies.

But to God, onely good, onely wiſe, juſt, merciſull, and omnipotent, be aſcribed all honour and glory for evermore. *Amen, Amen.*

Good God, I am the work of thy hands, and now happily of thy good Spirit, let thy mercy work with me, and upon me to the end and Eternity.

Tot contra unum caput conſpirantibus, quis potuiſſet reſiſtere, niſi Dei optimi maximi ſpecialı gratia aſpirante?

There had need in truth be an extraordinary ſupply and ſupport of reaſon and grace, againſt the ſtrange and ſtrong fond impreſſions of the Melancholy humour.

November 25. 1637.

IT is ſaid, that if a horſe could be equally placed to provender on each ſide of him, he would ſooner ſtarve, than reſolve.

I was ambiguouſly conſtituted, balanced in diſpoſition, betwixt contemplation and action, thrift and comlineſs, pleaſures of the body and mind, vice and virtue; Countrey, Town, and Court; private, or publick courſe of life; and no wonder, if *Dubia torquent*; the world is a Riddle, an entangled skain, vexatious to extricate; to intend our minds and affections much upon it, is as well miſery as vanity; it pays us with a Cloud inſtead of *Juno*, torment in ſtead of contentment; we often loſe ſubſtances for ſhadows, and felicity by over-ſearching it. There is a proportion of wit, moſt conducible to this worlds reſolutions and happineſs; if we exceed, or come ſhort of that element, either the heighth and fineneſs of the Air agrees not with our Lungs and ſubſiſtence, or we are dampt and ſuffocated in an over-earthly and phlegmatick dulneſs. As in ſquared paving ſtone, ſuch onely endure the earth

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and open weather, as are neither over-hard nor ſoft: ſo is it in the temper of mens ſpirits, for the undergoing of this worlds incidents. Happy ſuch as moſt ſlightingly paſs through it; yea, God himſelf requires, that we eſteem it as but a paſſage to Eternity, a point, a nothing in reſpect.

He onely can fill and ſatisfie the curious ſoul: I cannot be ſorry that the pleaſures of this life concern me neither in uſe nor affection, when I conſider their ſting, their moleſtations, and emptineſs, compared with the ſweet comforts of Gods favour, and the bleſſedneſs of everlaſting life.

There, like the upper Region, dwels all peace, purity, and glory.

Here all corruption, Meteors of imperfect mixtion, ſtorms, and calamities.

There is our true Countrey and Region, where, when God ſhall have refined us, we ſhall live, and ſhine more glorious than the Stars.

I Have promiſcuouſly ſpecified the cauſes and originals of my embitter'd mind; I was deeply plunged, before I ſuſpected; and had given ſo much way to it to take root in me, as made the Cure moſt difficult; It is a *Goliah*, but we muſt not (like *David*) fight againſt it with our own Arms.

The grace of God is All-ſufficient, but humane ſtrength moſt incompetent; once diſcovered, I manfully reſiſted it, elſe I had never near ſo long ſubſiſted; I uſed diverſion, which is the humane, firſt, ſecond, and beſt remedy. I oppoſed *Labore & Conſtantia, ferendo & feriendo*. Like a *Parthian*, I fled and fought, but prayer hath been my moſt effectual remedy; it is a Devil that is not otherwiſe caſt out; Phyſick is a feeble exorciſm: but when by hearty Prayer I humbled my ſelf to God, and implored his aid, I ever roſe from the ground, like an other *Antæus*, with renewed and revived ſpirits. God make me thankfull, for his mercy hath ſurpaſſed the tranſcendency of my follies. Happy the wounds that meet with that good *Samaritane*. Happy the diſeaſe that brings us to the cure of ſuch a Phyſitian.

I Have read how *Plutarch* complains of mans infirmity, who can in nothing keep or meaſure, or conſtancy. In truth affections in our minds, reſemble over-much the motions of the wind in the Air: They riſe and take their courſe, ſometimes in moderation, ſomtimes in ſtorm; they diſcontinue, they change, they whirl, and all ſo ſtrangely and irregular, as we neither can well conceive, or controul; we neither know whence they proceed, nor where they will end; the objects of

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our pleaſure and diſcourſe poſſeſs us with a drunkenneſs, with a giddineſs; the ſtrongeſt and hotteſt minds are moſt intent, moſt Mercurial, moſt unſettled and Volatile. Thence hath grown an obſervation of the frequent changes and troubles in the *Florentine*, more than the *Venetian* State. Now what means have we to fix this *Mercury*? the natural temper is hard to alter, the inconſtant Body acts too much upon the Soul.

Thou, O God, canſt onely effect ſo great and ſupernatural a work; faith alone, and a Chriſtian hope, can become the anchor of our ſouls, to maintain them firm and ſecure, againſt our own and the worlds winds, waves and rocks.

No other than thy divine Armour can reſiſt, no other than thy divine Water can quench the fiery Darts which Satan and the World throw againſt us, and our ſelves ſhoot to fall on our own heads: thou who madeſt us, canſt onely mend us, thou art the ſole Phyſitian of the ſoul; our knowledge is imperfect in the flowings of our blood, our elementary humours, and the anatomy of the body, much more in the motions of mind.

Thou, O God, who madeſt it, and inſpiredſt it, underſtandeſt it better than our ſelves; it is of thy privative juriſdiction, and thou alone canſt ſteer, canſt rectifie, and fix it. We miſ-know our ſelves and thee, when we attribute to our ſelves a preſumptions ſelf-ruling power; we have not motion but from thee, by thee, and through thy daily providence, ſupport, and aſſiſtance: It is ſo in all creatures; in many of them their motion is without diſcourſe, and involuntary, but in us thou giveſt the will and the deed.

January 13. 1637.

HOw ſacred and ſerious ought to be, and is our Religion? how in this Galley, moſt look one way and row another? how yet ſome people entertain ſins with a notional Denization? ſome ironically ſport and play with them as Natures game; ſome make them venial, which in Gods Audit will find another account: To what croſs batteries of Honour, Nature, Laws, Cuſtome, and Religion, is our frailty expoſed? Poor humane ſoul, curious of rectitude, curious of knowledge, no wonder that thou ſuffereſt ſuch diſtractions, ſuch convulſions: Example, which ſhould rectifie thee, betrays thee; thy leaders, who ſhould guide thee in a clear and conſtant way, wander, and confound thee, and in their partial and ſelf-intereſſed ſubtilties loſe themſelves and thee. Naturally I affect Truth, and am impatient of imperfection, eſpecially ſuch as I appear capable to remedy; and till I ſeem to diſcover what may be commodious and rational, I cannot reſolve: but right and truth have ſo various an aſpect, and dwell in ſuch a cloud and croſſneſs of apprehenſion, that if God of his great grace make not himſelf the

the guide of the good well-affected Soul, it ſtrays, it loſeth it ſelf, and becomes overwhelmed with this worlds confuſion and obliquity. Thus works my fancy, thus, accidentally enfeebled, am I put (according to my nature) to walk ſtrongly in weakneſs. Moderation is the hardeſt of Virtues: My daily prayers to the Almighty ſhall be, that he will pleaſe to beſtow it upon me; I greatly need it againſt my nature, againſt my ſelf. I am at an evil exigent, employment I want, and am weak to undergo it, yet idleneſs and vacuity of thoughts (as unnatural unto me) I cannot bear. I have done, and will endeavour my uttermoſt, to compoſe my ſelf, to ſubſiſt and entertain my ſelf towards God, my Neighbour, and my ſelf, in the moſt Religious, diſcreet, and charitable temper that I can, &c.

December 11. 1637.

IT is hard for a man to diſſect and paint out himſelf, yet have I thus adventured upon it, according to the life and truth, and without flattery. In a Looking-glaſs, they ſay, we ſee our ſelves by reflection of the beams of our ſight upon our ſelves: in the mirrour of my misfortunes I have thus reflected upon my ſelf, but I confeſs, true diſcerning is towards outward objects; we are naturally blind to our ſelves, beſides the miſts that ſelf-love and intereſt raiſe upon us. Every man is *Omnis homo*, and hath all kind of propenſions, though not alike predominant, yet ſo, as by himſelf he may beſt, if not onely, well judge of a ſoul; others are not ſo penetrable and conſpicuous to us: reflexive beams are of ſingular uſe upon our deportment, words and actions, ſo is circumſpection, ſo are precepts; but default of good Judgment, Grace and diſpoſition makes all fruſtrate.

I have touched in one paſſage, that Choler aduſt muſt not be violently ſtirred up, in reſpect of the rage and diſtemper it often ſo procures in full and fowl, eſpecially long unſtirred bodies; but I profeſs, my courſe hath been by all means, inward and outward, to ſearch it to the root: I went much upon the rule of *Quod movet removet*, * and what I heard once from a good Doctor, That obſtinate inſiſtings often work great and ſtrange effect. I have long forborn Phyſick, even when I moſt needed it, ſo ſtill incorreſpondent hath my condition been unto it ſelf; ſome reaſon I had, that neither I could nor would admit it: but had I not, by Gods inſtruction and long degrees, brought my ſelf to be able to work upon my ſelf in an extraordinary way, exerciſing my ſelf by his ſupport, and ſupporting my ſelf in a great ſtrength of body and mind, I could not near have ſubſiſted; I had by many years and degrees brought my ſelf to it. It is for me alone, and therefore I cannot preſcribe any thing therein to others; there is a mean and diſcretion belongs to all things: But certainly, tartarous oppilations are ſo tough and clayie, that they are immoveable to ordinary courſes and medicines, and extraordinary muſt be cautiouſly and gradually imployed.

* Medicines in truth work their effect by encountring and ſtirring the peccant humor, ſtrength of nature expelling both the Phyſick and humor; in which conſideration, a right and ſtirring exerciſe is the ſureſt and beſt digeſtion and expurgation.

Inveterate,

Inveterate, they consist of a fat, waxen, viscous, impacted, and sowr substance, such as Vegetables slip by without penetration; * Minerals are more effectual, in such a difference as betwixt the stroke of a cudgel or sword; a natural Crisis and evacuation is better. But we have so clogged and entangled our selves beyond the quiet of nature and of other creatures, that Art and Physick are thereupon become more necessary.

* Minerals, especially Mercurial, must be cautiously used; for though they presently clense, they turn vegetation to a metalline disposition of breeding alluminous, virulent, corrosive matter, unnatural, and of an over-flowing acritude.

In truth, though the Patient in this malady hath a Wolf by the ears, trouble in striving, and unsafe to let go; yet I esteem it a poor resolution, to suffer a rooted mischief (which is presently noxious, and will more and more grow dangerous) upon fear of adventure, where there is any the least hope of delivering our selves: insupportable evils admit and excite rather to any hazard than a miserable tolleration; a hopeless condition is most calamitous; a well-built body will endure, and work out very much, like a good Ship against foul weather at Sea: Mine, I thank God, is such, that had not my mind like an evil Steersman, infinitely (even of late) been injurious unto it, I had by Gods grace infallibly prevailed, both against my Giant-disease, and infinite intervening unfriendly accidents; but by his help I daily mend, and hope to leap over the wall.

Nil desperandum in Christo, nil auspice Christo.

L'industrie est de nous, L'heureux succez de Dieu.

The Version of the French carries this sense,

It is our part to be industrious, but God gives the success.

Be then strong in Faith, couragious in your self, such God assist; sit not down despairing, be ever stirring, suffer not a peccant consistence to settle & fix within you, it will else grow more obstinate and threatning, saliginous, sulphurious to the sense, like an often fired Gun; fervently pray, vigorously oppose, restrain and crush troublesome thoughts as fast as they intrude; they will vanish by frequent repulse: importunity of resolutions, when they stick and spend the spirits, admitting time, remit, and discharge to another season. *Dies dabit quod Dies negat:* the black humour, by Gods helping hand well resisted, will at length learn to comply & cohabit with nature to a reasonable subsistence: However the mind, like a loose vesture, having taken a fold, hardly leaves it, there is generally means for all things. Repress suggestions in their very dawning; otherwise, though your night repose, refresh you, their sudden mornings invasion will raise in your body and mind a new surprizing disquiet: Rely not on drugs to cure your dregs; they will but palliate in pruning a present over-growth of loose boughs and branches, slipping by, and leaving the root and more solid part. Daily bodily disorders require daily working out, which nature can hardly undergo, otherwise than by a daily common bodily exercise. I condemn not some little seasonable, discret expurgation, humectation, refrigeration,

refrigeration, alteratives, comfortatives, all probably ſomwhat requiſite; but ſtrength and heat of nature maintained, ſhe finds helps of her own proviſion, unforced bleedings, ſweats, deſcending evacuations, itching expulſions, with other extruſions, evaporations, tranſpirations, by the porous overſpreading skin, an univerſal emunctory: Frequently termed diſeaſes, like winds appearing to trouble the air, purifie and clear, ſo in the body. A ſparing well-tempered diet, concuſſions, diruptions, lacerations, contortions, frictions, diſcreetly uſed and continued, work wonders, with Gods concurrence: uſe of generous ripe fruits, even Peaches better than flatulent Apples (however diſallowed) are of a welcome, benign, accommodate juice. Good liquors not abuſed, temper and allay. Phyſick implyes Nature, and thus they may well agree; common courſe makes faint, weak and tender, this ſtrengthens to endure air and action. Experience bred Art, and my long ſucceſsfull experience hath given me the charitable boldneſs of this diſcourſe: May it prove happy to the unhappily affected, to the ſtudious, thoughtfull, ingenuouſly diſpoſed, over-often ſubject to need this and better. This is out of the Doctors way as much, as many præternatural, contracted diſtempers, from offenſive ſettlements in our bodies, are out of the purging reach and road; I could ſay more, but being unpriviledged, even this will receive harſh entertainment, and will ſeem too much: Yet *Nocentia juvantia*, and obſervation with years makes Phyſitians. Thus much with favor I preſume farther, New Syder is of ſingular uſe and correction: I alſo lately acquainted a Doctor, who received it for good, what a happy alteration I once found, by uſe of a large draught of *Epſam* waters, mixed with milk, taken faſting, and ſtrongly walking upon it; but ſtomacks and bodies are not alike, neither by time and accident proved mine ſuch as to think fit to continue it. *Tunbridge* waters are of known good effect, uſed with good advice, after due preparation, in good order and diet, the reliques muſt be ſubſequently drawn away and wrought out, which will be well helped by exerciſe, and a reſerved enſuing heat of the year. I am no writer of Gazets, or their advertiſements for recovery of loſt horſes, ſtray children, &c. yet willingly and charitably I cannot forbear to intimate the ſingular uſe and benefit of a Six-peny Pill, called *Del'aunays* Pill, ſold in their houſe at *Black-Friers*, *London*; one ſingle one taken after the firſt bed-ſleep, gives a gentle working four or five hours after to me, without the leaſt diſtaſt or trouble; reaſonably kept, it holds a long time good, ready to be taken at pleaſure; whereas upon a conceived need of purging, Phyſitians and Apothecaries are ordinarily remote, and before you can receive any thing from them, your body, the air, or your mind may be ſo changed, that you will rather for the preſent forbear; theſe remain ſtill at hand for your own or others uſe; I cannot affirm an uniform operation in all bodies, my ſelf, by Gods help, makes ſeldome uſe either of that or other Phyſick; but I find it a Catholicon and general eaſing evacuatory, to moſt offenſive contracted ſuperfluity; and in a Countrey reſidence, I eſteem it a neceſſary piece of houſhold-ſtuff and proviſion.

Yet a little, and I hope my good meaning ſhall be forgiven. I never

received ſo long and irrecoverable an inconvenience, as by an ill-ordered bleeding by Leeches; it is ordinarily adviſed and practiſed, pretending that the body is thereby cleared of a fæculent blood; but as in other Purges the beſt humours go with the worſt, ſo there in the Blood: it is our natures riches, a precious incomparable commodity, ſuperintendent bridle to all redundant peccancy of other humours; the melancholy man can worſt ſpare it; that and its off-ſpring, thoughts, deprædate the ſpirits, and may be exhauſted in their Vehiculum; the ſtock and predominancy waſted, is hardly ever to be repaired: The common courſe is, to apply them towards evening, and withdrawn, to continue a bleeding over warm water, and after competency, to preſume of the cool of the night and linnen clothes to give a ſtop; which very many years ſince ſo failed in me, for too long a time, that I preſently became Crampiſh, Aguiſh, with an irrecoverable ſinking of the fleſh of my fingers ends; this might have been prevented with a little lint, as to other orifices: the intention was to provoke Hemorrhoids, which in ſome bodies Nature ſends for her own diſcharge; ſhe beſt underſtands the contrivances of her dwelling, nor ſafely ſuffers to be forced from her own inclination and way; ſhe often exerciſeth a diſſolving and attenuating faculty upon tough faſtened ſtuff, beyond or ſimples or minerals, ſending them away, without leaving offenſive reliques or tincture, nor ſhews her high power till put to by extremity, as daily experience demonſtrates. All this unintended coming by degrees, craves a common paſs, and the Doctors licenſe.

Non ignarus mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.

The old ſayings of *Qui medice vivit miſere vivit, & Plus perculi à medico quam à morbo*, grew not groundleſs. I had my ordinary recourſe to Phyſitians, till I found, that though my penny trotted, I drew neither any thing new, or cure from them. A friend of mine finding me with much coſt, make continual uſe of cordials, told me the heart muſt comfort the heart; God, and his aſſertion have ſince been my onely effectual cordials. I alſo, about the ſame time, received a Book written by French *Laurentius*, dedicated to the Dutcheſs of *Uſez*, for her benefit, diſcourſing and preſcribing much upon four incommodities wherein ſhe laboured, in her ſight, in her years, Catarrhes and diſeaſes of Melancholy, inſititious to what he treats of the flatulent humour, he relates two ſad ſtories, of a torturous end befalling, in ſpite of experimented Art and applications. It was to me the preſent of a grave noble well-wiſher, himſelf ancient near forty years ſince, which finding me ſomwhat upon my retreat, wholly withdrew me from other refuge than God, and what inſtructions his goodneſs ſhould furniſh unto me. I was long ago reſolved to enter iuto a courſe with Mounſieur ..... a man of long train and engagement; at the very inſtant of entrance it pleaſed God to ſend me a ſudden irreſiſtible averſion from my preceding reſolutions, with motives ſufficient to contain me ſubſecutively from all ſuch coſtly Patience; Phyſick takes name from Nature, but proves as *Mons à non movendo*, nothing leſs in reality, nothing

nothing more oppoſite, diverting & deſtructive in common effects. This I write to be thankfull, and magnifie Gods mercies unto me, exciting others, rather to caſt themſelves in ſtrong Faith upon him, than to confide in any natural Conſtitution or Helps, whither of Phyſick, or other; however, rational means divinely ordained, are neither to be neglected, or contemned.

December 11. 1637.

TO give us courage in misfortunes, it was well ſaid of Fortune, that her courſe is irregular, and that we ought not to deſpair of her; for often when ſhe appears to threaten us with imminent ruine, ſhe is truly in the Article and Cataſtrophe of our good and advantage.

It is more verified in the ways of God, nothing more ordinary with him, than by humbling us to exalt us, and to ſtrew the path to Heaven with afflictions. *Cæſar* animated his Pilot by carrying him and his Fortunes; it was a vain preſumption; but he who the Almighty is Pilot to, cannot ſink nor miſcarry: to demonſtrate his power, and awake the faith of his Favourites, he permits (as to his Diſciples) the ſtorms to riſe, and waves to threaten deſtruction; and in his mighty and ſupernatural reſcues, appear his ſweeteſt comforts, his greateſt glory.

Nec Deus inter ſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus; as the Divines affirm, that temptations proceeding from the Devil, may be diſtinguiſhed by their violent and ſudden ſurpriſe.

So may Divine deliverances be infallibly known by the ſudden and extraordinary help that we receive from them, at ſuch time, as our condition appears unto us moſt irremediable and deſperate. I have infinite matter and thanks to render to my Maker, to my Saviour; but in nothing more, than that of his abundant mercy he hath been pleaſed to lead me through Seas, through Wilderneſſes of troubles and errour, by a cloud, by fire, by the thunder of his voice, by infinite wonders, for near forty years together, to bring me at laſt to his happy Land of Promiſe, that is, to peace, joy, and repoſe in him, where alone flows all true happineſs and fixed contentment.

There can in truth be no conſtant courage, without a firm Faith, and aſſurance of Gods favour towards us; that alone fortifies us againſt danger, darkneſs, and death.

December 12. 1637.

IT is truly ſaid, that we know ſo much as we put in practice, nor are the notions and floting impreſſions of the brain, without a through tincture of the heart and ſoul, any effectual ſcience; and ſo it is, that vertue is conſtituted a habit, and not onely a babling ſcientifical diſcourſe of the mind: Until I conſidered this, I often wondered to ſee the beſt Clerks often the worſt men, as well as none of the wiſeſt: Men read and ſtudy commonly, rather for curioſity, to cenſure, to learn language and the courſe and manner of the world, to maintain a ſide, to gain bread, and knowledge like other men, rather than truth, vertue, and piety; to gather opinions, and to appear good, rather than to be. Propounding to our ſelves wrong objects, no wonder if we miſs the right; which makes ſo many Scholars, who ſtudy to get the beſt Livings, leſs vertuous in their lives than others, who, more vertuouſly and ſpiritually than worldly affected, ſtudy rather to nourish than cloath, to Dye than paint their minds. Corrupt nature, like a depraved ſtomach, turns and aſſimilates all nouriſhment; it makes an alien of forreign inſtruction, and governs it ſelf by its own Laws: Nay, ordinarily againſt our wills and reſolutions, Nature relapſes, and raviſheth us from our Morals, from our Metaphyſicals; Senſuality prevails, and we prevaricate with our Conſciences: when I approached Gods Sanctuary, this was yet leſs ſtrange unto me; there (as *Copernicus* hath placed the Sun in the Center of this Univerſe, whoſe influence and Magnetique vertue gives life and motion to all material creatures) ſo is it clear, that the immaterial mind of man hath its life and motion onely from the good Spirit of God; and unleſs by his influence and inſpiration he carry our inſtructions and informations to the root, except he alter, reform, and ſeaſon our hearts, like hafty ſhowers, all paſſeth away, whereas a ſound heavenly dew worketh a better watering and fruitfullneſs; want of that Divine irradiation makes us ſuch Mungrils, ſuch half Chriſtians, as we ordinarily are, acknowledging our Faith and Saviour in our tongues, and denying him in our lives. God of his great grace grant us his ſaving Spirit, and we ſhall as well practiſe as ſeem to know and profeſs. *Amen, Amen.*

December 14. 1637.

NO wonder that I ſearch into the abſtruſe cauſes and proceedings of my diſeaſe, for I am a wonder to my ſelf, that a Sanguine complexion, with a natural ſtrength of body and mind, and none of the moſt impertinent in wit and diſcourſe, ſhould fall into ſo great a confuſion and conſumption of mind, body and fortune, without ſome outward moſt apparent violence: But (beſides what I have formerly expreſſed) I conſider, that ſteeping my ſelf in my beginnings in the ſtudy of *Mountains Eſſays*, which are full of Scepticiſm, and a kind of Moral mortification, in crying down the delights and preſumption of

this world, proved to a tainted and tender mind, a great amatement and blunting, with an anxious diſpoſition of doubt, in the ordinary courſe and pleaſures of this life; that, and much adverſe accident, nipt me in my firſt Spring; otherwiſe, in all probability, I, who in that lowneſs and oppreſſion of Spirits which hath poſſeſſed me, could yet ſo bear up, as in ſome meaſure to become ſought and reſpected by the better ſort, might have been ſomwhat more than I have been in the eminency of this world: but the great and good God hath otherwiſe ordained, nor am I without hope, that he, who hath to this day ſo wonderfully ſupported and converted me, will thereby work his glory and my good.

It is true, that my courſe hath been moſt improſperous, yet never of a groſly irrational or unthrifty election.

I have in truth been ſo far from humouring my ſelf in the impulſions of Nature, or moſt delightfull objects of my fancy, that I have mainly reſiſted my ſelf therein. It hath pleaſed God to make me an inſtrument of croſſing and puniſhing my ſelf in whatſoever I moſt placed my mind. The obſtinate continuance of my diſeaſe, and the failings of thoſe whom I have truſted and relied upon, have abuſed me: I have loſt much pleaſure and profit, whereof I might have been capable; but for my ſelf, I regret it not, for alas how vain, how tranſitory, how full of vexation are the beſt of earthly commodities, &c.

Truth hath been ſaid to be the object of the underſtanding, and good of the will: *Totus teres atque rotundus*, expreſſeth an honeſt man; yet a bowl perfectly round, except upon a ground exactly plain, holds not well its ſtraight line and way, a ſtrong byas better maintains it ſelf againſt whamps and unevenneſs.

So doth a man byaſſed with ſome ſiniſter affection, often run a more conſtant and thriving courſe, than he who hath conſtituted truth and true good his Miſtreſs; but himſelf being round, and his way uncertain and uneven, he varies and fluctuates accordingly. As I have often ſaid, Truths to us are ſuch obſcure, high, twinkling Stars, that we hardly faſten upon them; what pleaſeth us, is onely certain unto us: I ſpeak in a natural way; for ſupernaturally in Faith alone is all truth, all good, certainty, and pleaſure. Till God gave me that happy gift, I was a bowl without byaſs, a ſhip without ſteer, or Star.

I Were more than moſt miſerable, if my reſentment, my heart, and affections, were ſet upon this world; but I humbly thank God, it is far otherwiſe with me: and now as there ever hath been a difference made between ſuch as caſt themſelves into open and eminent miſchief, and ſuch as fall into unhappy conſequences of evils unforeſeen; ſo hope I to find favour * and pardon from the better ſort, and the worſt I reſpect not. And as that Prince, who plain in perſonage and habit, was by miſtaking ſet to drudge for his own entertainment, and being diſcovered

* As was ſaid, *Non ego prucis offendor maculis quas non incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura*: ſuch in great part have befaln me.

vered, and demanded what he meant? answered, That he did penance for his evil-favouredneſs: So am I contented to undergo, and ſubmit my ſelf to the not undeſerved penance of my fate, with an acqieſcence of, *Fiat voluntas tua; ſed libera nos à malo.*

January 2. 1637.

NEmo læditur niſi a ſeipſo, never proved it ſelf more true than in me, I have been both agent and author of my miſery and ſufferings, I have been both Criminal and Tormenter: God made me ſtrong, I have made my ſelf weak; God intruſted me with many Talents of advantage above others, I have miſ-imployed and abuſed them and my ſelf; from my youth I have ſuffered his ſcourges and terrours, with a ſighing heart, yet ſuch is his mercy unto me, that it is good and happy for me that I have been troubled: As I have turned unto him, he hath been graciouſly pleaſed to turn his countenance of favour towards me, healing my wounds with the ſoveraign balm of his grace, and refreſhing my ſoul with his waters of life; humbling me to exalt me, and chaſtiſing me in a Fatherly correction, to prevent my eternal puniſhment.

How ſweet (O Lord) are thy mercies, beyond compariſon, beyond my expreſſion! the falſe and flattering joys of ſenſuality, are meer ſowrneſs, bitterneſs, and vexation in reſpect: Continue thy grace unto me, perfect thine own work, and make me an inſtrument of thy glory, confirm me in the contempt of this worlds vanities: And as on me, ſo work upon the world, by thy Almighty Spirit, thy ſaving health, that thy will may be done in earth, as in Heaven; nothing but thy all-powerfull Spirit can effect it; draw us, and we ſhall come; and let it be through tribulations, ſorrows, fire, and whatſoever long or ſhort, a fair or rugged way, ſo it lead to thee, we ſhall be happy above meaſure. *Amen, Amen.*

Sweet Saviour, let thy precious wounds cure mine,
And ſave my Soul, which is by purchaſe thine.

January 15. 1637.

BEauty, and the delight of the eye conſiſt in well-ordered luſtre of colours, proportion, and motion; yet forbears it not to be extraordinarily affected in the enjoying of ſuch objects as the appetite and fantaſie have preſcribed to themſelves for a neceſſary or voluptuous ſatisfaction, whereby appears, that we become moſt raviſhed and tranſported by the operation and co-operation of the mind, whoſe trueſt and nobleſt

nobleſt objects are vertue and goodneſs. Hence ſprung the conceit, that if vertue were viſible, it would beget in us moſt tranſcendent affections, ſo beautifull, ſo amiable it would be to a generous Soul.

God is the Author and Prototype of all beauty and goodneſs: how infinitely then beyond compariſon ſweet, fair, and lovely muſt he be to ſuch as apprehend and contemplate his glory, and to whom he impartеth himſelf and his mercies? As the ſight of the body of the Sun ſo filleth the ſenſe, that for the preſent it can admit no other conceit; ſo doth the glorious ſpeculation of Gods Eſſence and Majeſty, annihilate and expel all earthly affections. How vain, how motly, poor, and beaſtial are vulgar delights, in reſpect of that tincture, that rapture, and eternity of bliſs, which flow from his Divine grace and knowledge? how is it poſſible, after ſuch influence, to reliſh the droſſie pleaſures of the world, for the moſt part common with beaſts, fleeting, moleſting, lame? Miſerable is the heart which he doth not ſeaſon, diſconſolate the comforts which proceed not from his Grace: who without that could live contented, could he content to be one of *Circe's* beaſts, and live and die in a drunken fit? I moſt humbly thank thee (my gracious God and Saviour) that thou haſt vouchſafed to open my eyes to thy glory, and the worlds vanity; till then I never found ſolid or permanent comfort. I have, like others, been apt to conceive, that this worlds delights were our proper portion of thy aſſignment; but thy grace hath enlightned me, and with a ſtrong hand taught me to chuſe the better part. I have ſince thy illumination affected above all things, to ſet forth thy Grace, Mercy, and Glory; but pardon me (O Lord) they ſurpaſs my poor abilities. I am an earthen veſſel, weak, and craſed, as unable as unworthy to be a fit inſtrment to ſound forth thy praiſe; I was ambitious to have wrought thy Divine love upon others, that they with me might conſtitute thee the ſole ſcope and Lord of their counſels, their projects, their actions; but a fuller and richer Magazine than mine, and a ſtronger health are required. Pardon (O Lord) that I withdraw my ſelf, conſcious of my weakneſs and inabilities; but what my pen cannot attain, my tongue and actions ſhall (by thy Grace) indeavour to ſupply.

January 14. 1637.

CHaritie implies the love of God and Man; without it, whatſoever we pretend, we are Infidels, objects of hatred, to our Maker, to our inferiours: What condition can be more contemptible? No delight is comparable to that, which reflects upon a good mind from its own goodneſs extended upon others, eſpecially when our Conſciences bear us witneſs, that we do it out of a true love and obedience to our moſt mercifull and Omnipotent God. To pretend Faith, and be without Charity, is to mock God and our ſelves; better were it for us to be like beaſts, without all knowledge of God, then to play the Hypocrites,

crites, and draw a thouſand woes upon our ſelves. Above all thy gifts, O Lord, thy gift of a lively and true Faith is precious and ſweet unto me; to be conſcious of that, is to be happy: Conſcience without it is a ſting, a torment unto us, and ſuch ſhall they find it, who, in the luſtineſs of their fleſhly pleaſures and diſcourſe, moſt ſmother and affect to extinguiſh it; it hath a root in them from their youth, which may lie long hidden, but will, deſpite of their nipping and obſtinate courage, find a ſeaſon to ſend forth thorny branches and bitter fruits. May I (O God) no longer live, than I ſhall endeavour to pleaſe thee, more than my ſelf, and others, who bear thy Image, as much: confining our indulgencies to our ſelves, we are worſe than beaſts; extending them to others, we reſemble thee, whom we are commanded to imitate; nor are we otherwiſe fit for a ſociable life in this, much leſs for the ſociety of Saints and Angels in thy eternal world. Make other vertues as eaſie unto me as that of Charity, and I am happy.

January 20. 1637.

TOwards a departure, or a long journey, men uſe to ſettle an order, to declare their will, and expreſs their affection: I have reſolved (if it pleaſe God to inable me in performance) as neceſſary to my ſelf, and fit for you, to abſent my ſelf ſome little time from home; that having entred you into an œconomical way, recollecting your ſelf, you may in my little Fortune (which I have wholly committed unto your diſpoſing) have a full and free faculty of managing and ordering all according to your good pleaſure and diſcretion: You know what is ſaid in your *Theatre d' Agriculture*, that *Eſlever trop de Palais & nourrir trop de valetz*, is a way to ruine. As for the firſt, concerning building, I hope ſo to have furniſht you, and provided ſuch accommodation, as it ſhall not need to trouble either your mind or purſe: For the ſecond, it is the miſchief of the *Engliſh* manner of living, (eſpecially in the Country) to labour and be charged with multitude of ſervants; great Fortunes may bear profuſion, but in yours, you had need (as much as may be) ſtudy a reſtraint: A ſmall Eſtate, and few Servants, well ordered, often make a Maſter live moſt happily and handſomly. I never was ſo careleſs or prodigal, as to propound to my ſelf a courſe of expence above my means; but my miſhap hath been, that ſuch on whom I have relied, have never contained within the limits preſcribed, which hath bred my conſumption. For though the malignity of my diſeaſe hath thruſt me beyond my inclination, in ſome extraordinaries: yet againſt that alone I could have found remedy without a breach upon the main of my Fortune, and ſuch expence I never purſued: Since your ſelf hath been a Witneſs and an Overſeer of my ordinary expences, it hath not been without exceeding; God be thanked, I have born and ſupplied it: You are not now without experience, you have not been without advice, God bleſs them unto you; and for me, I have long

ſince

since composed my self to undergo as well the censure as the loss: good mens opinion I will ever value, but fame (as a thing without me) I never much regarded. Comfort your self with what *Horace* sayes of *parvoque potentem Fabritium*, and the well-being that goes with them; to whom *Dii dederunt parca quod satis est manu.* * I know a Philosophical forced contentment, is no vulgar felicity; but so it conduce to a *bene esse*, it may suffice. You have a straight and fair way before you, and God hath blest you with a good and constant temper and affections, be constant to your self, and you are well.

If any thing prejudice you, it may prove a tender and infirm constitution, with a mind bent to the more noble speculative and generous thoughts, but you must something force and stiffen your self to carry an eye, and take a pleasure in super-intending what concernes you. It is possible for a soul, not sick, though otherwise affected, to conquer and acquit it self herein with ease and chearfulness, if not delight.

You want no good will, you want no pre-caution: Now as it is my prayer, so it is my confidence, That God will not be wanting unto you. Without his good grace, all is but *Invita Minerva.* Experience of my own fate hath been such, as I durst not trust more then needs must.

You have as well my errors as precepts to admonish and instruct you; and I hope you will make use of the rule of *Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* You see how troublesom I am to my self in any thing I am to undertake, or that concerns me; I turn it every way I can, I wind my self round about it, and though I cannot take a resolution, but upon a through search and disquisition.

Yet it is even then not without some distrust and insatisfaction, so infinite is the fancy, and perfection so transcendent: wherefore it is best for curious minds to put on a rigid confining of themselves, and obstinately to entertain no more matter of fancy then needs must; to slight this world as it deserveth, and to fix our souls upon God, is the only sincere satisfaction, an infinite subject to an unbounded fancy.

I remember what a Lady once said unto me, That in government of houshold expence, which her husband committed unto her, howsoever she handled the matter, she ever made sure not to exceed the allowed proportion; indeed there are many wayes incident to this worlds course, and we have a latitude of disposing, and pleasing our selves; but the *unum magnum*, the *unum necessarium* for this life, is, not to over-spend.

This was in my discourse, this was in my affections, but my want and infirmity in health, wildered and overthrew me: God be praised, you yet enjoy *Mentem sanam in corpore sano*, moderate your self, and hold so, and make no question of well-being and fortune; maintain your self ready and capable, and fortune seldom failes to present her self. God multiply his blessings upon you, and receive the blessing of your wholly devoted Father. *Amen, Amen.*

I have set you even, I have set you beforehand, contain and run not behind; never make your self such a stranger to your fortune and course, as to make any one servant necessary unto you, you shall in truth become enthralled unto him, and it is both preposterous and ruinous.

* *Gaudere de iis quæ habemus non debere de iis quæ non habemus*, is a good Rule, attributing all good to God the donor, the worst being beyond our demerits. Who hath a mind to afflict himself, may, rather then fail, go as far as *Adams* transgression.

Whether you take a Country or other life, it imports not, ſo you hold your ſelf within your bounds; Place forceth no man.

They have their ſeveral advantages and diſadvantages like other things, and are to be embraced as diſcretion and affection ſhall lead. Certainly the travelling courſe uſed of late (eſpecially in the moſt ſpiritual and Academical minds) breeds a great partiality to the equal converſation of Towns; but not without danger of being aliened from the knowledg of your own, and as much abuſed therein by others, as of abuſing your ſelf in being carryed away with the City vanities, and unfruitful idleneſs. The Country life is aſſuredly moſt natural, pleaſant, ſetled, and profitable to the *Engliſh* breed and courſe. Do but you care for your ſelf, as I have cared for you, and all ſhall (with Gods bleſſing) go well with your mind, and well with your fortune; ſeek your happineſs from Gods grace and bounty, he will not fail to give it you; make Chriſt your Rock, and you have a ſure Foundation.

December 19. 1637.

Quos pardere vult Jupiter, hos dementat, was a true ſaying applyed to a falſe god; but my God hath often deprived me (in ſome particulars) of the uſe of my ordinary reaſon and diſcourſe, to act things againſt my knowledge, my ends, my reſolution, and my ſelf: he hath raiſed oftentimes, ſtrange and independent combining conſtellations againſt me; I have evidently diſcovered his footſteps therein, and he hath thereby led me to my ſalvation; there was no redemption to mankind but in Chriſt, nor can the wounded and troubled ſoul find any other Sanctuary; he alone is the horn of our ſalvation, the *Cornucopia* of a perfect plenty and felicity unto us, in this, and the eternal life. I have been Maſter of a dogge, whom when I have threatned, in ſtead of flying, he hath appeaſed me by a ſubmiſs fawning upon me.

Thou, my God, art in like manner merciful to ſuch as ſeek thee, and humble themſelves unto thee. Praiſe to thy bleſſed Name for evermore. *Amen, Amen.*

January 21. 1637.

OUr Faith is well alluded to a Rock, and our Saviour to the Corner-ſtone of a building: for, without them, we are all tottering and infirm; not doth the ſweetneſs of any earthly pleaſure make amends for an unſtable wandring mind.

Good God, why didſt thou not to frailty give
One life to learn, another life to live?
Why ſo it is; who here doth thee regard,
Eternal life and joys are his reward.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum ſpectare laborem,

Unexpreſſable is that tranquillity, eaſe, joy, and peace which I find, by having freed my ſelf from this worlds common intereſts and incumbrances; my Soul is like a Bird eſcaped from the Fowlers net; and I am as a free Spectator, beholding the buſie burthened Actors of this Worlds Tragedies, Comedies, Farcies, and follies. Good Lord, confirm me more and more, and make me thankfull in ſuch my joy.

VErſes, I confeſs, though ſuch are beſt which moſt reſemble Proſe, yet (as I am now affected, eſpecially in that meaſure which I had lately choſen) are not ſo fitting to my preſent ſubject. There are divers kinds and degrees of Faith; the generality of ſuch as call and think themſelves Chriſtians, go on in a courſe, childiſh kind of Faith, which gives little tincture to their affections, and leſs to their actions; yet, according to their nature, in ſome things they make more, in others leſs Conſcience: in a farther proceeding and conſideration of Religion, they lay hold on Chriſt, and uſe him as a ſalve for their ſins, and ſinfull propenſions: But when the good Spirit of God, by means of affliction, or otherwiſe, throughly awakeneth them, and works upon their Soul, then, and not till then, are we truly converted; then are our eys opened to ſee and feel the uglineſs of ſin, with the ſweetneſs of his ſaving grace and favour: And thus (O Lord) hath it pleaſed thee (in thy infinite mercy) to work upon me. Now I ſee, and pity the worlds vanity and corruptions. Now, as thou haſt died for me, I will rather die a thouſand deaths, than to grieve thy good Spirit by my leaſt conſent to ſin.

As thou haſt done to me, ſo vouchſafe to extend thy extraordinary hand of mercy upon others; with-hold them from ſophiſticating thy ſincere Religion, with their poor and rotten pollicies: we may ſay of it (as ſome uſe it) as is ſaid of Tilt and Tourney, that it is too much for jeſt, too little for earneſt; it cannot be expected, that the People will follow, except their Teachers lead, and in the ſincerity of their lives ſhew the way; their Tithes are ſubſtance, their ſhows and ceremonies alone in thy ſervice deſerve them not. Magiſtrates, when they obey thee, may more juſtly and exactly expect our obedience. A groſs affectation of policy in Religion, miniſters too much occaſion to weak Chriſtians to judge and conclude of Religion, rather as a Humane Policy, than Divine Truth.

If any ſins were venial, ſuch appear moſt pardonable, as carry with them a kind of warrant from Nature, and a gratification to others; and thou, O God, art leaſt indulgent to ſuch as offend of malitious wickedneſs.

They are like the Planets and Stars in the Heavens, to guide and comfort us by their ſweet influence; when they prove malign, (which the Stars ſeldome do) they are our miſchiefs and our plagues: and as the Stars have their ſhining and influence more for our than their own good, ſo ought they to exerciſe their power.

It is a foul, unhappy fancy, that pleaſeth it ſelf in diſpleaſing others.

I Have of late been urged to work, and am at this time working upon a piece of ground, which hath long been deſigned for Gardening, and ſo imployed; it hath had much coſt and induſtry beſtowed upon it, but the nature of the ſoyl conſiſts of ſo ſtiff a Clay, that it hath ever rendred an ill account and return of ſuch Seeds and Plants as have been entruſted unto it; luſty and fruitfull it hath ſhewed it ſelf in graſs, and rank in weeds: There is an evil Herb they call Twitch, which hath over-run it, of ſuch nature, that having once poſſeſſed a ground, the ſoyl muſt be wholly altered and overcome, or no good thing will thrive committed unto it. My Gardener, to work a cure, hath not onely digged and manured, but hath brought a new and better earth upon it; ſo that now, with a dug induſtry and watering obſerved, it can hardly fail to yield a grateſull and faithfull fertility. Some ſoyls are cured by much breaking, ſome by fire, ſome by inundation; froſts and hard weather make a good preparation; all is happy that confers a bettering and improvement. In the diſeaſes of our bodies, where an evil habit prevails, and ill humours abound, ſome are rectified by purgation, ſome, &c. and ſome by the very diſtempers which they breed: A burning Fever remedies a Palſie, and Agues ordinarily clear the body. We ſee alſo, that a diſordered and ill-habituated Common-wealth and State, but upon extream neceſſity and violence, ſeldome grows to reformation. A vicious and depraved mind correſponds to theſe premiſes, as well in diſpoſition as cure; till extremity, diſtemper, and affliction work upon us, till God, the good Gardener of our ſouls, cultivate, weed, alter, and ſubdue us, we inſiſt in our corrupt naturals, we remain obſtinate in our errours, impatient of good and healthfull counſel, perverſe in all our courſes: Happy that Soyl, Body, State and Soul, which find him their Gardener, Phyſitian, Reformer, and gracious Redeemer. Paradiſe was our firſt plentifull Garden; Health, Original Juſtice and Integrity, our condition; till he renew, heal, reform, ſanctifie and reduce us to our principles and perfection, we are barren to goodneſs, unſound, corrupted, tainted pieces. Perſiſt, O Lord, in ſuch thy grace as I have haply found towards me, be it by breaking, ſickneſs, confuſion, or humiliation, ſo thou make me good,

and

and make me thine, I ſhall be faithfully fruitfull, Athletically vigorous, prudent, temperate, juſt, religiouſly vertuous, and already in Paradiſe and in the Confines of Heaven.

What ſhall I render unto thee, O Lord, for the incomparable influence, aſſiſtance, and ſweetneſs of thy grace and favour towards me? I poſſeſs nothing, but what I have received from thee, nor can I pay thee, but with thine own: The graces of my body, mind, and fortune, are thy Alms unto me; I will ſacrifice unto thee, all my vain and worldly affections, and even that is my great gain; the unſpeakable ſweetneſs and comfort of thy favour is an overflowing and ſuperabounding recompence unto me; that wherein thou haſt inveſted me with the moſt propriety, is my humble thankſgiving, and imperfect obedience; nor that can I offer up and render unto thee, without thy gracious hand raiſe and aſſiſt me: But help me (O Lord) and I will never ceaſe to praiſe, and endeavour to obey thee. *Amen, Amen.*

I moſt humbly thank thee (my moſt gracious God) that my trouble of late hath not been ſo much in any thing, as in a labouring affection to ſet forth the greatneſs and ſweetneſs of thy mercy towards me: Thou haſt been my ſole Phyſick and Phyſician, my preſervative, cordial, reſtorative, and ſupport, even then, when in taking meaſure of my natural ſtrength, I might have conceived it impoſſible to undergo what by thy grace I have performed; thou haſt many times found, and inſpired ways and means beyond me, as well to aſſiſt and ſupport me, as thou haſt formerly done to humble me. Thou never wanteſt means; ſickneſs, anguiſh, diſtreſs, confuſion of face, defection of the eyes, croſſes have been thy inſtruments to make me thine: I was a houſe built for pleaſure, but thou haſt made me a receptacle of all calamities: I was not that crooked piece of knee timber, fitted for diſtreſs; I was framed for the Pacifique Sea, but thy ſtorms have all paſt over me; and yet, by thy favour, I am a greater wonder to my ſelf in what I have born, than was that Cock-boat, which ſafely tranſported from the *Bermudaes*, ſuch as committed themſelves unto it. Free-ſpirited Horſes do often brook worſt the bit and curb, and ſooneſt tire themſelves, engaged to a Mooriſh paſſage; when a Fen-Mare, and an Aſinine patience, better complies, and extricates it ſelf: No ſweetneſs is comparable to thy grace, nor ſtrength to that which thy good Spirit gives. Naturally I am impatient to tread my ſhooe awry; I have abounded in errours and exorbitancies, but thy mercy hath ever opened my eyes, and recalled me to diſallow them, and at laſt to deteſt and abjure them.

Some of theſe pieces were intended but as Paraphraſes to Verſes, after digeſted to Alphabetical Sonnets.

It had been elſe too hard for fleſh and bloud, they can never caſt out, nor caſt off themſelves, as thou haſt ſaid, A Kingdome divided in it ſelf cannot ſubſiſt: But be thou with us, and nothing can prevail againſt us; invincible is that body, that mind and eſtate, which thou aſſiſteſt.

Conſilia quibus impares ſumus, fatis permittamus, underſtanding Fate for God, is the counſel I take. A Ship that cannot ſail, muſt drive, &c.

My gracious God, accept, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, my humble

ble thanksgiving for thy wonderfull preſervation and favours towards me, and particularly, for bleſſing me in Charitable affections towards others, as well as reverence towards thee; daily I have too much experience of the little good that the beſt preaching works upon depraved minds; grant that I may not offend thee, in hurting my ſelf by an immoderate and indiſcreet affecting of others good: Give me a chearfulneſs, without oppreſſion of my ſpirits, in thine, and my ways.

Bleſs the ſincere Profeſſion and Profeſſors of thy ſacred Word; teach them, that they may truly teach thee; with-hold them from mingling policy and ſelf-intereſt with thy Religion, with-hold them from ſhaking the foundation of our Faith, and peace of thy Church. It hath formerly been too great a tax upon our Nation, to have been too inconſtant and troubleſome therein. Maintain the true Light and pure exerciſe of thy Goſpel amongſt us; our iniquities deſerve the puniſhment of a moſt groſs relapſe to diſcovered and eſcaped Superſtition and Idolatry; but of thy great mercy give us true wiſdome and repentance, and avert thy judgements. One pious Church-man is ſooner to be believed againſt their own affected authority, than twenty for their uſurped power and advantage. Luxations in Religion breed a long ſubſequent weakneſs, and the adverſaries of our Religion, as well as Atheiſts, take too great advantage from ſuch occaſion. Contain us, O Lord, from over-prying into, and cenſuring thy ſecret Counſels, Predeſtination, and Free-will; ſtrike the ſame ſtroke upon our lives, our comfort muſt riſe from our endeavour, in either Opinion: The moſt ſubtile Writers loſe and confound themſelves on either ſide, and make too bold in concluding of thee by our blind fantaſtick Rules of Juſtice.

Thou dwelleſt in the Clouds, and haſt caſt a miſt about thy ſelf, which our frail ſight cannot penetrate; how can man hope to underſtand thee, whoſe poor finite capacity cannot ſo much as in his imagination conceive either way of that which he ſees and knows of neceſſity muſt be either ſo or ſo? As for inſtance: we know that this ſublime Candens muſt neceſſarily either have bounds, beyond which there is nothing, or elſe go infinitely on, finally unbounded, and one limit ſtill ſucceeding another; but I am much deceived, if the ſtrongeſt imagination can conceive either way, though one be moſt neceſſary: much leſs can we comprehend and compaſs the Eſſence and Infinity of God; obedience and reverence to his revealed Will, and not an over-bold and curious ſearch, belong to his incomprehenſible Majeſty: But I have ended my paper, and almoſt my ſelf; Vouchſafe (O Lord) to give me modeſty, moderation, Faith, Charity, and Conſcience to guide my ways, and guide that guide, that I may live and die in thy truth, and to thy glory, *Amen, Amen.*

January 29. 1637.

This

THis houſe and ſtair reſemble me, no line
Runs parallell, nor due proportion held,
No landing even, by pre-engagement ſpill'd,
High, low, fair, mean, imperfect, and what's worſt,
Anxious to fit ſucceeding to the firſt,
Full of croſs reaſon, 'twas our equal lot,
Caſting our birth, th'Aſcendent was forgot;
Yet all in this are well and haply caſt,
Leading to God, and Heaven at the laſt.

The Verſes above, in their relations, are not to be underſtood, but by him which knows and conſiders the houſe, ſtair-caſe, and my fortune and condition.

The Stair at laſt leads to a ſtanding, mounted for proſpect, which leads only to it ſelf and Sky.

My Aſh-wedneſday Aſhes.

NO term or Metaphor can carry a more true, full, and lively expreſſion, then doth that of our Regeneration; we are in the womb of this world, before our ſecond ſpiritual birth, ſuch Embryons and imperfect Infants, as can ſcarce admit to be affirmed of us, that we are indued with life and ſenſe; It is more potentially then actually that we enjoy them. We acquieſce in a ſtupid and corrupt condition, we are fed and pleaſed in the impure nutriment of earthly and falſe delights, we draw our nouriſhment by the Navil of our ſenſuality, we are wrapped in our uncleanneſs, and of our ſelves we neither know nor affect any other being. But when God of his great grace calls and urgeth us to our true and ſecond birth in his Spirit, he changeth our affections, cloatheth us anew, brings us to another light, another aire, another condition. He worketh in us a ſight and feeling of our former infirmities and corruption; he purifies, refines and fits us for a more excellent life and knowledg. He diſplayes unto us his far more excellent beauties and glory; we draw our nouriſhment by another root more Coeleſtial, more defecate; we loath and ſcorn our former being, and become raviſhed in the joy of our change, which is not without difficulty and cryes; happy cryes, happy diſtreſs, moſt gainful change. There we could not have lived ever, nor ever been but blind and miſerable. Our firſt life is vegetable, ſenſual, common with beaſts, dark baſe, cumberſome; our regeneration is the only true and eternal life of the Soul. There is no ſincere pleaſure, content, wiſdom, courage, or peace without it; Chriſt alone is the Man-Midwife to bring us to ſuch happineſs.

By

By thy grace (O Lord) am I born, and without it better had I been unborn. I was wildred in a Wood, entangled in a dim light amongſt Bryars, Thorns, and wild Beaſts; but thou haſt freed me, and brought me into the fair, open, delightful fields of thy grace: I was engaged to a Sea of raging waves and ſtorms, but thou haſt inſtructed me to ſtrike my greedy Sayles, to caſt out my vain Lading, and brought me to a moſt happy Port, in thy moſt happy Climate. I was an Executor of the worlds truſt, but found the Eſtate ſo entangled, ſo ſubject to Debts, that thou haſt taught me to renounce and free my ſelf. I will, by thy divine aſſiſtance, avoid the Wood, and be free from the Bryars; the Sea, and be free from Sea-ſickneſs and Stormes; the Worlds common courſes and converſations, and enjoy thee and my ſelf, exempt from troubles, crying debts, and importunate vanities: The world does in truth (for the moſt part) but *magnas nugas magno conatu agere, &c.*

I have (I thank God) in honeſt ſort paid every man his own, and provided for my children: It is not every mans caſe to be ſo diſengaged. I am free (O God) to live to thee, and thee alone. My Country needs me not, nor doth it find me fit for its ſervice, &c. I am (by Gods grace) too rigid, too ſtraight a piece for ſuch Ship-timber. I grieve to ſee the world as it is, nor can contribute ought, but Prayers, to help it: How can it be other then Cachectical, tainted with the licencious luxury of Strangers, intoxicate wantonneſs of Favourites, diſſolution of our Seminaries, the Univerſities and Inns of Court, Prevarication and corrupt example of Eccleſiaſticks, and ſiniſter affections and illuſions of Magiſtrates; as one ſaid, *Signa noſtra ſequentes prodimur, & niſi Chriſtus ſeipſum vindicet, actum eſt.* The Church is compared to the Ark; and I would it did not in ſome things too much reſemble it. It is full of various, many unclean beaſts, and too floating and unſetled: I would rather prove it a City, built upon the Rock Chriſt Jeſus, firm and unchangeable; he is the ſole and All-ſufficient fundamental of our Salvation; and whileſt we confound our ſelves, and ſeek for other, let us take heed we loſe not him, and betray our ſelves not only to infinite, uncharitable, indiſcreet, fanatical opinions and ſchiſms, but even to Turciſme, and Atheiſme; our wild, unſetled diſſentions expoſe us too much to both. Lord, of thy great mercy, teach thy Church and me to fix in a firmitude of thy ſaving Faith and Religion. Baniſh undue policy, baniſh will-worſhip, and teach us to ſerve and honor thee in unity and truth of Spirit; inſtruct and guide me in thy wayes: and ſeeing thou haſt made me a ſociable creature, and given me a working, active ſpirit, addreſs me to the comfort of a ſutable converſation, to diſcourſe and walk thy wayes aright. Thou muſt reveal ſuch unto me, for I find it too hard to find them. Shall the *Roman* Religion afford ſo many, and thy Truth ſo few, who can perſwade themſelves to leave the world for thee? If all other company fail my deſires, be thou my guide, be thou my comfort, and I ſhall ſtill happily ſubſiſt in thee, and want nothing. The world is a writing ſo full of faults, many corrections cannot mend it: *Una litura poteſt*, and that I have choſen.

February 7. 1637.

Like

LIke to his joy who meets a ſure guide to direct and conduct him in a faire way, after he hath been long wildred and benighted in falſe, foul and intricate wandrings, ſuch, O Lord, is my comfort in thy ſweet exhibiting thy ſelf and thy favour unto me; I am now at eaſe, I ſee and hate the ſoleciſmes of the times, I am diſentangled from a wilderneſſe of the worlds confuſed wayes and errors, nor could any other guide have freed me: Thy grace hath ſupported me in my writings, in my health, in my deliverance, beyond expreſſion. Let vanity and ſenſuality delight themſelves in trewand wantonneſs and wandrings, but keep me, O Lord, in thy wayes and School, and let me rather ſmart under the rod of thy Fatherly correction, then become abandoned to an undue and licentious Liberty. Perfection belongs to the one, perdition to the other. Accept my moſt humble thanks for thy infinite favours, and bring me to the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, *Amen*.

February 10. 1637.

TO give, in ſome ſort, a taſt and glimps what kind of ſpirit poſſeſſed me in my firſt youth and melancholy, take theſe few fragments, which, with many other, then I coyned (but have now loſt and forgot) for inſcriptions never imployed.

Fond paſſion is, Opinion but a fool:
God, Nature, Reaſon, are the Wiſemans School.

Delights, good ſervants, but bad Maſters are,
Minds cordial medicines, us'd without fond paſſion,
Fitting age, calling, means, degree and faſhion,
Uſeleſs, but for our recreation,
Doted on, turn diſeaſes our ſouls ſnare.

You'l ſay they are toyes, the fitter are they then
For ſuch vain bubbles, Fantomes as are men.

They profit nought, and wiſemen you will ſay,
Pleaſures foundation on profit lay.
To them that want not, to give Nature right,
Profit it ſelf, in truth is but delight.

It is not affectation makes me write,
But honeſt hearts ever affect the light.

Thus did working thoughts and retiredneſs work upon me, cloudy vapours wrought my retiredneſs, and that by removing me from the common delights and courſe of young men, my father Melancholy,

removens prohibens, goes for a cauſe. I affected the Tree of knowledg, taſted of the unnatural fruit, and loſt my earthly Paradiſe: Though labour, toyl, and affliction have been my portion in ſuch loſs, yet Chriſt hath proved unto me infinite advantage. He is the Chriſtians eternal Paradiſe, in him we find a new Earth, new Heavens, Peace, and joy incomparably more compleat; without him all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit. Happy the fall which meets with him to raiſe us, happy the loſs which finds him to guide us. Since the firſt fall man diſcerning his nakedneſs, of himſelf hath ſought Fig-leaves for cover and advantage, a partial clothing in humane policies, arts and inventions, which all but make us feel the more the weather and our wants. Nature is loſt in artificial affectations, and our falſe acquired knowledg proves our true and real miſery. Thus plunged in vain deceiving delights and wretched perplexity, no exemption, no redemption remains but in and through Chriſt, and the true knowledg of him. By him we turn our firſt nakedneſs and rags into a full and glorious garment; by him our darkneſs and confuſion becomes a perfect illumination, and in him our vain pleaſures and frail troubles become a ſolid, continual feaſt of joy, peace and contentment. That Sun of Righteouſneſs is the only true Sun that lighteth every man to true happineſs. The Sun is the life of flowers, and many of them open themſelves and turn towards it; let us learn from them to open our hearts and turn to God. He alone can diſperſe in us the clouds of ignorance and light vanities; in him alone is that tranquility and true joy to be found, which by our diſobedience and fooliſh affection we have loſt, all our other curioſities, all our ſenſualities do but more wilder us and ſet us further to ſeek. The wiſer ſort of men, in a humane way, have ſought for immortality to piece out their frailty, but in Chriſt alone it is to be found, and without him, it were better to want it. Poor creatures that we are, poor happineſs that we ſeek without him who ſaid, Seek and ye ſhall find. But do not ſuch appear to doubt too much of the Souls immortality, who will rather deny it to become infected with Original ſin, by way of propagation in a probable Analogie to Faith and Gods Juſtice, then acknowledg a natural way of one eternal Soul to beget another, eternity being the only gift of God, and as eaſily and more reaſonably flowing from him the one way then the other? Is not this leaving a fair, natural, rational, and religious way, a kind of teaching to doubt and miſ-belief? Why ſtick they at that which is moſt reaſonable, teaching nevertheleſs Faith beyond reaſon; ſuch as deny the earth to move and turn towards the Sun for its own advantage, upon pretence of Text of Scripture for the earths ſtability, which, as a thouſand others, they might as well, and with far leſs ſtraining interpret in a way of common appearing; if now upon real demonſtration and reaſon, the earth be proved to move, do they not wrong both the Scripture and our Religion? Miſerable lameneſs, miſerable blindneſs of humane Divinity! Help, O God, or we are confounded, we are loſt; true knowledg, thrift or joy are annexed to no perſon, place or condition; but thy grace and bleſſing gives them. Aſſiſt us all, aſſiſt me therein, and I have found more then ever I loſt.

* Beſides other Texts which make and conſiſt with a different opinion. The ancient Church error againſt the Antipodes may alſo be a caveat.

February 10. 1637.

How-

HOwſoever theſe writings may, in ſome reſpect, be as unfit as troubleſome in my condition, yet herein they have proved my great advantage and ſatisfaction, that they have taken me off from other importunate diſcontents and impreſſions, and have tyed me faſter and faſter to God, they have turned the ſight and ſenſe of my miſery into joy and comfort, upon the diſcerning and participation of his mercies unto me. They have entered and entertained me in ſo ſweet a Contemplation of his glory and goodneſs, as, I hope, ſhall never languiſh and die in me: and I have, I thank God, gathered ſuch ſtrength upon them, that I conceive much better of my ſelf, and the vigor of my Spirit to the diſcharge of any ordinary performance. This my good God hath done for me, and it is wonderful even in my own eyes; may it pleaſe him to indue me with all humble thankfulneſs. *Amen, Amen.*

February 12. 1637.

MY good Friend, you have obliged me, in the reading and perufing of theſe my confuſed crudities; and you have in your indulgence to them and me, and their innocent ſpirit of ingenuity, commended ſome things in them far beyond their worth: and wiſhed ſome more labour of mine to be imployed in their more orderly and perfect digeſtion, and a farther communication; but I am over-weak and lazy, and they too incorrigible; they are miſ-ſhapen lumps of an imperfect conception, which howſoever it might be fit for me to be delivered of, yet are they moſt unfit for other then a friendly view and judgment; I put them into your hands, but am far from wiſhing any your farther patience or labour upon them: They are ſuch Bears whelps, that if they were capable of any good ſhape, yet were it moſt unfit that any but their natural Parent ſhould lick them into it; notwithſtanding, if out of your good affection to any part of them, and the propagation of goodneſs, you conceive a tolerable *Mercury* may be framed of them, for the view of a more remote well-affected friend; I ſubmit them to you. Hew off, and faſhion them at your pleaſure; if you ſhould prove ſo idle, as to make ſuch an undertaking, I fear you will find ſo ſhaken a piece of Timber, as is nothing but chips before-hand. I thank God, I have ever ſuperlatively loved goodneſs, and nothing better then to be an inſtrument of doing good; but my fortune and opportunity have not anſwered my affection. Nor can I now either ſo flatter my ſelf or the world, to hope the leaſt good effect from any production of mine; you have often, in your courſe and profeſſion, given, and daily give better and happier proof of your ſelf that way. The ſtuff * which you find in my peeces, is in truth (and ſo ever I conceived it) moſt unfit for the ſight of any other then a cordial and familier friend. The preſence of ſores, infirmities, and cripple diſeaſes, are fitter for an Hoſ-

* Imperfect in the firſt concoction, not to be perfected in the ſecond.

Hoſpital or Almſ-houſe then the Stage; they excite pleaſure in none, and compaſſion but in few and well-diſpoſed perſons: I affect privacy, and love not to expoſe my ſelf and my errors to cenſure (guilty of my imperfections) eſpecially of fools and depraved diſpoſitions. In truth, Melancholy and humane frailty and diſaſter, will hardly meet any other idoneous and compaſſionate Judges, then ſuch as have felt and ſmarted in their ſad unhappy effects; every piece was intended the laſt, and they are too wild and incoherent to make a Team. But (as I have formerly ſaid) uſe your pleaſure, reduce (if you will and can) my *Chaos* into method, cut off repetitions; there is matter enough to prune and burn, little for fruit; correct deſtroy part, or all; if you retain any thing, the labour will be the leſs to let it be meerly mine. And thus I commit my ſelf and it to God and you, his will, and yours be wrought on me and mine.

February 12. 1637.

TRue and exact definitions are acknowledged to be moſt difficult, and knowledg of cauſes to be moſt abſtruſe, falſe diviſions and ſtrained proportions abuſe us, faculties and notions ſtand not ſo clear and diſtinct in their nature, as they are repreſented unto us, and conceived of; nor can we temper words to the mixed nature of things; erroneous affected Idea's miſlead and deceive us; the wiſeſt of humane knowing men profeſs the heighth of his knowledg to conſiſt in knowing nothing; and might it not be a great part of his wiſdom to write nothing? In truth, not to know God aright, is to know nothing: and to know him, love him, obey him, and enjoy his grace and favour, is to know all things, and enjoy that perfect happineſs which the Philoſophers have ſo induſtriouſly ſought, but, without this illumination, could not poſſibly attain. The world is Hydropically ſwoln in the abundance of books and writings of imperfect digeſtion; it thirſteth more and more after them, and encreaſeth more and more in tumor and crudities; men, for the moſt part, imploy their wits and pens in vanities, and for vain oſtentation, they cavil and carp one at anothers errors, and flatter themſelves to know much, when they are able to affirm, what were the Cuſtomes, and what the Tenets of ſuch and ſuch Authors and Nations; howſoever both ſuch and their own aſſertions, in ſeveral notions and acceptations of things and words, and as they are diverſly affected, do but thicken the miſt of our ignorance, and prove ſo many *ignes fatui*, to lead us out of the way.

Nature is loſt and drown'd in Artifice and miſtakings, our ignorance is become invincible. We build one upon anothers unſound foundations, and are ſo dim (ſhort) ſighted and entangled, that nothing but a ſupernatural light can clear our *Ægyptian* darkneſs, and diſa-

diſabuſe us. Our preſumption would exalt it ſelf to make us a kind of Gods in knowledg; but (*non ſi te ruperis, par eris:*) it will not, it cannot be; all we can really attain unto, without Gods good Spirit to guide us, is, to take notice of our lame ignorance and miſery (and that, if we can make good uſe of it, is ſome happineſs, in that it openeth unto us a way to a more full and happy knowledg) we muſt, in deſpight of our prying and affectation, ſtill be men, and die like men. Thy goodneſs, O Lord, thy love, thy glory are the only ſubject wherein I would be ambitious to write and ſpend my ſelf; but thy Glory is too bright for my feeble eyes, I muſt again ſound my retreat. In thy own holy Scriptures thou haſt revealed thy ſelf ſufficiently for our knowledg, for our eternal happineſs and ſalvation. There alone is the habitation of light and truth, and there alone, and in thy Chriſt, ſhall I find thee. I will affect no other knowledge, no other writing. Be propitious unto me.

Februarie 15. 1637.

To my above mentioned Friend.

The Concluſion.

YOu have formerly ſeen how I engaged my ſelf to Verſe, and broke looſe from it; there is, indeed, a kind of wantonneſs and conſtraint incident to it, which agrees not with my auſterity and affected liberty. I am even in Proſe too much a Libertine, impatient of method, abandoned to confuſion; I have partly, though imperfectly, made to appear the calamitous progreſs of my diſeaſe, with the happy and admirable deliverance and iſſue, to the good of my Soul, and no incompetency in fortune, wherein I doubt not but I ſhall move as well joy as compaſſion in ſuch as are good and well affected towards me.

I have not been formerly void of good inclinations (my beſt was ever an affection to God, good men, and goodneſs) but my diſpoſition therein was ſo imperfectly ſanctified and fortified, that it pleaſed the divine power to caſt down all my fences, to turn my beſt wiſdom and intentions to folly, and to expoſe me to the ſcorn of ſuch as, in my naturals, I might have ſcorned: Such ordinarily is the world, and the corrupt diſpoſition of man (eſpecially the worſt and moſt degenerous) that we over-meaſure our ſelves by our own foot; like lewd filthy boyes, we ſport our ſelves in caſting dirt one in anothers face. He thinks me fooliſh, I do as much for him; we gratifie our ſelves in taking advantage at others infirmities and miſ-fortunes, we think to inhaunſe

inhaunſe our ſelves thereby: In truth ſcorn grows commonly from ſuch to whom it moſt belongs from others, and they exerciſe it without ſelf-reflection, charity, compaſſion, or diſcretion.

Care undermined me, improſperous courſes blew me up; Phyſick was my bane, and Diverſions my confuſion: How miſerable, O God, is humane frailty? How wonderful are thy wayes? It is ſaid, That if in caſe of Phyſick, of theſe three, Phyſician, Patient, and Sickneſs, any two conſpire, they prevail. In me the conſpiracy hath been in all againſt me, with Body, Mind, and Fortune, and yet Gods extraordinary grace and mercy have ſupported and delivered me. There is no deſpair till we become incapable of all manner of cure and ſubſiſting.

February 26. 1637.

I Have often deceived my ſelf in thinking my ſelf at my end, the like hapneth in my writing, and before I ſhut up theſe ill-favoured, imperfect repreſentations, though what I have alredy ſaid may partly ſatisfie my intentions, in expreſſing, that it hath been more my diſeaſe then my ſelf, which hath been the chief Actor in my misfortunes, yet know, that the worſt, the ſtrangeſt, and moſt of my ſtory is not brought upon this paper Stage; it is too tedious and unfit for view; not only in the ſtory of particular men, but even of State-reſolutions, and publick actions, and, eſpecially, of natures courſe and proceedings; their true and real motives, ſprings, and wayes are in moſt important effects, ſecret, concealed and diſguiſed, ordinarily hidden in their original, even from our ſelves that act; we may take Copies of others faces, but not of their hearts with any aſſurance. It hath been an honeſt advice to keep a corner of our heart to our ſelves: and if an honeſt heart ought not, in point of diſcretion, to expoſe it ſelf, what truth is to be expected from hypocryſie and diſſimulation? One abſurdity admitted, a thouſand follow, and ſo the foundation of my diſeaſe laid in the exceſs of Treacle and miſdiet, infinite have been the effects, and my ſufferings, which have flown from that and other concurring circumſtances. I have, at the entrance of my alteration, been ready to ſink at the Table; I have, many years ſince, travell'd and ſlept with Cordials at hand to keep me alive: nor left I them, till a hearty friend told me, The heart muſt comfort the heart, which yet was lame and ineffectual in my ſtrongeſt reſolutions, till I had recourſe to God, the only true ſpirit of courage and reſolution; to a curious and well-affected mind, and a weather-beaten Soul, there is no other refuge or harbor of ſafety, ſatisfaction, and tranquility. There are Climates where it ſeldom or never rains, others which clouds *maluſque Jupiter urgent*. In one and the ſame Country, where the earth and heavens in their conſtant ſeaſons ſhould be as conſtantly diſpoſed, yet doth the ſame time of the year prove ſome-

ſometimes cold and wet, ſometimes hot and dry, the materials and circumſtances appearing the ſame; this muſt riſe from ſecret Springs and combinations above rhe reach of our diſcourſe. The ſame diverſity and contrariety of effects befals men in their fortunes, howſoever in appearance equally conſtituted. God is the cauſe of cauſes; he hath in all times and Countryes provided wonders above the ordinary courſe of Nature, to humble and convince our humane preſumption. I had a body and a mind ſo ſtrongly built, that had not my ſpiritual and intellectual parts predominated in me, to withdraw me from a baſe, vulgar abandoning my ſelf to ſenſuality, no man, in probability, could better have ſubſiſted and maintained himſelf againſt ordinary courſe of diſſolution and debauch. I had a Spirit naturally tempered to contain and contract it ſelf above all exceſs but its own. And even that, as well as another, it might have bridled, had not inward diſturbance, and outward misfortunes ſurpriſed and maſtered it. The blood is ſaid to be the bridle of all humors, that I loſt, and much of my good ſpirits with it in the conflict, but God hath proved a better bridle, a better ſpirit unto me. Innocent and groundleſs bluſhings, proceeding from the tenuity and waſte of my blood and ſpirits have been none of my leaſt importune and prejudicial ſymptoms. Such weakneſs, joyned with a ſtrong fancy, hath made me ſubject to bluſh, not only to my ſelf alone, but upon any ſurpriſe of mention and conceit; not only upon any real occaſion, but upon what there might be, ſo much as a poſſibility of in the apprehenſion of another. I have taken my ſelf bluſhing at the appearing or name of a woman, who had ſhe been *Eve* and I *Adam*, the humane race would have been in great danger of failing; at length cuſtome, and complying with a conceited expectation of others, produced it, &c. God hath, by his extraordinary grace upon my humiliation, furniſhed me with as ſtrong means to ſubſiſt, as I at the firſt found extravagant means to keep low and oppreſs my ſelf. In the depth of Melancholy I have not found ſo much as a fearful dream; my ſpirits have taken root from above and have grown upon it. Long ſince, after a great ſickneſs, I had ſuch a tenderneſs of ſpirit, that a thick cloud could not paſs over me, but I felt an alteration upon it. It is ſtrange how a tranſcient thought will work, and give a ſudden ſtroke to a remote and ill-affected weakned part of the body. The mind works not alone by the heart and brain, as is vulgarly conceived, but the *præcordia*, and all parts, more or leſs, contribute, and are affected therein, and God hath bleſſed me with a mind ſo ſtrong that it ever diſcharged it ſelf in its paſſions and errors, more in my body then its own ſufferings; but they are ſtill *Hippocrates* his Twins, and muſt weep or laugh together. I have now diſburthened my ſelf of all trouble, but this of writing, I am too inexhauſtible therein; weary me it doth, ſatisfie me it cannot; I will change the Scene, and ſeeing I find my ſelf ſo ill a Companion, I will ſeek better company. I have ever been over-hard to pleaſe in converſation, my preſent affections and habit make me now more dainty, what ſhall I do? I have, by Gods great grace, recovered in great part, thoſe Jewels of peace and health which I had long

loſt.

loſt. Therefore I will no longer rake in this puddle, nor abuſe his grace in over-bold and indiſcreet preſumption; like the ſtranger belonging to another country, I will tranſitorily pleaſe my ſelf, and converſe with the common paſſions and Intereſts of this world; I will ſpend my time in ſearch of goodneſs, and will make much of it where I find it, I will waſh my hands in innocency, my ſoul in my Saviours bloud, and wrap my ſelf in my own vertue, and his merits, relying on his never failing mercy. *Amen, Amen.*

March 1. 1637.

Oh, over happy Swain, didſt thou but know,
The Benefits thou to thy God doſt owe.

HIs erroneouſly term'd Betters are not happylier lodged in their more goodly and coſtly Buildings, then he in his Cottage, where after his Active well-imployed day, he meets the welcome of quiet thoughts, and family pleaſure of Princes ſweet repoſe. But I am fallen upon an old Theme; nor would there be any end of what my preſent Subject would lead me to: God is infinitely Wiſe and Good, Man unwiſe and perverſe.

Vivitur exiguo melius Natura beatis
Omnibus eſſe dedit, ſi quis Cognoverit uti.

O The vanity, the unthankfulneſs, the miſgovernment of Man! whom the All-gratious God ſo highly advanced over his other Creatures, to ſee, diſcourſe, judge of their Varieties, Natures, Faculties, Virtues, Beauties, gratification to our humane ſenſes and uſefulneſs, making him witneſs of his power and goodneſs, to glorifie him in admiration of his Works; o works of wonder, works of benificence, in the preſent diſcovered operation of the Natural effects of exiſtencies and ſimples, indubitably furniſht with unlimitedly more, as yet to us hidden and concealed, reſerved to the farther indagation and improvement of our rational Soul, which we ſo much glory in and ſo little uſe; nay, ſo much deface and abuſe, as no other Creature can be taxed with like digreſſion, tranſgreſſion. The book of Nature, that of holy Scripture, we ſee, we hear, paſſing them by like dreams of no application, no uſeful impreſſion: Our advantage of hands, we employ to vanities, and ſelf-deſtruction; of language, to falſehood, deceit, diſdain, detraction, profanation, blaſphemy. Our divineſt Souls, intended and framed for the ſervice of God and our Neighbour, we turn to the diſſervice of both. The riches of Nature, which even the

the pooreſt man doth (or may) enjoy, we abuſe in wantonneſs, envy and repining; every creature hath ſufficient, many too much. The Rich mans taſte is not better pleaſed in his dainties, then the pooreſt in his common food; ſtrengh of Corn, multiformly beneficial, various Roots, ſweet to the Palat; nouriſhing Milks, diverſly transformable and conſervable; neat acceptable Eggs, undervalued only in their community; infinite beautiful and delicious Fruits of eaſie production, all obvious and cheap; the incomparably fair face of the Heavens, as much the poor mans as the Emperors; the verdure of the Earth, Trees, Plants, Flowers, Chriſtal waters to refreſh, delight, and fragrantly perfume both ſenſe and ayre; the Birds yield Muſick ro his Eare, Sport to follow, food to enjoy, contentment to behold, curiouſly coloured, fairly ordered and diverſifyed as Flowers. This, and much more, occaſioned the *Poet* thus to aplaud.

THough friends be abſent, converſation loſt,
My bating Soul oft labouring in it ſelf,
By winds and fortune on the black Sea toſt,
Thou preſent, Lord, I fear nor wave nor ſhelf.

Thou Father, Brother art, and Friends to me;
Be the world whoſe it liſt, ſo thou be mine,
They ne're miſcarry, who rely on thee;
Grace ſtorms diſpels more ſtrong then they combine.

All thrives, where thou the pruning Gardener art,
To thy plants, blaſtings frugal bleſſings prove;
Though Summer heighth and flouriſhing impart,
Winter gives ſtrength and Timber to the Grove.
To thine, all ſufferings end in joy and reſt,
And th'abſence of a wicked world is beſt.

Forced delights and contentment, are no delight or contentment; diſpoſe O Lord, my affections and I am happy; until I had diſgeſted the tough morſels, and crudites of this world, I could never have had peace and quiet.

JOckey and his Horſe, were by their maſter ſent,
To honour him in hunting, run, and race;
To put in for the Bel, and take cohtent
In honeſt ſort, fitting fair time and place.

In pride of nature, fit for any ſport,
Jolly and luſty both, at firſt they were,
But ſhortly after both of them fell ſhort,
What by miſchance, by ill-adviſe and care.

Soon he became engaged to a match,
Which coſt him dear, both on the By and Main;
He thought himſelf no eaſie peece to catch,
But knew not to reſiſt ſo ſtrong a train.

He now conceits he could not hope to win,
Except his horſe were ſtraightly dieted.
Such courſe he takes, but thrives ſo ill therein,
His beaſt grows joyleſs, faint, and famiſhed.

He who depended much upon his beaſt,
Grew much dejected; ſtudy, care, and thought,
To ſet all right, and do all for the beſt,
Brought him as low, as firſt his Steed was brought.

After much time, Art, Coſt, the Beaſt became
As vigorous and luſty as before:
Ill now they ſorted, th'one wild, th'other tame,
Zeal to his Maſter helpt to make him poor.

Jockey muſt ride, the Beaſt would run away,
He ſtrove and pull'd, and us'd his beſt of art,
To check his pride, and force him to obey,
So long till both were ſinking out of heart.

The Maſter now came in, to this diſorder,
And finding Jockeys want of ſtrength and skill,
By his all-taming art, brought all in order,
And faſhioned horſe and man unto his will.
Thus right, and each to other fitted well,
They are to run; and cannot miſs the bell.

You may call this to the world a fit of Melancholy, but my hope and reſolution is by Gods grace, never to be other, then my concluſions make me to appear in the former peeces: I ſhall be ſorry for your patience, if, out of your good will to me, you have troubled your ſelf in running over any part hereof, but happy, if I may find you recompenſed by being taken with any one of them; they diſaffect publication and fame, yet believe me, I mean to live by my book. For though I avoid exemplification and enrolment, yet I am contented to admit of ſome few honeſt witneſſes, whereby the more to oblige my ſelf. I know it is a wilderneſs, but even ſuch are artificialy and affectedly of uſe in none of the meaneſt Gardens, and good Herbs and Simples are not rejected or contemned for growing wild. Though the fruit be harſh and grow upon a ſhrub, you may find it wholſome, you may find it uſeful.

Having

HAving, by Gods great grace, this preſent morning, fal'n upon a deſign and rumination, which I eſteem the moſt perfect and happy of any that ever I entertained, the notions and affections of the mind being ordinarily fleeting, the memory infirm and unfaithful, and reſolutions, without a conſtant firmitude, fruitleſs and ineffectual: I have thought good to Regiſter ſuch my diſcourſe, whereby the better to fix my ſelf for the future, in what I now approve and intend.

I have taken notice of many in all Religions poſſeſſed with an affection, and induſtry of Converting others to their own Faith and Tenets. *Generare ſibi ſimile*, is a natural propenſion and aſſimilation, a common delightful operation. In-animate ſpecies naturally multiply themſelves in the Aire, and propagation of impreſſions effect a pleaſing reflection. Many Preach in the Pulpit, few in their lives, and fewer make it a buſineſſe particularly to labor particular Reformations in their common converſation: Chriſtianity is taken up rather for outward faſhion and profeſſion, then for any inward eſſential form and habit; if we were really what we pretend to be, we would not reſt ſatisfyed in our perfunctory proceedings. we would actuate and propagate our faith and charity upon others, and improve our felicity in a ſpiritual way, according to that rule, which affirms him to be born in vain, and unprofitably, *per quem non naſcitur alter*, We are all ordinarily charitable to ſuch as we ſee out of the way by our directions and conductions; we are apt to rectifie errours in any thing rather then piety and Religion. It is a prepoſterious affection and modeſty, ſeing there can be nothing ſo important, both to Gods glory and our own good, as a due obſervation of his will and our profeſſion. We love the children of our beds, and of our brains, and they are often happy unto us: But certainly it muſt be an incomparable and ſuperlative contentment, if it had pleaſed God to make us the children of his good ſpirit, to become happy inſtruments of raiſing up and begetting ſpiritual Children to him; nothing conduceth more unto it, then that our light ſo ſhine before men, that they may ſee our good works, and glorifie our father which is in heaven. Light is moſt moſt diffuſive, and flame incentive, if we be truly enflamed our ſelves, we ſhall hardly fail (at leaſt we ought not) to communicate and extend it to others, who often conſiſt of matter well diſpoſed and combuſtible, but good kindled Coals of Devotion and blowing to be applyed and work upon them. I have formerly lived in *London* with hurt to my ſelf, and no good to others; I fear not now my own prejudice, and am ambitious of others good, could I meet as well with opportunity and conveniency of living in it with a ſociety and ſeconding in my affected courſe, as there is too much occaſion and ſubject of corrupted times, & matter to work upon, I ſhould be much the more happy. But howſoever, I intend the proſecution of what I propound to my ſelf, and that confidently: we too frequently glory in our ſhame, and are ſhame-faced in the exhibition of a true and glorious piety and Devotion. Bleſs me, O God, in this, and all other thy good motions, perpetuate them unto me, teach me to ſcorn the contempt and glory of the world, to prefer and exalt the ſincerity of thy truth and Religion, above

all earthly considerations, let me be none of those, who beleeve thee no further then they see thee, and their own imaginations before thee, confirm and strengthen me in all good endevours, and accept my most humble thanksgiving for thy wonderfull grace and mercy upon me, and that for thy deare Son our Saviours sake, to whom with thee and thy holy Spirit be all glory for ever, *Amen, Amen.*

March 20. 1637.

THis is the misery of writing, and condition of matter, if we pass things slightly over, our short touches make little or no impression, and if wee inculcate them with long insistings repetition, we prove nauseous and tedious. I am guilty of both.

My Sun rose fair, but soon was overcast,
Strong, wanton, Joviall, active, free, and bold.
Morally good by nature I was cast,
Saturne, and inexperience all control'd:
God I should say, good only, I remain'd,
And by his goodness, better goodness gain'd;
The clouds are gone, and I am over-blest,
A Fagots second fire is somtimes best.

POOR busie fooles walk fairely to your Graves,
Live long you cannot, you may dye to morrow;
Short stay a sutable *decorum* craves,
Temper your seriousness as well as sorrow.

AFter gathering together and review of the præceding loose pieces whereof this Second Part consists, I found them so unpleasingly encumbred with Melancholy (word and thing) unconsidered repetitions, and my individual concernments, that I became impatient even to cast an Eye upon them. Many years having past, I attempted to pruning and purging them, as appears by their diverse *& cætera's*: And more lately by some expunctions touching my self and fortunes. Having formerly in my private Edition, written more then sufficiently to a just representation, which, nevertheless, the first limited impressions intended only to my nearest Friends, but becoming, at the request of some, more remote, farther imparted, and upon their death, or otherwise, found saleable, I gave order for the buying them up to my self, where they might be heard of; which proving

Non sumus ergo n.h.l.&c.

proving not throughly ſeiſable, too dear price being demanded, and their over bad haſty and blameable conſtitution, remaining, in my apprehenſion, to my prejudice unredeemable, except by a more correct communication, finding withal that what moſt concerns my particular. And even the laſt fragments are ſo interwoven for Energy and uſe to others, as alſo with matter of devotion, which I can hardly conſent to part with, I am now, after much conflict and reluctation, and by ſome reſpectable Friends perſwaſion, drawn to a further publication, not ignorant of the ſaying, *Qui bene latuit bene vixit: Qui bene tacuit bene dixit.* But, *Heſcit vox miſſa reverti*: We may ſequeſter our ſelves from the world, not ſilence it upon us, nor our working minds and thoughts from our ſelves. Abſtinence is often eaſier then Moderation; but in them not practicable, involuntary to us, like winds they fall to ſudden changes, and there may be in them an incontinence incur'd as otherwiſe in our bodies: *Omnis Fortuna ferendo vincitur.* God alone that hath given them can contain them: He hath humbled me in the world, to exalt me to him. May he bleſs, and the world ſay its worſt; All glory to his holy Name, *Amen, Amen.*

FINIS.

THE THIRD PART OR WALK OF THE FOREST.

Printed in the Year 1659.

THE
PHILOSOPHY
OF
WALKING
OR
FORESIGHT

This ſtill let me Preface to the fair Philoſophical Inclination.

Pardon the rather my inobſervance to Method, for far more ſublime and better Authors have diſcovered as little order, and as much repetition; witneſs the Collection of Marcus Aurelius, St. Auguſtines *Confeſsions, and ſome of a higher Claſs: If my aime and ſcope be good, and that I have with any force and energy purſu'd it out of the way of common and vulgar footſteps, accept; if I have fail'd, excuſe me, ſpare your labour, read and conſider the leſs, it is eaſie to forbear; you may otherwiſe become as little favourable to your ſelf and good intentions as unto me: If you catch me not at a word, at an Epithet, at a half light you will often loſe me and the beſt of my ſenſe and matter; wherefore weigh, and either proceed or reject. Yet thus much know, that either Religion, health, right reaſon, thrift, decency, true honour, moderation and morality are nothing, or ſomething I conceive I have written not unworthy your attention. If you affect goodneſs in your ſelf and others, as good men do, you will not ſcorn the very Eſſayes and offers at it, in the way of prudential rules, knowledg, and obſervations, howſoever imperfect: You may find, if I over-ween not in the through courſe of theſe my preceding, and enſuing Sections, ſhort aſſertions, the fruit and quinteſſence of a long concocted experience, as eaſie, uſeful, and advantagious to you, if you ruminate upon and digeſt them, as they have been coſtly to me to attain, extract, and gather; eſpecially if you are young, and to ſeek, for to ſuch is this addreſs.*

CROTESQUE.

MAN is to himself either the beſt or worſt company, in the even ground of ſolitarineſs the bowl works it ſelf to a byas of good or bad reſolutions, if in this bivious world we take the right hand way, it is good for our ſelves and others; but as children are apt to be left handed, ſo we: Nature is a cold combatant againſt it ſelf, you bid in vain a ſtone to mount, or fire to deſcend, natural propenſions muſt be ſupernaturally predominated: It is found that moſt Soyles (and I believe it of all) how perverſe or barren ſoever, have within them at ſome reaſonable diſtance a marn and manure to correct and fertilize their mold, but induſtry and Art muſt extract and imploy it. The bleſſing of God muſt go to the finding and improving of his bleſſings upon us; I intend not to diſcourſe of our proneneſs to evil, and the difficulty of virtue and piety, others have handled it at large, only I will ſay of my ſelf, that if I be not of a vitious inclination, it is Gods good grace and Character upon me. I know as well as another the advantages and eaſie wayes of diſhoneſty; I could hide my claws like a Cat, till I met with an opportunity for miſchief; I could transform my ſelf into an Angel of light, and play the Divel in my heart, but my ends, end not in my ſelf. I confeſs every mans loves to walk on the ground of pleaſure and delight, nor ought or can a ſelf-conſideration and intereſt be excluded, Fancy muſt and will be humored; ſome have imagined pleaſure to conſiſt in indolency and putting our ſelves out of pain, by the ſatisfaction of our longings, but ſome delights are even naturally and indiſcourſively ſuch, by the impreſſion wherewith they ſurpriſe and affect the ſenſes inward and outward, they are indeed intended and exalted, or remitted and extenuated according to the fancy and other circumſtance that gives them entertainment; not only delights, but variety is neceſſary to humane nature, many are ſo tempered and elemented, that not only ſeeming pleaſures, but ſuch as are hot, full and hazardous are required by them, they muſt have their load, and be put to their ſtrength, or they find no reliſh. What is now to be reſolved? we excluſively uſurp the reaſonable form, if we uſe it not in elections and moderation; I conſider not my ſelf in my naturals, as a ſavage, which I might have been, but as I find my ſelf a civilized, a moralized Chriſtian, moderatour to my own diſputations and actions. Drunkenneſs may be pleaſing, but is ugly, and expoſeth us to inconvenience and ſcorn: I will endeavour to avoid that and the like; I will make a Harmony of diſcord, reconcile Nature, Art, Religion, my own and others intereſt: This you will ſay is a work, but it lies upon me, I drew it not upon my ſelf, and I muſt comply with my condition, I will bridle my appetites, and willingly give way only to ſuch contentments as are moſt cheap, clear, ſafe, and laſting, ſuch as allow

allow me moſt maſtery over my ſelf, my ambition is to poſſeſs all, by deſiring nothing; if I can find contentment at home, I will not ſeek it abroad; I love not to part with my freedome and power over my ſelf, to exerciſe a conceited power over others, ſuch kind of ſpirit and power may be ſweet, it may be brave, the other I preferre as more firm, more ſound; I can willingly forbear the giving of ten blows, to avoid the taking of one, which conſideration is ſaid to have eſtabliſhed Juſtice, and by the ſame I will endeavour my quiet. A private courſe is neither void of pleaſure or variety; place forceth no man to expence, but well choſen, gives as well change as cheapneſs of food and pleaſures; the ſame affections move in little as in greater creatures, and may be entertained as well in a Country as Court courſe of life, they who uſe to play ſmall game, can do it as ſeriouſly as others the greateſt. Buſineſs is many times rather a diverſion then exerciſe of life, let us be never ſo impatient, we cannot ſhake off our natural condition, if we could be contented to be but our ſelves, and ſoberly enjoy our ſelves, we ſhould prove better and eaſilier contented then we are. I will firſt improve my ſelf and my own to the beſt, before I make an alienation; I will be weary of my ſelf, before I paſs my ſelf away; I will not willingly ſubject my reaſon to my own, much leſs to the fancy of others; there is motion enough to be exerciſed within our proper locality without thoſe excentriques and trepidations, wherein many violate their own and natures Laws: it muſt be an exorbitant fantaſie that cannot entertain it ſelf in its own *Apogeums*, and *Perigeums*, contemplation of Heaven and Earth, and a conformity of action. If ever I affect farther, it muſt be by a fair calling, and ſhall be with an affectation of others good more then my own, or good, or fancy; I find few ſuch Commiſſions granted, *Cum libera poteſtate*, as would ſuit with my affections, we ſhall find enough to do to make good our account in a private, much more in a publick courſe; power and gain, which are ſtrong motives to other men, are too vain and ſordid to become my objects; quiet and good are my ends, as motion and gain theirs, my diſpoſition was never lazy or timorous; but I cannot deny a kind of reſtineſs and Epicuriſme in honeſt, ſober, ſelf-pleaſing and Idolatry; it muſt come fair and walk fairly with me that will be mine and hold me. My wit and diſcourſe are no farther at my command then I approve my object and ſubject: Though I be not Mercurial, I reſemble the Planet *Mercury* in this, that my converſation is much according to the company. Every man hath much of the Ape, much of the Chameleon, much of the Paraſite, too much of the Serpent and envy in him; opportunity and neceſſity are ſtrong Agents. I cannot ſpeak half ſo well *French* with an *Engliſh* as with a *French* man, nor exerciſe half ſo much freedome or ingenioſity with a dull, common, or prevaricating, as a lively, generous, and ſincerely expreſſing ſpirit: I well endure not to ſow my ſeed, bnt on good ground, and expectation of a good return, nor to converſe with ſuch as are ſo wedded to their own opinions, and full of themſelves that there is no room or indulgence for any other. I am as tender of giving the leaſt diſtaſte or offence to another, as to my ſelf; though I love conformity, yet no more then needs muſt to an abſurd

faſhion, and not at all to a vitious temporizing. Here you may find no ſmall perplexity; Art is long, multiform, infinite, Nature ſhort-ſighted, bounded, we are obnoxious to a world of croſs indications and reluctances; Art, and Inventions owe us a fair amends, for we ſuffer and are confounded more then a little by them; were it in my power I would recompence, reſtore, help, and piece out Nature by my Writings, but I fear the beſt Authors often more diſguiſe and confound, then better and improve her: She hath, I confeſs, found ſome advantage from Invention, as appears in the extent and multiplication of Perſpective Glaſſes. Catacouſticons, digeſting our Language to be conſerved by writing, regulate and ſublime obſervation in Aſtronomy, and the courſe of the Heavens as the Ephemerides, and exact prediction of Eclipſes do witneſs, but how well ſhe might have ſubſiſted and walkt without a *Jacobs* ſtaffe, and theſe helps let others diſcourſe, I acknowledg them much better then the invention of high heels, head dreſſes, and training Gowns, *&c.* But may it not be a ſhame to Art, that all this while it hath not taught us to flye (and for ſwimming, we are rather diſ-taught by our diſcourſe) and that cutting down and deſtroying great Trees upon otherwiſe barren ſoils, it is not able to teach them to bring forth Corn and inferiour Plants: Fancy, and the melancholy humour, are great Inventors, but as they excite appetite, ſo they frequently hinder digeſtion; a ſtomach that ſurchargeth it ſelf with variety, digeſteth ill, and breeds crudities; it is hard to make a juſt concoction and diſtribution of our unnatural ſuperinductions. The craftier ſort of people ſtrip themſelves of ſuch clogs and incumbrances, and inſiſt too often in a corrupt and unreformed nature. They look upon God (if at all) no farther then they find him in Nature, and in his Works they paſs over his ſupernatural revealed Word and Will, as wanting the eye of Faith to diſcern it, and either queſtion the recommended interpretation, or wreſt it to their own ſenſe and intereſt, they admit now Law but their own Nature, and worldly and ſenſual advantage; no man can know God and his will, and contemn or ſlight it; but Religion, like Nature and the Senſes, is indemonſtrable, becauſe nothing proportions unto it. Every man frames God unto himſelf, ſuch as either his grace or our own interpretation and ſenſe deliver him unto us. If your Divines were either ſo conſonant in their interpretations or lives, as were requiſite, wee ſhould become better Chriſtians then we are. His will would not be ſo indifferent to us, nor would we conceive him ſo indifferent as many do to our wills and actions; Excepting Religion all other knowledg is ſo painefull to attain, and ſo troubled and muddy when we come to ſtir the bottome, that the game is hardly worth the Candle; God of his great mercy enlighten us, and mend us. *Amin.*

Auguſt the 2. 1638.

To

To my beſt Clergy Friend.

IT proveth according to your conceit for this my farther writing, I affirmed to you as I then thought that nothing lay upon me requiring farther vent. In truth for the particular which I now fall upon, it hath been long ſince in my affections to write ſomething therein, but the tenderneſs and daintineſs of the matter, and cenſuring tickliſhneſs of the time with-held me; poſſibly I have been too puſillanimouſly injurious to truth and ingenuity, too much miſdoubting my own ſtrength, and over prejudicate upon ſuperiours in ſuch reſtraint. Religion, as it now ſtands betwixt us and the Papiſts, is the ſubject. There have not been wanting on the one ſide ſome who out of a Romiſh preſumptuous and overflattering diſpoſition, and on the other, ſome, who out of a Scottiſh jealouſie and diſtruſt, have over-boldly apprehended (if not concluded) that both our King and many of our Biſhops are againſt their own and our good and quiet too much affected that way. I have formerly underſtood from you your opinion to the contrary, and that grounded upon ſound reaſon, and mine hath run with yours; none ſhould prove ſo great loſers by ſuch a change as our King and great Prelat, but prudence ought to make them relcue their own power, freedome and ſplendor ever to conſent to reenthral themſelves to thoſe great uſurpations and abuſes which the Monarch of *Rome* exerciſeth over ſuch Princes and States as acknowledge him. It is little that we of inferiour calling ſhould ſuffer under him, in reſpect of the continual reluctancy wherein they would find themſelves plunged. Our King and State enjoy now that happy freedome which hath coſt others full dear to have attained and have failed in their endeavours. Yet a King of *France* is mighty even in the Court of *Rome*, ſo far as to bandy againſt the Spaniſh faction, which is commonly great enough to be troubleſome to the Pope himſelf. The power of all other Princes and States are petty Planets in compariſon of theſe, of ſo little ſway and eminency that their influence and operation is very little more, then as they ſide, adhere, and involve themſelves to the others intereſt. Our King is now one of the moſt free and eminent of Chriſtendome, nor can there be the leaſt juſt fear that that his wiſdome and ſpirit upon whatſoever Antipuritan ſuggeſtion can conſent to bring over himſelf an unbridled and unlimitted jurisdiction and controller. The uſurped vicegerency of the Pope as God on earth is too incompatible with the juſt temporal power of Kings, to be willingly admitted. The ſtrained and injurious pretences of the Roman Church have been too clearly detected, and Chriſtian rights and truths too ſtrongly vindicated to relaps to former deluſions; whatſoever future remiſneſs and indulgency the Pope may pretend, *nunquam ligat ſibi manus*, there can be no ſecurity againſt him, and naturally (as well as for their pretended truth and uniformity) they will ever tend to recover their loſſes and priſtine Authority. Many carry a reverend reſpect to that Church

Church more out of a contemplation of what primitively they were, and now ſhould be, then what they long have been, now are, and are likely to continue. Unity in truth and ſincere Religion were indeed above all things to be wiſhed, as nothing is more to be avoided and abhorred then falſehood, prevarication and impoſture. Whatſoever pretext of policy and devotion there may ſeem to be in part of their diſcipline and Tenents; certainly there is little Chriſtian wiſdome, and leſs devotion, to admit corruption and falſhood upon any policy; Gods truth ſtands not in need of our ſimulation and lies: a diſcovered Woolf and Impoſtor, let his cloathing be what it liſt, ſhall never deceive me, and in a ſincere way I can almoſt as eaſily conſent to be of no formal Religion, as of a falſe one. But they will tell ſome of the wittieſt amongſt us, that there is no aſſurance, no alacrity in a *Calviniſt* ſpirit. Indeed their Clergy is very kind in charging their own ſouls to ſeem to eaſe ours by an implicite faith and abſolution; if I were to chuſe a Religion for my eaſe and liberty it ſhould be theirs, but I know too much of Religion, and them, to be of that mind; I cannot but make uſe of my own eyes in a way that ſo much importeth me, nor can I yeild to reſign them * at their requeſt. Now as it is my prayer, ſo will I endeavour to retain a confidence againſt ſuch apprehenſion, and will perſevere with you as well to judge as hope the beſt. This diſcourſe, though I am more unfit for it then it for me, I have adventured upon in full diſcharge of my heart and ſoul: nor will I forget to put you Clergy men into my prayers; for next to Chriſt and the King, from your ſincerity of doctrine, ſpirit and life, muſt flow our peace, happineſs, and ſalvation. If you preach Chriſt more then your ſelves, and teach inward more then outward holineſs, we ſhall learn from you to become more truly Chriſtian then hypocritically phariſaical, you may otherwiſe confound and ruine your ſelves and us; from which miſchief and miſery may it pleaſe our merciful God and Saviour to deliver us. *Amen, Amen.*

* God requires the reading of the Scriptures, for they teſtifie of him, and by the ſame reaſon ill Clergy men forbid them.

Septemb. 5. 1638.

Habitual virtue inſuperable.

THere is an admirable communication and intelligence, as well as league and Colligance between the body and ſoul: They act the one upon the other, they ſuffer the one from the other; ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other leads the dance; if the mind be ſad, the body is heavy; if rejoyced, active; and ſo contrarywiſe the ſickneſs of the body dejects the mind, and health gives it alacrity. The Oeconomy of the bodies concoction and faculties is diſturbed and hindred by the trouble of the mind. So is the working of Phyſick; only the virtuous temper of the ſoul maintains it ſelf incorruptible and firm, in deſpite

deſpite of all bodily infirmity and diſtemper. A mind habituated to valour and virtue will never degenerate to cowardiſe and baſeneſs from its ingenit and natural Character. The body may incline, it cannot compell, it offers to lead, it forceth not to follow; in our dreams a well-confirmed mind maintains it ſelf againſt vitious tranſportations; yet may the ſtate and temper of the body be much conjectured from our roving and raving fantaſies in our ſleep or ſickneſs. Rheume, Choler, and Melancholy may be concluded from wateriſh, fiery, or diſmal repreſentations, or the intention and abatement of a paroxyſme and diſeaſe from the ſuitable pleaſing or unpleaſing impreſſions and objects whereby they will find means to impart themſelves unto us. (I ſpeak upon experience) in the malignity of a fit or humour, we are full of perturbation, difficulty, and unluckineſs, in the decreaſe all goes fair and proſperous. More wonderful are the influences and impulſion of God upon the ſoul, ſuch as are rather to be felt then related, they are unexpreſſible and indemonſtrable. The leadings, the withholdings, the comforts, the relievings, the deliverances, how ſweet? how incomparable? Our ſpirits are nothing but as inſpired from him. He is the incomprehenſible Spirit of ſpirits, and the world, the giver and ruler of our thoughts. True joy hath no other ſpring or Center; he is the uniter, conſolidator and *commune vinculum* of ſoul and body, the heavens and the earth, the elements and univerſe. No creature is more indebted to his favour then my ſelf. I ſhall be happy if he pleaſe to continue me thankful, and exempt from abuſing it. Which that I may not do in further proſecuting this inſatiable humour of writing, I reſolve by his good grace and aſſiſtance to make this my piece of farewell. I know how ſhort I come in matter, how ſhort of what my ſelf could write; I will not too much preſume of his mercy and my ſtrength and ordinary preſervatives. Subjects of writings are as various and endleſs as obſcure. If you will read the Schoolmen, or more full and Divine writings of our preſent Biſhop of *Saliſbury* upon original and actual juſtice, it will abate our preſumption, and diſcover ſo the vaſt perplexed intricacy and nature of things and queſtions unto us, as will beget a modeſty and reſtraint, as well to our contentious diſcourſe as ſcribling. God hath put me as well into a way of health for my body as my ſoul, if I wrong not the one by the other. He hath cleared my miſts and confuſion by the Sun-ſhine of his grace. God make me conſtant to my ſelf and him. *Amen, Amen.*

To make me alſo the rather conſent to withdraw my ſelf; I find that already in my wild adverſity, I have faln upon ſo many notions, that for the moſt part, that I now take up is apt to enterfere with what I have formerly touched, and the very avoiding would become near as troubleſome as the delivering of my ſelf. *Poſtſcript.*

Septemb. the 28. 1638.

If to be temperate and good 'tis hard,
Will eaſie is, and ſeldome fails reward.
But who nor is, nor goes about to be,
Shame may he reap, his vices proper Fee.

Sweet-

Sweetneſs of goodneſs.

WERE the world as fit to hear as I durſt be free to communicate my moſt ſecret thoughts, I could, and poſſibly would uſe another manner of openneſs then I do; I often appear profuſe in reſpect of others, when I am reſerved in reſpect of my ſelf; I am full of vanity and error, yet ſuch as a good man and Chriſtian may, and for the moſt part muſt undergo, though not approve; abſolution muſt proceed from God, and he alone is idoneous for an entire and unreſerved confeſſion: I have abounded in an exorbitant fancy, paſſion, and infirmity. Some men account tenderneſs of conſcience, a ſilly weakneſs of mind, I make it my glory as they their ſhame. It was impoſſible for me to come off from ſo long a wraſtle with God, and not to bear his marks: I am none of the miraculous three Children, to come out of the Furnace, and not have my body and garments ſavour of the fire. Such a conqueſt and obduration had been my ſouls loſs, and would manifeſt it ſelf in ſuch a profligate wickedneſs as I hope ſhall never be mine; if I be not totally reformed and refined, yet as far as the condition of a frail paſſenger admits, I will as well endeavour as hope to give proof of a bettering in my affections. He is an evil Scholer to God and the World, who learns not to improve his talent, they both expect from us accotding to what we pretend and have, not according to what we make no ſhew of, nor poſſeſs: he carries a great load who hath charged himſelf with a great expectation, whether in virtue, curioſity, expence, or oſtentation of knowledg; a little wit, money, or goodneſs, with humility, ſobriety, and well managing, will go far, and often find better eaſe, plenty and acceptance, then a greater abounding. I would be ſorry not to have improved my experience to ſuch a regulation of expence and affections as to be able and as well pleaſed in ſhortning the one, as ſtretching out the other beyond a Novice or common courſe. Time is an excellent Schoolmaſter of *Lezany*, and ought to be of piety; good improvement in any kind is one of the ſweeteſt pleaſures to a good mind, and it is one of the moſt happy conditions and neareſt to God, to actuate a power of beneficence. The greateſt felicity of Princes is their power to do good; there is nothing more eaſie with Gods bleſſing then for a King and people to flouriſh in honour and welfare; the more miſerable is the conſideration, that ſuch power ſhould ſo often miſcarry by falling into either unskilful or ill affected hands; Immenſe and infinite are the good effects of a power judiciouſly and conſtantly well imployed; if the fortune of private men in a conſtant way of thrift and courſe ſucceeds as we often ſee, what will good order and induſtry produce in a State and Kingdome? If we were as intent to provide remedies for publick as private defaults and inconveniencies, Plenty, Juſtice, Honour, Safety, Strength, and the contentment of good men would flouriſh in the world more then they do; it ſhall recompenſe all improſperity in my ſelf, if I may ſee proſperity in the ſervice of God, my King, and Country; as he is good, may his counſel be

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ſuch and we are happy. Age is a diſeaſe and breeds a moroſity, years and experience of good and bad, right and wrong, have made me nice and hard to pleaſe, whether in diet, converſation, or good order, we have much adoe to become pleaſed in our ſelves, as much in others. It is a diſcourſe that hath been taken up againſt marriage, I have felt and could ſay much therein, but it is a jarring ſtring; the beſt of us are clogs and remora's to our ſelves, much more to others; we cannot the beſt of us be ſo good as we would and ſhould, I will yet wiſh well to others, and be as good as I can. *Curantem quicquid dignum ſapiente bonoque eſt*, is that I affect to find in my ſelf and others. Morality leads us to fair grounds, Chriſtianity to the beſt and ſoundeſt; it were well if we could be conſtant to either without being at every turn of fear, hope, fancy, and our own falſe appearing and flattering advantage, ſhaken in our reſolutions, and abandoning God, Religion and goodneſs. But alas! we call upon many men to be good, and to be wiſe, who have it not in their power; they want a confirmation and temper of parts, they have *Læſa principia, vitioſa præcordia*; it is proper to God alone to be exempt from error and frailty. Many men erre by inconſideration and want of Judgment, many by following their inclination and judgment, in nature right, but wanting experience or ſupernatural illumination and grace; the firſt were wholly in the dark, the ſecond want the true light; the firſt want judgment as well to * correct and recollect as at firſt to diſcern and deſign, the ſecond want not diſcourſe and underſtanding, but ſuffer it to be overcaſt by their careleſneſs, ſenſuality and affections; the firſt ſuffer in their frame, the ſecond in diſeaſe, and diſtemper: no wonder if the firſt be incorrigible, they are blind and have it not in them, the other have, but ſometimes cannot go about to find it, and ſometimes will not uſe it. Though to me error hath ever been aſſential, yet at the worſt have I never been ſo diſſolute as to enthral my ſelf to the tyranny of any delight, vitious, or other, I have in truth been ſuch a Sceptique as not to have been ſure in ſo much as what was my pleaſure; I have brought it to the teſt of reaſon, and judged common delights too baſe and beſtial for a cultivated ſoul. But why was not I more ſceptical againſt courſe of reaſon, then pleaſure, which ſeemeth to admit of leaſt doubt and diſpute? reaſon is indeed too multiform, fancy, intereſt, preoccupation, miſunderſtanding ſway it too much, yet not ſo far, but this concluſion may be raiſed. Experimental and natural conſequences muſt be acknowledged, and they who order their courſes and actions with leaſt prejudice to themſelves in either preſent or future reſpect may be termed the wiſeſt. But to diſtinguiſh, to reſtrain according to truth and reality, *Hic labor hoc opus*. God and nature muſt and will be our leaders; God originally, Nature inſtrumentally; fantaſie and diſcourſe are pieces of nature, and well inſtructed, well habituated may over-rule her. Perfection of ſoul conſiſts in ſound underſtanding and affections, in conceiving and affecting our ſelves and other things in due meaſure and as we ought; Regulation and moderation are the great buſineſs, right underſtanding begets them, and powre in them our practiſe,

* Many of us muſt feel our errors before we ſee them, nor ever then we will blame fortune or ſomewhat elſe rather then our ſelves.

God, Juſtice, Honour rooted in ſeaſoning our ſoules will have an influence into, and ſteere our courſe and actions; Beautie is not faire; nor received pleaſures ſweet, but as they inſinuate themſelves and comply with our prediſpoſed Fancy, which gives them their reliſh and tincture. Great and eminent beauties and Phyſitians are idly ſupercilious towards ſuch as regard them not; their operation exiſts much in our conceipt; they are much beholding to Princes and others, who ſubject themſelves to their power of life, death, and torture over them, our weakneſs is their ſtrength and credit. But here by Gods grace I leave this fruitleſs Labyrinth of writing, humbly begging his helping hand, which only can aſſiſt and direct me, and hath never failed to ſupport me. *Amen, Amen.*

Novemb. 10. 1638.

THough I miſs of your company in the vaſt cloud and preſs of this Town, yet I cannot forget you; nay, ſuch is the difference that I find betwixt yours and common converſations, that I want you the more by enjoying of them, and like a true piece of goodneſs, diſcern you the more by wanting you: Gratitude muſt never grow old, and ſome bruiſes and hurts are of a nature to renew and refreſh their ſenſe, by inward or outward accident even till our deaths: that qualitie hath, ſince I ſaw and writ unto you, produced theſe little reſentments which now I ſend you. It is a year of mourning, and mine is long ſince doubledyed, death and ſickneſs are grown a common converſation, and have alone of late been mine, excepting the diverſion which I have received by a continual load of moſt importunate and vexatious trouble; my near friend is alſo dangerouſly relapſed into the diſeaſe of the time, careleſneſs, preſumption, impatience, and a treacherous indulgence to his own humors (our common reigning maladies) have been the cauſe: We are of late ſo out of our wits, that our very mother wit of keeping our ſelves warm, fails both in our mothers and us. By natural heat we live; want of clothes, want of cheriſhing it makes us all ſuffer. Though you know my mind concerning Phyſicians, yet ſuch is their acquired Vogue, and they taken up ſo neceſſary, that my friend is under their juriſdiction, God ſend it to his good; cold taken upon Phyſick hath caſt him down. I have been preſent at their Anatomical diſcourſe of his diſtemper, danger, and cure, excellent termes to amuſe and amaze the credulous ignorant, enough to work a cure by the enchantment and charm of their words and language. Yet I cannot but compare it to a Rope-dancer whom I have ſeen do his tricks, and ſhew his Art in a ſack; if his footing were right, good; if other, hazard for a neck or limb: But here, if their learned blindneſs miſtake, the poor paying Patient muſt ſuffer. It is juſt that they who cannot govern themſelves ſhould be ruled by others often worſe. Theſe and more evils muſt we ſuffer, as it is in the 14. *Chap.* of the book of *Wiſdom*, *Verſe* the 22. from the wars

of

of theirs and our ignorance. A word or two leſs would have ended with the bottom of the page, but howſoever I end well, if you continue and accept me.

Your faithful Friend and Servant.

Novemb. 12. 1638.

The Shepherd, Sheep, and Wolf.

MY true, fair-minded Friend; I believe you now in labour to Preach and mend the vitious world, I alſo wiſh, but little hope to do it by writing; you ſow, and I write in the Sand, we both dwell at the Sign of the Labour in Vain, the *Moore* will not change his hue, nor the Leopards their ſpots, they cannot, nay, they would not; you ſhall not perſwade them they are blemiſhes, no more then the Lady her affected patches on her face, they are in faſhion and appear fair in their own eyes, as every mans way and pleaſure to himſelf: we may lament one anothers endeavours, others will deride us, or poſſibly, ſome will be ſo good as ſay, Well ſaid, well writ, as they uſe their feaſts, eate, and forget; the ſober diet breeds the better nouriſhment, example is the better Teacher, but it muſt be numerous, to prevaile; Virtue is grown but a name, and that neither well underſtood nor agreed on: Some honeſt men there are, they may make much of themſelves, and wrap themſelves in their own virtue, a habit, God knows, out of faſhion; they are fitter for Cloyſters, then the worlds traffick, and like ſquare playing Gameſters, ſhall be ſure to be made a prey and ſit down by the loſs; their ſtrong conſtitution may reſiſt the corruption of the times, they ſhall not alter them; their innocence ſhall have as little power (howſoever commended) as freſh waters upon the Seas ſaltneſs; the worlds antiperiſtaſis may better them, not they the world. But how comes it that ſo few are honeſt? Is it that perfection muſt be as rare and hard in Nature as in Art? Is it that our artificial confuſed meat and drink infect our bodies, and they our ſoules? Is it the perniciouſneſs of example in great and powerful perſons, who ſway the times and ſeldome originally attain to riches, honours, and greatneſs by juſt and honeſt wayes? Or is it that as ſome ſpecies of creatures are of a perverſe and evill nature, ſuch as live by rapine and deſtruction; ſuch as Apes, Wolves, &c. So man is naturally of a miſchievous kind? if ſo, then may a good natured man be eſteemed a Monſter, and rather an error then perfection of Nature. Is it theſe, or is it not rather the corruption of our minds and affections by having changed and perverted Nature from her firſt purity, into artificial fancy and affectation of enthralling others and inriching our ſelves? So that as women are in reſpect of their attire, often

ten the leaſt part of themſelves; the like may be ſaid of man in the diſguiſe of the mind: So it is, and ſuch puniſhment is deſerved in our deſertion and rebellion againſt God and Nature. We are one anothers ſcourges, we are ſcourges to our ſelves. If you, and I, and others are rather Sheep then Wolves, let us thank God whoſe grace it is; let us cloath our ſelves in our own wooll, ſhort paſture will content us for food, little drink more then the dew of Heaven: Thither let us tend towards him whoſe mark we bear, the great ſhepherd of our ſouls: Let Wolves be wolves, whileſt he is our ſhepherd, and his good Angels our guard, we are ſafe and happy now and for ever; let the wolves of this world, the Loup-garrons, the mankind wolves devour what they can, they ſhall devour but what they can, moſt commonly one another: There are ſo few of us, they would elſe want meat; though their rage be great, their time is ſhort, our comforts are ſweeter, more permanent: as much as they contemn us, they are content to make uſe of our cloathing; they reckon us fooliſh Martyrs, of a fooliſh Philoſophy, and we them beaſts of a foul deformity. They are ugly to God, ugly to goodneſs, often ugly to one another, and ugly to themſelvs, eſpecially when affliction, ſickneſs, and infirmity lets looſe that Band-dog, *Conſcience*, upon them, which they had formerly in their proſperity tied up, and kept in darkneſs and ſleep; hating and, hated, flattering themſelves with ſtrong deluſions, to one anothers torture for the preſent, and eternal torment hereafter I leave them, committing you, and all good men, the Sheep of God, to his inviolable, infallible protection; *Amen, Amen.*

November 14. 1638.

No wonder if a perverſe nature uſe perverſe and crooked wayes; a Serpent cannot go right, craft is the evil mans inſtrument to evil ends, as cunning is ſomtimes neceſſary to good men for good purpoſes; evil men are in the dark, they are blind to true vertue and charity; their works are works of darkneſs, and their wayes acccordingly: it is the glory of diſcreet power, in goodneſs to walk fairly, and chooſe the open ſafe and fair way, where others how ever powerful needleſly encumber and bemire themſelves in bryers and bogs. As I have often ſaid, it is a ſweet thing to ſee knaves miſcarry, and play the fools, as commonly they doe: they, like the woodcock, think themſelves more concealed then they are, as much unduly overweening themſelves, as undervaluing others. I never knew a fool without ſome kind of craft, nor a wiſe man affect it.

My

MY ſecond Father, Brother, and ſpirit of comfort; thus yet I am ſo happy as to converſe with you in abſence; it is a piece of my misfortune to be at ſo great a diſtance from you in the ſame Town; my late, long, and haſty walk unto you, endangered a diſtemper and ſickneſs upon me; but as burning with burning, ſo evil of exerciſe with exerciſe is cured. Natural contemperament, and heat, ſtrength, goodneſs and ſweetneſs of nature and ſupernatural grace, excited and maintained, I find the beſt companions and Phyſitians of body and ſoul; you are witneſs how neceſſary they have been of late unto me in the ſorrows and troubles I have undergone. I thank you for your viſit and ſpiritual comfort you imparted to my relapſed friend, he ſtill needeth it, he hath not wanted natural heat and courage; temper, moderation, and a well concocted diſcourſe, as well as a thorow digeſtion to ſome peccant humours of his body, I fear he doth: Time and conflict with evils have not confirmed and wrought upon him, exchange of liberty, health, and pleaſures, for diſeaſe, reſtraint, and pain, with an apprehenſive contemplation of eminent death this mortal year; work a melancholy dejection upon his mind, and meeting with his infirmity; appear at this time his greateſt danger. A little eaſe, ſtrength, and alacrity of ſpirits, animate his natural preſumtion to his harm, and a little cloud over-caſting him, as much exanimates. If God had not furniſhed me with as ſtrong a reſolution to ſlight, as I have been apt to apprehend the worſt events, I had a thouſand times miſcarried; there is no ſlavery like the fear of death, no bravery like the contempt of the world and fortune; I have loſt poſſeſſions, friends, brothers, children, but I have found God, and have not loſt my ſelfe; I have ſowed kindneſs, and reaped diſ-reſpect; my good intentions, charity, reſolution and the grace of God are my reward and ever-relieving cordials. I ſeek not my ſelf abroad, nor judg my ſelf or others by the ſucceſs; others weakneſs and diſtempers ſhall not be mine, it ſhal rather fortifie and recollect me; if my exuberance of nature, heat, and fancy breed my inconvenience, I can make an oil of the ſame Scorpion to help me; not to have too much, is not to have enough; *Aliquid amputandum*, is the beſt conſtitution, luxuriance of Nature is the longeſt laſter, at leaſt if violence, accident, and over-bold, indiſcreet adventure, whereunto it is too frequently propenſe, intercept it not; heat is the *vehiculum* of vertue, hot natured plants have the ſtrongeſt faculties, and bravelieſt reſiſt the vigor and extremity of weather and Winter. Thus I play the Pedler with you, to you I open my pack of ſmall wares; to the world I durſt, but will not, they would but pry, and ſmile, and ſcorn; not buy to uſe, to wear and make their own. You find here a great deal of traſh, but no trumpery, many bables and toyes, yet ſome gloves to wear, knives to cut, Linnen to adorn, cover, and keep warm, looking-glaſſes to ſee and order your ſelf; Pedlers are not ever unwelcome, ſometimes they are required, at leaſt let my good will make not unwelcome unto you this my good morrow. Yet to go a little further, and end where I begun: there is a happy and juſt uſe to be made of natural heat, of our ſelves, and of Gods creatures,

inſtituted, as Oyl, for cheerfulneſs of countenance; and Wine, to rejoyce the heart of man; that uſe to find, that to practiſe without declining either to exceſs, or fantaſtical ſuperſtition and rigidity of humane Sophiſtry, prevarication and errour, is that we ought to endevour and pray for in the diſcreet exerciſe of a good conſcience, which God grant us. *Amen.*

November 17. 1638.

THus you ſee, *Animal vigilans ſemper laborat*, ſome more remiſs, ſome more intenſe, according to the activity of their ſpirits and occaſions; but my voyage is well paſt over, and I will not ſpread my ſayles to every wind; I will be a ſtone to my ſelf, againſt the wings of my thoughts, ſedation ſhall be my affectation, I will ſpare my fuel and rake up my fire; let them make publick bonfires, and ring their Bells to warm and ſport the world, who find matter and joy to publiſh, mine is inward, and ſhall ſerve my ſelf till opportunity concur; accept in good part with your wonted favour, this my paſtime account and regiſter, never intended for a work, or piece of worth.

Farewell.

SOuls muſt have objects, ſtrong, high-reliſhed;
The ſtrongeſt, filling, fair, and permanent;
Such is Gods love, wherewith not nouriſhed,
Earthly and baſe muſt be their nutriment.
No other love can defecate a ſoul,
From wallowing in delights baſe, empty, foul.

THou Lord, who firſt didſt nip me in the bud,
From time to time doeſt humble me,
Leſt I ſhould ſin by height of blood,
And love the world more then the love of thee.

I gratulate thy favour, confident,
That ſo thou doſt my ſoul preſerve,
To be a wel-tun'd inſtrument,
To ſound thy praiſe, and thy decrees to ſerve.

Nor will I envy this mans wantonneſs,
His honor, or the others wealth:
Eſteeming nothing happineſs,
But to poſſeſs a ſoul in heavenly health.

All

All other joyes infatuate the mind,
Feeding it with a falſe content:
Oh let me ſtill thy favour find,
To keep me thine, I grudg no chaſtiſement.

Moderate health and fortune are the beſt,
A little fire cloſe ſet unto,
And heat ſuficient to digeſt
Doe the ſame things that more abounding do.

The more we have the more we ſtill preſume,
Diſordred minds good ſtates abuſe,
The higheſt ſpirits moſt conſume,
May I have nothing more then grace to uſe.

Great Farmes are ſeldome duely husbanded,
Rank grounds abound in noyſome weeds:
Wolves, Foxes, Goates, in waſtes are bred;
He feeds more foes then Friends who many feeds.

To her Excellent Majeſty of Bohemia, *moſt humbly theſe.*

Sacred Majeſty,

IF your Servant Sir *Robert Honywood* take the boldneſſe to preſent you with a Book which calls me Maſter, upon him be the preſumption: It hath a face fuller of Spots then my Lady; I would it were as fair to ſerve you; my private Follies, Fancy, and crabbed Fortune produced it, our Publick Miſeries, and hazard of Plunder brought it to the Preſſe; nothing is more Natural then Self-preſervation:

Ut redimas corpus, ferrum patieris & ignes;
At pars hæc pretium corpore majus habet.

Nature will undergo ſtrange unintended wayes, criſes and torſions, to ſubſiſt and maintain her Principles; and however ſpecifically, or individually deformed to forain eyes, hath a tacit Commiſſion and Duty to its owne continuation: But the Trifle ſpeakes too much of it ſelf and me and begs your Majeſties Pardon, through the whole Piece, (if you prove ſo unhappily idle as to ſurvey and peruſe it) and therefore withdraws me now from an anticipation of your trouble in excuſing, more then to ſay what is too well know, That the Child is the worſe for being ſo like the Parent: All Errour mingled, imperfect, but Newes, Strangeneſſe; nay, even Monſters for their ſtrangeneſs, draw Ears and Eyes unto them; and the wonted

enter-

entertainments and diverſions which theſe ſad times want and require, will (I hope) procure the more indulgence, though no applauſe. Your Majeſty may have met with *Mr. Burtons* Book of Melancholy, and in that one great branch as full of Love as any Hedg; here, as there, they grow together, and well they may; for the laſt hath frequently the firſt for root, as well as fruit.

Thoſe toyes of Love were hatcht when your Majeſty, though living in the midſt of it (I mean our Court, where I had the ordinary, extraordinary Happineſs of your Preſence) had not yet the leaſt feeling thereof; ſoon after, which raviſht you and our happineſs from us you had; as they then ſtole me from my ſelf, they were ſtoln from me; and made by tranſcribing more publick then I intended; they wanted a Corrective, which now I give them; elſe they ſhould have periſht with the Fantaſie and Paſſion that bred them: Yet think them not ſo Paſſionate as they appear; for I never was, or could be a whyning or Dolorous Lover; ſuch Pieces were rather variations of tuning then Humour. Thus I divert your Majeſty and my ſelf from more ſerious ſadneſs; and in truth, without diverſion we ſhould become oppreſt. If any care of mine could better the times, I would gladly imploy it; if otherwiſe, the care of the times ſhall as little as I can, confound and deſtroy me: I preſume, and wiſh much the ſame of your Majeſty; Who as you have theſe many years, more then once in a day, taken up a part in my Thoughts and Prayers, ſo moſt Humbly ſuing for your Pardon to the long ſilence which trouble and retirement had buryed me in, I Vow my ſelf, as ever,

POSTSCRIPT.

I muſt Humbly beg Pardon as well For the Printer, as my ſelf; ſome things left out that ſhould have been entred, others contrarily put in; many faults: I am better at overſights, then overſeeing, eſpecially (like others) mine own Productions.

July the 31. 1645.

The moſt Humbly Devoted of your Majeſties Servants,

EAſe, handſomneſs, nor profit 'tis to tread
Your ſhooe awry: like may of vice be ſaid;
Tis ever beſt to live and walk upright,
Things crooked grown, hardly return to right:
May I enjoy a fair and quiet mind,
Souls work like troubled Seas, long after wind.

Godly

GOdly content and quiet of the mind,
Conſtitute happineſs reſembling Heaven,
Where ſouls nor ſtrife, nor thirſt of action find,
Reluctancy is conquer'd, all goes even:
Virtue it ſelf untroubled muſt proceed,
Howe're its Acts miſcarry, or ſucceed.

Devotions.

Et quoniam Deus ora movet,
Sequar ora moventem.

Introduction.

Occaſioned by Mr. *Herberts* Church Poems.

DIvine Herberts *Soul, daign that I joyn*
In Hymns accorded to the heart by thine,
Unto our Maſters glory, and admit
Me for a Rival in thy heighth of love:
For though thy lofty flight be far above
My creeping Muſe in ſpirit, verſe, and wit;
My love both may, and ought, thy love exceed,
Since greateſt pardons, greateſt love do breed.
Thus living, ſing we, (Swan-like ſinging dye)
His Panegyrick, our own Elegy:
Others, I hope, will come and bear a part,
To hide my want of voice, my want of Art.

Corona.

Alphabetical, in imitation of the 119. *Pſalm.*

AWay unhallowed ſpirits, fleſhly born,
Unto the ſecond birth theſe lines belong,
Your eyes are full of luſt, your hearts of ſcorn,
You cannot taſte a ſupernatured ſong.

When in Gods furnace you ſhall prove refin'd,
Divinely tranſubſtantiate from above:
Your Souls contrite, your ſtony hearts calcin'd,
And him propound ſole object of your love;

Then ſhall my inſpirations find applauſe,
And penetrate your ſouls as well as mine,
Wholly reſign'd unto his holy Laws,
Whoſe influence tranſmits theſe beams Divine.

God knows what preparations I have paſt,
Oft broken with his Plough to kill my weeds,
Down melted in a new mould to be caſt,
Macerate, fetter'd, fitted for new ſeeds.
When his Magnetick virtue draws you, come;
Till then, to what I write, be blind, deaf, dumb.

BLeſt Founder of this earthly Hoſpital,
Sole, daily Benefactor to mankind:
Lord Paramount of Lords, of Kings and all,
Soul of our Souls, controller of the mind,

Tranſcendent Eſſence, daz'ling more our ſight
Then Sun-beams Owls, harder to comprehend,
Then 'tis for Ants to judge, and reaſon right
Of men, and know whereto their Counſels tend.

Thou who giv'ſt Faith, and Grace ſpiritual,
Hearts happieſt Center, food and notion;
Who truly art, what falſely we do call,
Inſtinct, or Nature, Father of motion;

Inſpire my ſoul, my ſpirit animate,
Thy working power and glory to expreſs,
That theſe my lines may partly expiate
My lives and pens paſt errors, and impreſs.
Thy ſtamp divine upon my readers heart,
Aſſiſted by thy holy Spirits Art.

CONtemn not, Lord, this humble ſacrifice,
This incenſe from the cenſer of my heart;
Heart, which thy quickning Spirit mortifies
To live and die to thee a true convert.

As

As in my heart, ſo flow into my ſtile,
Unty, tune, clear my ſoul, that I may ſing
Thy ſaving grace, and prove moſt happy while
I may one ſparkle to thy glory bring.

None but a power Almighty could create,
Yet greater wonder our redemption was,
Nor goes leſs mercy to regenerate,
That work nor conſummate nor Sabbath has.

To live freſh fiſhes in this briny Sea,
To ſwim by faith againſt ſtrong natures ſtream,
Beyond our reaſon and our eyes to ſee,
And make thy ſoul tranſporting love our theam;
This Antedates the ſweet fruition
Of thy moſt beatifique viſion.

DIſpence, O Lord, that I polluted, lame,
Preſume thy power and mercies to diſplay;
Thy Prieſt ſhould perfect be and free from blame,
But thy projection works on baſe allay.

The greateſt graces, thou haſt ſummon'd all
Thy creatures to thy praiſe, their rents to pay:
Nor can I chuſe but anſwer to thy call,
Accountable for mercies more then they.

But yet (alas!) what fruit can I expect
From theſe far ſhort of lines Apocryphal,
Since thine own dictates find ſo ſmall effect,
And *Iſraelites* prov'd hypocritical?

Yes, thou haſt wonders wrought on me and canſt
By thy aſſiſtance ſo my labours bleſs,
Some one at leaſt by me may be advanc'd
To feel thy ſpirits motion, and redreſs
The courſe of ſin, which fleſh cannot withſtand,
Without the ſuccour of thy ſacred hand.

ERect (O Lord) thy Trophees in my Verſe,
Confound with ſhame th'Idolatrizing Muſe,
Teach ſuch with me thy praiſes to rehearſe,
'Tis better write to ſave then to ſeduce.

Teach them thy beauty, riches, thou who art
Riches and beauties donor, clear their eyes
To admire the virtues which thou doſt impart
To the rich furniſh'd earth and gilded skies.

Thou needſt no ſtrain'd conceits nor figures, ſuch
As they imploy to ſhew wit and give grace,
Thou their Hyperbole's exceeds ſo much,
They faint to ſee invention wants a place.

Oh that my Verſe like *Aarons* rod had pow'r
To overcharm what thoſe inchanters ſing,
And all their ſtrong illuſions to devour,
Or like the Braſen Serpent cure their ſting:
Then might my Muſe triumphant Lawrel wear,
Endu'd with grace no thunder blaſts to fear.

FAther of beauty, goodneſs, power and love,
Virtue of virtues, ſpring of eloquence,
By whom alone we are, we live and move
And exerciſe a happy confidence.

Whoſe love to us made thee evacuate
Thy ſelf and glory frailty to put on,
Frailty and hunger, die, degenerate
To man in all but his corruption.

Oh let thy love like love in us procure,
And teach us to deny our ſelves for thee;
Change, which to thee was loſs, will be our cure,
Thy hunger food, thy death our life will be.

Teach us to love and we ſhall learn to write,
In Characters of love our hearts will flow,
Love chafes benummed ſpirits to endite,
And ever carries light its flames to ſhow.

Make me, Oh Lord, to thee a perfect lover,
And love will both it ſelf and thee diſcover:
No wonder elſe if we prove dull to write,
For 'tis a wonder Lord, to love thee right.

Grieve,

GRieve, O my heart, grieve that thou canſt not grieve,
Grieve that thy ſtreams flow counter to thy will,
Grieve that thy frail propenſions ſtill ſurvive,
And thy intemperate nature ſways thee ſtill.

Shame, Oh my ſoul, Oh ſhame to ſee thy ſhame,
Shame that nor faith nor reaſon can prevail,
Shame that thou knoweſt moſt ſavage things to tame,
And that thy Art upon thy ſelf doth fail.

Suffer thou doſt, and juſtly ſuffer too,
In ſelf-offending, wilt thou ſtill befool
Thy ſelf in doing what thou ſhouldſt not do,
And non-proficient prove in thy own School?

Yes Lord, it will be ſo, except thy grace
Continually prevent, preſide, reſtrain;
In thy leaſt abſence nature will take place,
Nor can againſt it ſelf, it ſelf contain.

Children from Nurſes are not ſafe nor quiet,
Without thee, ſoul nor body, can keep diet;
Deſtroy, Oh Lord, what foments our annoy,
Or wild preſumption will our health deſtroy.

HEaven wert thou no reward, Hell but a tale,
Religion but a waking dream begot
Twixt policy and fancy to prevail
Over frail fleſh and hopes and fears beſot;

Were conſcience but a brat of Arts begetting,
As real in its falſhood as in truth,
A home-ſpun ſtuffe as falſe wrought as ſelf-fretting,
A brand impos'd upon our tender youth;

Yet hath it pleas'd my Lord to manifeſt
So palpably his ſelf and love to me;
Were nature richer, ſweeter, ile diveſt
And ſtrip my ſelf of all for love of thee.

None more then I th'erroneous print can read,
Of melancholy and ſuperſtition,
Nor better all their ſubtile ſteps untread,
Diſtinguiſhing between Text and Tradition:
Believe me, more hath gone me to convert,
Then either wit or nature can pervert.

Habi-

HAbituate maladies are hardly cur'd,
Relaps proves often mortal, worſt in ſin,
To me relaps'd oft, and to ſin inur'd,
Strange hath my mercy, Lord, and patience been.

Inſolvable I am for ſuch great grace,
Yet I ambitious am to make return,
What moſt is mine and others moſt embrace,
In grateful ſacrifice to thee I burn.

Obedience, Temperance, I here profeſs;
Worldly delights and wealth I abdicate,
No fetter'd votary yet ne're the leſs
My ſelf to thee I freely conſecrate.

Power, honour, riches, pleaſures ſenſual,
The Idols which the world doth moſt adore,
I ſlight as much, and ſo I maſter all,
That others creep to: Nothing I implore
Lord, but thy grace, in that more pleaſure reſts,
Then all the baſe delights that fleſh ſuggeſts.

IMagination, what thou canſt produce
By thy prolifique pregnant faculty,
Is a diſcourſe as ſubtile as abſtruſe,
How thy own ſpecies thou doſt multiply.

In what great diſtance, ſecret ſympathy,
Through ayre or ſpirits thou act'ſt on things remote,
I cannot ſay with perſpicuity,
Nor how thy impertitions are begot.

Diſtempers and conceits do verifie,
Strong fancied objects outwardly appear,
Paying in opticall reality,
The intromiſſions of the impregnate Ayre.

Work then my faith by thy great energy,
Faith upon others warm with charity
The coldneſs of the times to fructifie,
By its diffuſive virtuous quality;
Riſe Lord and ſympathetically encline
To turn to thee, thy enemies and mine.

Know

KNowledge is ſweet and bitter, fair and lame,
A great Impoſtor, body fram'd of Air;
A chatting, flattering, and ſelf-painted Dame,
More in conceit then real beauty fair.

How juſtly could I raiſe a mutiny
Againſt our ſelf deceivings, till I find
Our errours are not worth the ſcrutiny,
Nor truths true ſubjects of a ſenſual mind.

God found us in our loſs and ſelf-bred ſtorms,
And with his light his Port exhibited;
Us to diſ-bryar, crown'd himſelf with thorns,
And made us rich in wares prohibited.

Forbear: believe and love is all he craves,
All other knowledge is as falſe as vain:
We fool our ſelves, and make our ſelves true ſlaves
To our falſe dotage, faith alone is gain.
Thy conſtant love, O Lord, is all my aim,
All other affectations I diſclaim.

LOrd, I deſire my contract to make good,
What e're befals, ſhould I a loſer prove;
How e're things paſs as they are underſtood,
We cannot loſe, if we can ſay we love.

Though, as we fear, ſo thou ſhouldſt prove offended, Pſal. 90. 11
Though vitious longings ſatisfi'd would cure,
Though I could ſeize what fancy e're pretended,
Yet would I ſtoop to nothing but thy lure.

Charm what thou canſt, falſe world, deaf is my ear;
Thou, Lord, alone canſt fill my greedy heart;
No other object have my hopes or fear:
Nature adieu, for I will live by Art.

Lord, make me Maſter in thy Arts divine,
That this worlds Sophiſtry I may elude,
Could I as well demonſtrate as define,
Solve as diſtinguiſh, vice ſhould not obtrude
It ſelf for vertue; I would make appear,
The height of pleaſure is thy love and fear.

My

MY ſelf converted (Lord) as thou haſt will'd,
Others I would confirm and draw to thee,
That here more perfect, though not yet fulfill'd,
Thy Laws obedience and our joyes might be.

My ſins and ſufferings my compaſſion breed,
To ſee ſouls not maligne bewitcht by ſin,
Let thy wounds Sympathy make their hearts bleed,
Knock hard, O Lord, and they will let thee in.

Their ſouls have coſt thee all as dear as mine,
Vouchſafe that they may equal favour find;
Hadſt thou not forc'd me I had ne're been thine;
Open their eyes, or they muſt ſtill be blind.

But Lord, thy will be done, beſt time thou knoweſt,
Thy juſtice or thy mercies to impart,
Thou ever in thy favours overfloweſt,
Thy juſtice keep for the malitious heart:
Charity binds us to ſeek others good,
Howe're thy will and grace have firmly ſtood.

NOr *Cynthia* Stars, nor Roſes Violets,
Nightingales, Wrens, nor our heart-charming Queen
Can ſo ſurpaſs the vulgar delicates,
That ſhine and are in trivial beauties ſeen;

As do thy pleaſures, Lord, the worlds delights,
Which ſeem to feed, but leave us hungry ſtill,
Suggeſting falſe diſtracted appetites,
Which ſatisfied, with gall and wind do fill.

Poor flattering fading pleaſures ſweet to none,
But groveling Palats, Bubles of the mind,
Compar'd with them you ſhew how ſhort you come
By the diſcountenanc'd guilty ſhame you find.

As is the Galaxia in the skies,
A light from many hidden lights proceeding,
Such conſtant confluence of joy doth riſe,
From Gods ſweet influence of grace ſucceeding:
Lord guide me in a refluence to thee,
And worldly affluence my ſcorn ſhall be.

Oh

O Lord, I know I may be thought to ſing
Triumph before full Victory obtain'd,
But ſince thy pardon hath vouchſaf'd to bring
Me to thy feaſt of conſcience unſtain'd,

I nothing doubt mercy compleat to find:
Why then, my ſoul, art thou perplexed ſtill?
Steer clear (O Lord) and pacifie my mind,
Since thee to celebrate is all my will.

But my extent it doth too far exceed,
To tell the wonders thou haſt wrought for me:
Accept, O Lord, endeavours for the deed,
My beſt expreſſions muſt come ſhort of thee.

Then reſt my ſoul, repoſe in God alone,
He is thy countenance, helper, and thy Lord,
His mercy never faileth to his own,
Such as believe and truſt unto his Word.

Yet, Lord, I care not, ſo thy favour laſt,
Though Taper-like I ſpread my light, and waſt,
Or though I like the poor flame-courting flie
Seeking thy glory, ſinge my wings, and die.

PRevail'd thou haſt, my God, and made me thine,
A ſtubborn knotty piece thou haſt me prov'd,
Seaventy times ſeven at leaſt thou didſt refine,
And pardon me by thy example mov'd

To labour others good, forgive their ill,
With courage and with love invincible,
We periſh, Lord, except thou vanquiſh ſtill,
And work us to thy will reducible.

Great to thy Rebels (Lord) is thy compaſſion,
Which doth to us part in thy conqueſt yield,
In thee we triumph over ſins and paſſion,
And chaſe the ſtrongeſt luſts out of the field.

Some live in ſin, yet find thy grace at laſt,
To thee repentance never comes too late:
I in thy conflicts all my life have paſt,
A moment could not well me ſubjugate.

The hardeſt conqueſt is the greateſt glory,
'Tis not the courſe but end which crowns the ſtory.
Advance, O Lord, thy conqueſt ſtill in me,
That I may find ſweet triumph ſtill in thee.

QUarrel no more my carping ſoul, but yield,
Yield to thy mighty Conqueror, and know,
'Tis for thy good Nature hath loſt the field,
And that thy ſelf thou to his grace doſt owe.

Thou haſt thy ſelf enroll'd into his pay,
Nature was falſe, and paid thee in baſe coyn,
O do not now thy ſelf and him betray,
But fight againſt his enemies and thine.

Undiſciplin'd, licentious was thy courſe,
In thy firſt warfare, natures ſtinging want,
And emptie pay led thee from bad to worſe,
Sharking thy pleaſure was, thy food was ſcant.

In ſhiftings and in change thou didſt ſubſiſt,
Thy purchaſes diſſolv'd in waſt and grief,
O joy no more in doing what thou liſt,
But joy in thy well diſciplining Chief:
Happy who are to his command reſign'd,
All elſe is as the blind to lead the blind.

REckon we do without our Hoſt, if we
Diſpoſe, O Lord, our wayes irregulate,
In carnal appetites neglecting thee,
Sole Founder and upholder of our State.

As little reckon I, as care to live,
Thou haſt croſſ-byaſt me to this worlds pleaſure,
Nature hath been as frank to me to give
As unto others, but another meaſure

Hath levell'd me, where God makes ſtrong impreſſion,
Like ſilly impatient birds, we ſtruggle may,
But not evade the humor of aduſtion
Poſſeſt, diſpenſeth not to diſobey.

Moſt happy humour, how art thou deprav'd,
And made the bath of ſprits moſt maligne?
Thou art Faiths ſealing-wax, and we are ſav'd,
Holding by Faith, and mounting by thy wing.
Take brutiſh vain delights who will for me,
More ſolid pleaſure, Lord, I find in thee,

SWeet, Lord, above compare thy mercies are,
More ſweet then pleaſure, I thy grace do find;
Quiet and ſafety harbour in thy care,
Thy love alone cures all diſeaſe of mind.

Nor mighty frowns, nor flattering applauſe,
Nor threats of death, nor worldly miſery,
Can leaſt amazement or diſtemper cauſe,
To ſuch as make thee their felicity.

That is the only neceſſary thing,
Which where it dwels, all troubles drives away,
Whilſt cares diſtracting, other ſouls do wring;
They in thy peaceful Regions ſoar and play.

Arts Sophiſtry, which Natures peace hath kil'd,
With intricate intanglings (which to ſolve,
Reaſon ſtands loſt, and our beſt ſpirits ſpil'd)
Can never now to happineſs reſolve;
But, Lord, in thee, there do I find with gain,
More then I loſt, ne're to be loſt again.

TIs probable, that who diſcover'd firſt
America's rich Coaſt, made loſs his gain,
Nor ere had found it, had he not been loſt;
T'enrich himſelf and feed ambitious *Spain*.

Nor had I ever found the promis'd Land,
Had I not firſt been wildred, ſav'd and loſt,
Above my reaſon by Gods mighty hand,
Happily ſhip-wrack'd on that fragrant Coaſt:

Coaſt ſubject to croſs tydes, rocks, ſtorms and ſhelves,
Its channel narrow, turning off and on,
Where we can ne're arrive (left to our ſelves)
But only by that Pilot, God and Man.

Wonder works Faith, Faith wonders: ſin is bold,
Yet fearful; rich, yet poore; but Lord, thy grace
Gives full wealth, peace, joy, courage uncontrol'd,
And makes ſin bear, what doth it ſelf efface.
Strangely, but ne're was man ſo hap'ly croſt,
I had been loſt (Lord) had I not been loſt.

UNtil, (O Lord) I found, and turn'd to thee,
How I was ſtill to ſeek, unquiet ſtill,
I ſhifted place, delights and company,
But till my ſelf was chang'd, retain'd my ill.

Thy ſhafts ſtuck in my ſides and hunted me,
'Twas not a Court, a Miſtreſs, game or play,
Princes ſweet preſence, and ſociety,
Could chaſe diſeaſe and clouds of cares away.

I thought the bounty of a bounteous Prince
Would never fail to recompence deſert;
But ſad experience hath taught me ſince,
Saints muſt be prayed, and Courting is an art.

Maſters and Miſtreſſes too oft are won,
By flattery, more then duty and true love;
To ſpeed with thee requires but well to run,
In thy Court, merit needs no Saint to move:
Thy ſelf our Advocate and merit art,
None happy are, but whom thou doſt convert.

VVRiting of holy love, infuſed grace,
And births ſtupendious of conſpiring fate,
Which make me a ſelf-wonder and diſgrace,
Seas Monument, ſubſiſting to relate.

The matchleſs ſtory of a ſtormy life,
And weather-beaten Soul, built fair and ſtrong,
For gazers Coments, and to ſuffer ſtrife;
Such ground-works oft to Chriſtian Faith belong.

Gorgons, and Harpies, Porpoiſes, might here
Challenge appearing, with myſterious ſpell
Of Chymiſtry, of Cabal and ſuch geare,
More then my ſtory I my Scene might ſwell.

My

My Stars in native poſture I preſent,
Affecting truth more then fond skill to ſhow;
Nor fill I with ſtrange ſhapes my firmament,
But rather wiſh my Verſe may gently flow
In ſweet returnes of gratitude for grace,
Lord, till I ſing thy praiſes face to face.

XWhy the letter thou ſhould'ſt be to ſpell
Chriſts Character, except by myſtery
Of thy Croſs-figure, well I cannot tell;
But Croſſes, Lord, do beſt reſemble thee.

Thou wert a man of ſorrows, and who will
Thy Souldier be, muſt thy Cruſado take,
And bare thy Croſs, fighting thy battels ſtill,
Againſt the world and nature for thy ſake.

'Tis a hard task, but ſuch is Virtues food,
Fight, Victory and Conqueſt gives a Crown;
Warfare is none of pleaſures Carpet brood,
Nor ſleeps brave Honour on a bed of Down.

They who can raiſe their thoughts no higher then
Soft ſenſuality, beaſts let them be,
Grazing on ſhort delights, unlike to men,
That either glory do affect, or thee.
Thy Scars, O Lord, my glory are, baſe pleaſures
I leave to ſuch as dote on this worlds treaſures.

YOuth, thou debanched boyler in thy blood,
Thou unconſidering domicile of Luſt,
Thou ſelf Idolater, ſenſeleſs to good,
Ape of the Times, proud of thy glaſs of duſt.

Unbridled Colt, ſubject to all impreſſion
But that of grace, thy ſtate I do lament.
To bring thee on thy knees for ſins confeſſion,
Thou who art ſtranger to the word, Repent.

I grant, that if Gods truth ſuch courſe did urge,
And policy could Homogeneal prove,

With

With true Religion, thou needſt ſuch a purge,
Thy Plethorick Luxuriance to reprove.

Miracles are not ceas'd, if we can quit
Our ſelves for God, ſuch change his work muſt be;
I have had good affections for a fit,
But to perſiſt, O Lord, muſt come from thee.
I have been young, ſome good I would have done,
Which now is all to prayer and paper come.

ZEal of thy faith, my God, hath waſted me,
My errors and thy truth have kept me low;
Were thy truths errors, I would err to thee,
Rather then in all earthly pleaſures flow.

Thou gaveſt me ſtrength of body and of mind,
But in experience led me to abuſe them;
The laſt, I over-fed, the other pin'd.
Lord, what are gifts, except thou teach to uſe them?

The ſtongeſt minds their ſtrengths to ruine turn,
Goodneſs of Nature oft it ſelf o're-throws,
Feavers to aſhes beſt complexions burn;
Nature is blind, and knows not where it goes.

Lord help and pardon our infirmity,
And let thy Juſtice upon malice ſeize.
Malice is ſurely thy Antipathy.
Be reconcil'd to them that ſeek to pleaſe.
And rather ſet a period to my fate,
Then that I ere become thy Reprobate.

A ſudden Meditation upon our Lords Nativity.

Baſs. MEn Deify'd, was frequent heretofore,
The Pope hath made himſelf a God,
And dead men Saints, for living to implore:
But this ſtrange way was never trod,
That God ſhould lay his Glory by
To put on Fleſh; be born, and dye:
Angels themſelves admir'd to ſee
Such Mercy, ſuch Humility.

Ch.

Ch. Let us now Celebrate the day,
Which did that wondrous Grace diſplay;
What ſhall we offer, Lord, to thee,
Who gav'ſt thy ſelf to ſet us free?
Gold, Myrrh and Incenſe were too poor,
Accept for want of better ſtore
Our hearts and lives, though thine before.

Another upon his Reſurrection.

1. *B.* OUr Saviours life all Paſſion was;
Paſſion of paſſions was his Death,
2. *B.* Both life and death our hearts amaze,
To find breaths giver looſe his breath.

Women. Sad night is paſt, the Sun is riſen,
Death could not hold our Lord in priſon:
His Reſurrection Crowns his Story,
Sets him in more then wonted Glory.
Beyond affronts and wicked tongues,
To take juſt vengeance for his wrongs.

Ch. Firſt ſhews his wounds to force belief,
Now Triumphs as our Conquering Chief.
Happy, moſt happy ſhall they be,
Who do believe, yet did not ſee:
Strengthen our Faith, O Lord, in thee.

Upon the Pentecoſt.

Song.

THe Baptiſts Baptiſm is out-don,
The Spirit ſent with wind and fire,
In form of Tongues, promis'd is come,
And gift of Language doth inſpire:
Strange both to them that ſpake and heard.
Accurſed hearers who then dar'd
To attribute to heat of wine,
The holy Spirits gift Divine.

Th'

Th'Apoſtles work which was to win
Mens Souls to Chriſtian Faith from ſin,
Requir'd that every man ſhould hear,
For his Souls good, inſtruction clear;
Each Nation heard his Language ſpoken,
Sent by our Saviour as a Token,
To truſt his Word nere to be broken.

Corollary.

INdentures are term'd Deeds, I ſeal and ſigne
My part, O Lord, to thee poor fruitleſs part,
The leading deed original is thine,
Deedleſs without thee is my Counterpart.

Thy ſeal and hand muſt give validity,
Or all our acts will vain and counter prove:
Thou only canſt give perpetuity
To our intentions, to our faith and love.

Thou that haſt hardned me to break, or dye
Rather then bend to baſeneſs (in ſelf love,
And honour, maugre all other love) ſhall I
Leſs conſtant in thy zeal and ſervice prove?

No, thou *Omega* as well as *Alpha* art,
And all thy works wilt to perfection bring,
As well as thou haſt taught my ſimple heart,
In this my *Alphabet* thy Praiſe to ſing:
Hoſanna, and Hallelujahs unto thee,
Shall fill our Songs and Souls eternally.

Madam,

THe Verſes which I read to your Ladiſhip the other day at your then open Caſement, were occaſioned by ſome diſorder of the preceding week, and ſome diſtemper I had at that inſtant upon me, which made me unfit for ſuch a placing, and cauſed a farther cold, which I have ſince ſuffered, but by a happy conſtitution, and cleer-

clearneſs of body, maintained by daily exerciſe; I thank God, I fear not any violent or long continuance; Nay, I rather reckon it as an excellent medicinal Phyſick unto me, cold ferments into a heat, and heat digeſts and purifies, ſtormes clear the air, agitation refines and ſubtilizeth the water and fire, and ſtirring advantageth the earth. Evils are ſaid not to go alone, and diſtempers purge away more then their cauſes; But it is good, as well in ſtate, as ſoul and bodies, to maintain themſelves in ſuch a fredome from over abounding in evil humors, that miſaccidents when they come, and there can be no ſecurity againſt them, may not endanger the whole frame; thus much of cold: But what ſhall we ſay in ſurpriſes of heat and fire? we have lately ſeen many miſfortunes thereby, ſhall we therefore not build, or not make fire to warm our ſelves? ſuch reſolution were to defraud our ſelves of the natural commodities of reaſon, and diſcourſe, which teacheth us rather to confine and moderate the uſe of things, then utterly to decline them. It is the property of wilde beaſts to fear and flye from fire, and of men to uſe it. And now to revert ſomething to our other nights diſcourſe of Love, (which certainly hath ſome Divinity in it, or otherwiſe it could never, as it doth become a freſh and infinite Theam of our beſt ſpirits) Love and anger are the fires of the Soul, if inordinate, as well dangerous as vitious, ſhall we therefore ſhun them as a plague, whoſe beſt antidote is to flye quickly, far, and return ſlowly? is love as incompatible with reaſon as is pretended? and may not Religion, though ſupernatural, admit of a natural and free vertuous affection betwixt the two Sexes? Religion ſaith; Be angry, but ſin not; and is rather a rule to rectifie then extinguiſh affections, they are the wings of the Soul, without any object they are nothing, and without the uſe of them we fall flat to the ground, like diſfeathered birds. The Lady and Nation of Ladies, which your Ladiſhip mentioned, are not reaſonleſs not to be without a ſervant, eſpecially ſuch as are or have been beautiful, for it is a commanding Character, certainly inſtituted for a delightful entertainment and admiration. It is an unnatural ſtupidity not to be affected therewith, and a kinde of injury to its Authour, not to exciſe ſuch affection. I ever mean without abuſe; but this concludes for women, not for men, our affections have more fire in them, matter more combuſtible; and women are commonly as well in affect as in title too much our Miſtreſſes; Children and fooles are not allowed to play with fire, it had need be a ſtrong, well-prepared, and well-habituated Soul that entertaines it; we are no Salamanders, to thrive and be ſafe in flames. What now ought a man that would be wiſe, to do, affecting to give as well his nature as Religion their right? Platonique Love is exploded, Love is corporeal, and entreth at the eyes. Luſt cannot be excluded for an ingredient, which yet admitted, it follows not that it muſt be predominant, as I diſcourſed unto you, ſome other over-ruling affection may contain and expreſs it, either in a Religious, civil, or other ſelf-intereſſed conſideration, nay, even in a divers prevailing reſpect towards the very ſubject of our love. I can be affected with the objects of my palate and eye, and yet forbear them, burn with a ſurprzing deſire of mortal revenge, and yet refrain: Fear and awe will prevail even with dogs and beaſts, and why

not in Love? but how far this is to be allowed in diſcretion, I ſubmit, with a good morrow to your Ladiſhips more refined diſcourſe, and judgment. I ſend you the Verſes, humbly kiſſing your hands, and end with my Paper.

Your Ladiſhips, &c.

A promiſcuous piece of three hours work in a morning, to clear from further writing.

Madam,

IF I deceive not my ſelf, there is ſomewhat of power from above, urging my addreſs unto you; I have now, by Gods grace, finiſhed that my deſign of Verſes which I had propounded to my ſelf; they are upon preſumption of your Ladiſhips favour to goodneſs, and your humble ſervant their Author, at your command: expect not the ſtrong Maſter-pieces and quinteſſential lines, which theſe curious times, and the refined ambitious Spirits of our age produce, in defiance of Critiques, my births are natural, eaſie, and haſty, ſometimes four pieces to my breakfaſt in the beginning of a morning; I am as impatient as any woman of a long and painful labour; I haſt to my journeys end, and can as little hope or go about to remould any of my firſt births, as your Ladiſhip, your children once brought to light. I love not Verſes of the ragged ſtaffe, but wiſh them fluent and gentle, which was wont to be a commendation. If my walls want ſtrength to ſupport themſelves in their natural ſtuffe and ſcope, they ſhall rather miſcarry then borrow the ſupports of inwrought ſtrange conceits and buttereſſes of Art: If I would undergo any affectation, it ſhould be to deliver over ingenious notions, and material, inſtructive, rational conceptions, with an ingenious and genuine elegance, and ſome depth of proſpective in my terms and expreſſions, according to the capacity and perſpicacity of my Reader. But I am now too old and ſerious for Verſes, and have wholly given them over, only theſe my late pieces, I conceived my ſelf to owe to my Maker, and I am ſorry they were not my firſt fruit, which are more properly his due; *Autumnall* fruits are neither the moſt pleaſant, nor wholeſome; I have in great retiredneſs and confuſion employed my time of late, in the diſſection of my ſelf and fortune, our obſervations in the Anatomy of the body grow from the opening of others, but of the mind from our ſelves, as the Stars of heaven and Globe of earth, they are as yet in great uncertainty and undiſcovered; ſome rules we have attained, and Eclipſes we can foretel, but for ſound and infallible knowledg and judgment, we daily find our ſelves as erroneous as our common Almanack-makers, whoſe prognoſticks are as ridiculous as falſe. And now finding my ſelf in motion betwixt heaven and earth, give me leave to impart a contemplation of Characterizing ſuch a perfection as

yours,

yours, in relation to them; in * comelineſs and beauty like the Heavens, in motion regulate, in order fair, powerful in influence. A well ordered mind reſembles the clearneſs, ſerenity, peaceableneſs, and Harmony of the upper Sphears, and Cryſtalline Heaven; a fair built body, the beautiful variety of the earth, delightful, fruitful, well-dreſt, and correſpondent to the Heavenly motions, in ſeaſon, order, and conſtancy; yet ſuch little worlds there are, which ſeem to enjoy in ſome exemptions a priviledg above the lower heavens, and the earth; for they are free from ſtorms, ſcorchings of heat, nippings of froſt, inundations and other diſorders; ſuch Comets are ſent ſomtimes to be admired, and to awake the dying virtue and reputation of your ſex. *Phidias* an excellent Statuary, is ſaid to have compoſed ſuch a *Minerva*, and ſuch a figure of himſelf in the center of her Target, that the whole work bearing upon it, it could be no leſs permanent, then the main piece: I have here preſumed to place you as a precious piece of preſervation unto me. The abridgment of my ſtory ſhall now follow like a cloudy ſtorm, after a fair Sun-ſhine; that I have been moſt unhappily miſerable more then the outward face of nature, or fortune diſcover in me, is known to all that know me, but true and ſecret are ſo obſcure, that it hath been even to my ſelf a moſt intricate diſquiſition to find them. Yet, beſides what may be attributed to deſcent the Stars, Fate, Complexion, and an over-ruling hand, as in former papers, though diſorderly, I have made to appear. Phyſick, inſtead of relieving me, was my bane, over-drawing of blood, and over-working my active minde, brought and held me in ſuch a lowneſs and conſumption of ſpirits (whereunto alſo an over ſlender dyet for fear of fatneſs, much conduced) that howſoever a free boldneſs of ſpirits and converſation was natural unto me, I have been forced to live ſo far under my natural rate and faculties of Soul, that I wanted ſpirits to counterlook a Cat, confuſion of eyes, memory, and geſture; with infinite other incident malignant ſymptomes, were the pernicious effects of my diſorder; my natural ſtrength and violence of ſpirit, aggravated my diſeaſe, bred my continual miſchief, and by the ſame ſtrength and Gods better grace, I as indefatigably reſiſted and ſubſiſted; long and dangerous Feavours took advantage upon the matter and occaſion of my infirmity, other deſperate accidents in fortune I ſuffered, and much more then all this in the contrarieties of my contracted condition, and miſgoverned errours. It hath pleaſed God as extraordinarily to ſupport me, as by extraordinary and ſtrange wayes to confound, deject, and bring me towards him. No man ever became extream bad in an inſtant, ſupernatural goodneſs is harder to effect. Being now at length throughly conſcious of my infirmity & violence in all my affections, and as throughly wrought upon by Gods good Spirit and grace, that which I put in execution remained only fit and neceſſary for me; which is, as this King of *France* hath lately in conſideration of extraordinary troubles, and in them as great protections of God towards him and his people, ſolemnly commited and devoted himſelf and his Kingdome unto the protection of our bleſſed Lady, though ſomwhat preposterouſly; ſo have I wholly reſigned & conſecrated my ſelf to God, having withal put off or made indifferent unto me, all common and worldly

* R. l. to the L. R.

affections and ambitions, by means whereof I am now as quiet as I have formerly been agitated and troubled; abſtinence is often leſs difficult then moderation, diverſion is a powerful means of cure, active affections muſt find a ſubject, and there is none ſo happy, none ſo ſatisfactory as God; not to be affected with goodneſs is not to be affected with him, and to contemn or be inſenſible of beauty, were to ſlight one of his Maſter-pieces: ſuch only of my ancient concomitances I caſt not off; virtue is ever to be prized, but moſt when faireſt ſet. Grace, goodneſs, and beauty are his brighteſt beams, concurring they move to veneration and delight. My thoughts ſhall at this time no further follow ſuch an alluring ſubject, what I would be and reſolve I declare, what I have been I cannot help, poſſibly I could not, many ſolutions are brought againſt the arguments of Fate, which more confound themſelves then avoid it. Let Fate be as it will, the underſtanding riſes from the ſenſes, and the will from it, ſuch conſtituted cauſes muſt produce ſuch effects; right elections muſt needs be as difficult as happy, (our paſſions give tincture to our judgment, as a coloured pane of glaſs to the Suns beams, or as in the Jaundies we ſee all yellow) they depend upon accidents, and upon our complexion, objects vary according as we diverſly approach them, their very being conſiſts often more in fancy and apprehenſion then truth, they are involved in darkneſs and innumerable circumſtances, as hard to diſcern as accommodate, in ſuch circumſtances, they hourly vary, and we as much. It is hard for two Ships in motion to hit the one, the other; it is true that ſome ſee clearer, and are more circumſpect then others, yet old and long experienced counſellors are often rejected, as the worſt reſolvers, they apprehend too much, chance and boldneſs give often the beſt ſucceſs, chance according to us holds a predominancy, but God is all in all. Happineſs and tranquillity have no other true center or circumference, my ſpirits naturally working and violent, were incapable of reſt; had I not found it in his grace and favour to me, and my total ſurrender unto him. Faith is the ſole Catholicon, and general Antidote againſt worldly perturbations. He hath wonderfully exempted me from ſcorn, from want, and all great infirmity; he hath ſatisfied all my reaſonable affectations even to this of writing, wherein I have ſo disburdened my ſelf, that though it be hard to write truly, and not inconveniently, or any thing to the full ſatisfaction either of others or my ſelf, yet I have done enough to reſolve to withdraw my ſelf from it, confining my ſelf hereafter to write nothing but neceſſary letters, and ſubſcribe my ſelf.

Your Ladiſhips moſt Humble

and Faithful Servant.

Noble

Noble Sir,

YOur late requeſt, which was to me an obliging command, makes me ſend you that piece which you honoured with your pretended converſion; I never thought it any thing till now, and now I make it yours that it may receive ſome further virtue of operation from you; and ſeeing I find you a propoſition convertible; I preſume to lend you another piece of ſimple converſion. It conſiſts of a few begging verſes, if you find them blind, impute it to their haſty and zealous production. They beg a hand from God, a favorable eye from you, from him fatherly, from you friendly correction, they need it from you, and the leſs you need from them, the more your happineſs, and their obligation, I ſubmit them and my ſelf to you as

Your Faithful Servant.

For Sir *John Suckling* upon the Preface concerning Poetry and the Corona.

TO you whoſe ſincere Faith to God and Chriſtian Religion, good affection towards me, and good diſcretion and judgment in all things are moſt approved; to you who have been moſt preſent and domeſtique with me through the late courſe of the moſt and beſt of my writings, and who above others are acquainted with the inſide of my heart and fortune, I entruſt my poor treaſure of papers, whatever in themſelves, to me coſtly, and poſſibly to an inquiſitive reader of no ungrateful or unprofitable reliſh: their unaffected nakedneſs is their riches, nor was *Adam* ever poor till he ſought for covering; may they meet with no other eyes then ſuch as yours, and their ingenuity ſhall be happy, at leaſt find pardon: Monkeys have a kind of prettineſs, one mans errors are anothers correction and inſtitution, promiſcuous fantaſtical graftings afford delight, but I muſt run the common fate, ſome muſt like me better, ſome worſe; if honeſt men find an honeſt ſpirit in me, and prove indulgent to it, I am ſatisfied; they are happy fruits of my worldly misfortunes: for my particular, I would not have wanted my errors, upon our moſt uncomely parts we put moſt comelineſs, and there are as well happy errors as unhappy proſperities: I have lately found in theſe laſt ornaments and complements which I beſtow upon my houſe (wherein I have ſo contained my ſelf as to have forborn the ſatisfaction of my fancy therein ſince I firſt knew it) that my workmens miſtakings and abuſes have produced a bettering to my deſign. I have been ſtrangely favoured by the weather, conſidering the earlineſs of the year: unfavourable ſeeming circumſtances where God befriends prove our advantage, may the journey I am now called to, prove ſuch to our betters and our ſelves. If God ſhall pleaſe to bleſs me in a good return, I hope to fall handſomely to an honeſt country courſe, and play the Pater-familias better then others have diſcharged themſelves

ſelves towards me in my infirmity and truſt; I am naturally over ſolicitous in what I undertake, impatient and exact; but God and experience I rely upon for my moderators, we all have our imperfections; God hath wonderfully ſupported me againſt my own and others miſcarriage; no man owes more indulgence to frailty then my ſelf, but ſupine, willful, fierce and malepert weakneſs or abuſe deſerves it not. The Text that ſaith who is over-wiſe or over-juſt ſhall be left alone; teacheth us a moderation in the beſt of our faculties and affections: the ſquare of reaſon often puts our reaſon out of ſquare. School Logick inſtructed me that man conſiſts of a reaſonable ſoul, and I believed it ſo far as to think them ſenſeleſs Poets who repreſented upon the Stage moſt ſenſeleſs and ridiculous perſonal abſurdities, yet ſuch and worſe hath the world acquainted me with; ſome infirmities are to be diſpenſed, others not, I worſt endure my own, the equal ballance and mixture of many diſpoſitions betwixt good and evil; hope and deſpair of amendment work a perplexity of reſolution to conclude upon them, how far to go on, or where to leave them, charity teacheth to preſume and hope the beſt, it ſuffereth much, but often too much, if it begin not at home, wiſdome is the rule of rules, and God of wiſdome; but it hath pleaſed him to call me to a practical courſe, and I leave to write; whatſoever my Lord *Bacon* St. *Albans* pronounceth, that he who imployes his mind to ſmall things ſhall not be fit for great, yet who contemneth ſmall, ſhall hardly or attain or hope the greateſt, * I will God willing ſo intend the greateſt as not to neglect the leaſt: To him let me enjoy your prayers, in him your affections, as you ſhall mine for you and all good men. Farewell.

* Some have made the world it ſelf to conſiſt of *Atomes*.

March the 19. 1638.

CHARITY.

THinking this morning of worldly power and pleaſure, and of the pleaſure of power; I took into conſideration what proportions were conducible and neceſſary to a happy condition, and grew to ſtate every man in a natural and juſt dimenſion of his proper quality. For a man to have a grant of or to aſſume power and pleaſures beyond his capacity and uſe, were but ſupervacuous, troubleſome, and often pernicious; that cloathing is beſt that beſt fits the body, warm, comely, and eaſie, is I confeſs to be wiſhed, more is but comberſome, enough is affirmed as good as a feaſt; what am I the better if when a pint is the uttermoſt my thirſt requires, one give me leave to drink a Tun? If we ſuffer our ſelves to be tranſported by an extravagant fancy, we ſhall never be rich; Reaſon ought to be as well our bounds as our boaſt; limited

Limited, we muſt be; when we have done what we can, a man is but a man; if the King would give me vaſt poſſeſſions and power of life and death beyond my conveniency, I ſhould value it but an unprofitable load; it is pleaſure ſufficient to be out of real pain, power enough to be ſafe, poſſeſſion enough that correſponds our juſt occaſions, what exceeds runs more to others uſe then ours, and ſerves only to plunge us to inconvenience and ſwell our accounts. The true advantage of power and riches is the enabling us in means of beneficence: To win hearts is indeed a ſupream delight to all natures that participate more of God then his oppoſite, the devils damnation grew from a ſiniſter affectation of power to do miſchief rather then good; our affections are devilliſh when they terminate not in Charity; there pitcht my thoughts, thither confin'd I my diſcourſe of power, pleaſure, poſſeſſions, and the pleaſure of power, which caſting me upon the 13. Chapter of the firſt to the *Corinthians*, where St. *Paul* falls into an ecſtatiqual exaltation of charity, I ſet upon the metrification of the beginning of the Chapter with a little cloſe of my own which here I ſubjoyn.

May 7. 1639.

At York *intended for the ſight of the moſt ſacred.*

HAd I all tongues of Angels and of men,
And wanted charity, what were I then,
More then the ſound of Cymbals, or of braſs?
Had I all perfect knowledge, and could paſs
For a great Prophet; were my faith ſo great
That I could make huge mountains change their ſeat;
Gave I my goods to Alms, body to flame,
Charity wanting, all would prove but lame.
Charity is patient, Charity is meek,
Not envious, proud, perverſe, nor doth it ſeek
Its own advantage: No diſhoneſty,
Deſpite, or evil thinking comes it nigh;
Loves truth as much as it abhorreth wrong,
Hopes all, believes the beſt, and ſuffereth wrong.
Without it man is but a fiend to man:
With it a God to do all good he can.
Loving and lov'd, good to himſelf and others,
Is happieſt life, and many errors covers.

At my return from York.

GIve me leave, Oh Lord, that I may expreſs my moſt humble and hearty thankfulneſs for thy moſt gratious favour and preſervation towards me, in the divers accidents, incumbrances and hazards of my late journey, and courſe of life: thy indulgencies and accommodations have as much exceeded my hope, contrivings, and preſent condition as my demerit. Unſpeakable are thy mercies to ſuch as confide upon them, let their memory never decay in me, and with my due acknowledgment, perpetuate thy grace unto me: Honour, thrift and ſalvation, attend thy goodneſs and ſuch as rely upon thee. I have found thy bleſſings, as well temporal as ſpiritual, in the ſuſtentation of me and my fortunes fairly proportionable to the conſtant moderation of my minde; I am now by Gods grace and the Kings, ſurpriſed with a great infirmity returned to my home, where Church, Chappel, and my home-ſtal are like to bound my thoughts and courſe, the Oeconomy of my Soul and Family will abundantly employ me: Let the Schooles and the world make oſtentation of their Ethicks, Politiques, and Theology, whileſt I wrap them in my plain habit, and act them in my Soul and life. If I have ever written any thing beneficial to others in either moral, wholſome or Religious diſcourſe, I ſhall be glad, but my end was my own proviſion and diſcharge; I have been ſo much verſed in the world, and converſations, that I am no longer found upon them, I am neither ignorant of their vanity or ſolidity, it is no unneceſſary School of experience, I I have bought it, but am ſorry that others with my ſelf have paid for it; it is of no ſmall uſe unto me; God, that, and years, have taught me ſo to contract and prune my ſelf of ſuperfluities, that a little foot and ſap ſhall ſtretch further with me, then more with another, and I hope to give proof that God hath not made me incapable of governing my little hive; my mind and ſtudies poſſibly were larger, but this is the moſt certain, eaſie, and pious courſe; God, and my unfitneſs for the ruggedneſs of the time, cut off diſtractions and make it faire before me; Beſides my want of health and failing in my hopes and endeavours of recovery, and others improvement, and due diſcharge, I have formerly ſuffer'd by truſting them too much, & my ſelf too little, I have made trial of all performances but my own, to that I am neceſſitated, and that they have caſt me upon; if God and my health enable me, I will ſo play the ſuper-intendent, as to carry a through tempered eye to all duties and expences, making my way as regularly eaſie, and my houſhold as undiſpenſably orderly, as I can: The diverſions of Fancy which obtrude their ſervice to the ſweetning of a preſent perplexed condition, ſhall no more predominate me; God who knows better then our ſelves what is beſt for us, hath contracted, ſatisfied, and ſetled me; I am no more a ſtranger to the worlds market and my ſelf, nor to ſeek as I was, in rules of proportion, commodities, and ſtock to drive an honeſt Trade. Few ſervants, religiouſly & orderly affected & choſen, make much of a little; and be they never ſo

few

few or hard to find, others I will not admit nor continue. My Friends shal be so entertained and welcome, that by their curious and wasteful reception, I make them not in effect my enemies, and fare the worse a moneth to feast them for a meal. This is my intention and resolution: Herein I implore my good God to continue propitious unto me, and I desire no other worldly felicity. To him the Author and perfecter of all blessings be all glory. *Amen, Amen.*

May 21. 1639.

To Mr. Doctor Oldsworth, *Master of* Emanuel *Colege.*

Mr. Doctor,

I Am your debtor for what I have heard from you, for a most obliging Letter received from you, and for what I have heard concerning you; many outward duties you know we owe, but none more then to the household of the faithful; it is now contracted to a small number, our Zeal may be the more though our exercise the less. My years, fortunes, the times and other circumstances have confined my course and discourse to a resolved retiredness, as unnatural to the respects of my places of birth, education and conversation, as solitariness to mankind; no man was ever more affected to an intelligent and well spirited society then my self; I have formerly sought it and enjoyed it with greediness, I have now lost it, and that which to my discomfort comforts me the more, is, that it is grown scarce to be found; I wish that this expression proceeded rather from my distaste then a real diminution of goodness, generosity and rationality. Our Souls, next to God, have no food so sweet as the fair commerce of Reason and knowledg; I am put to drive a trade of discourse, either without return, which is unpleasant, or with an impertinent unvaluable return, which more offends me: All this tends to beg your Company when you can afford it; I have been little given to beg but from my Maker, yet I never made scruple of it where I presumed of goodness and good will. I know you Charitable, and hope you will not deny me begging from you so much way and light; my Coach shall be at your command. Mr. Doctor *Bromrich* is now free from his great Office, and taking you for birds of a Feather, I should be glad to see you fly together: if after your living in *London*, and now in *Cambridg* you came to live in a Country Parsonage, you would commiserate me, you shall have good way, good air and good fire, water enough to cleanse, and not to dull or infect: Christmals is a season of Charity, which shall make you expected by

Your faithful Friend
to serve you.

December 6. 1639.

A Christians life hath been justly resembled to a warfare, mine hath been many wayes such, continually incumbred with outward and inbred troubles; occasions sometimes thrust upon me, sometime raised by my self upon my own grounds of mind and fortunes, commotions, insurrections for Religion, for Liberty, for Accommodation, and as *Polydor Virgill*, upon contemplation of the wonderful extrications of *England* from divers ruine-threatning obsessions, attributes its subsistence to God alone, calling it *Regnum Dei*, and supported by his grace in despight of all its own misgovernments and prevarications for private advantage against the publick good: So have I, to my great shame, found his mighty deliverances above my most gross relapses of error and self-offending. How long I shall do so I know not, for I am most unworthy thereof: At such time as I have found my self upon recovery of strength and alacrity, fortune hath ever presented some most unexpected and extraordinary incident to perplex my curious and working mind. Poor Souls that we are! how weak? how blind? strong and seeing, only to our own mischief and nakedness: Nature runs away with us in spight of bit and bridle. I once heard a learned, witty Magistrate (himself none of the best, if not one of the worst) say upon the disgrace grown to one of our greatest, most learned and witty Judges for corruption, how we might see by him the power of Natures torrent against all erudition and ability of writing and discourse. I prove it too true, though (I thank God) not in that way. I have of late to gratifie some (who nearliest concern me) been carryed to reaccomodate my seat with a Park: My resolution for my own particular was, after having been master of so good in that kind (that it was impossible for me to become pleased therein) to forbear as I have done a long time. In this particular, which hath been more then most troublesome unto me, Fortune, according to her custome, hath plaid double with me, offering me on the one side most casually Grounds in my hands close by my house, well wooded, and Park-like, which I confess much surprized my fancy therein: Yet on the other side, such varieties of perswasion for greater, less, good, bad, dry or wet ground, wayes through or not, some neighbours grounds to be taken in or no, and whether or no they might be had, difficulty of paling and carriage which I hate; for though I love not trouble, yet I endure my own more willingly then of my Friends and Neighbours. After these and many other cross points of offers and retractings of Neighbours, and such like, I have been led by degrees (*aliud agens*) besides my meaning to lay out a small, yet sufficient piece of ground for houshold provision of Venison (garden to keep me from begging) so near, dry, fertile pleasant in view, convenient and commodious, that I would scarcely wish it other; it was, as it were, marked out unto me, and for my purpose. Yet (blind as I was) divers and cross considerations, which this world and I abound in, kept me so long from discerning to lay hold of it, that I scorn my senses and my self, and almost condemn my self to all, that I have suffered in my nonsense: The inconveniences of pale is avoided, for I have enough at hand, I am still Master of my Woods, my

ground ſound for Winter and Summer, and the goodneſs of it makes it much in little; nor would I wiſh it greater: great inconveniences attend a great Park; it is a kind of Whore, much in fancy, and often kept more for others uſe then our own; it is a wild Miſtriſs, and courted by a kind of wilde people, fiercely riding this way and that way with great hoopings and outcryes, upon a very ſlight errand. Our forefathers were not yet without reaſon, who meeting with a world and wilderneſs of woods and waſtes, aſſigned, and otherwiſe uſeleſs part thereof, to Parks and Foreſts: It is not ſo with us; waſte of Timber and Woods will tame our wildneſs, and reduce us to an uſeful compaſs. Never was Land bought dearer then I have paid for my own (may houſe and land prove more happy to my Succeſſors) how many years of my life it hath coſt me, I know not, nor much (as the world is) care. This and much more, retiredneſs, melancholy, and fortune have brought upon me; yet conſidering how ill a wandring or publick courſe of life would ſuit with me, I chooſe rather to ſuffer and compoſe, as well as I may, all incommodities within my ſelf, then to expoſe my ſelf to ſuch as others find, and thruſt themſelves into abroad, and which would be to me more intolerable. Quiet is not ill bought at any reaſonable rate: *Ut habeas quietum tempus, detur aliquid de tuo jure*, is a ſaying; which if the Spaniard had practiſed even to the quitting of the 17 Provinces, or I in ſitting down by ſome forbearances, we might poſſibly have been both more at eaſe. God hath given him a ſtrong ſtate of dominions, and me of body and mind, to our own, as well trouble as ſubſiſtence: He maintains his ſtrength by exerciſe, and ſo have I done by extraordinary motion, agitation and diſtenſions, ſuch, as to a man of an evener mind and fortune then mine are, I confidently affirm ſhall keep in health, ſtrength, free from great inconvenience of colds, feavers, fulneſs, or putrefaction of humours, &c. vigor of ſpirits and length of life, better then *Leſſius* or *Cornarus* their ſtatical diet, which is moſt unnatural, ſervile, ſubject, by their own confeſſion, to great diſtemper upon the leaſt change or exceſs (whereas the other comports with any tolerable diet) preſcribed in reaſon rather for Monks, Hermits, Votaries and perſons of a ſedentary life, then ſuch as are to uſe the world and labour. Thus much have I written in this early of the morning, as haſtily and wildly, and perhaps to as little purpoſe as Foreſters follow their chaſe: which to my own better inſtruction, and uſe of my ſelf and mine may it pleaſe God to bleſs. *Amen.*

December 7. 1639.

Potius inſerere virtutem, quam diſſerere de virtute.

Poſtſcript.

IF I write wildly and erroneouſly, yet my follies are ſhort, and the ſhorteſt are the beſt; I had rather write without method, and abrupt, then as many do in long intricate, and often miſtaken diſtributions and diviſions, as tedious and unprofitable in ſome one ſubject, as I am confuſed and wild in change, and varying my Scens. Thus *Bos laſſus fortius figit pedem*, and if my ſoul cannot digeſt & indure its own weight, ſtrength and diſcernings, it muſt ſuffer. Perplexed condition * of our ſophiſticated and preternatural life: the wayes of nature are obvious, eaſie, certain. The Swallow, Crane, &c. know their ſeaſons, and vary not in their courſe or building of their neſts, where the moſt ingenuous and right-affecting ſoules amongſt us are ever to ſeek; and even at the beſt (which I call) with the illumination of ſupernatural grace, vexed with our own ſcruples and fancies, and either forced from the world and natures libertie of delights; or like *Lot*, to have their righteous ſouls contriſtate with a vain, crooked, perverſe and wicked converſation.

* As in the end of the 7 Ch. of Eccleſiaſtes God made man right, but he hath ſought out many inventions.

IF my pieces appear not all of a piece conſtant to themſelves, but ſo diverſified that I ordinarily fall into a ſuperfetation, or various births of male and female at one graviditie: If I ſuperinduce and contract into little room matters of ſeveral and important conſideration, ſuch as might otherwiſe have been beaten out into particular and large treatiſes; I hope you will be indulgent to the ſparing of labour as well yours as mine, finding in your power to extend or remit your own, either by receiving my coyn for currant, or bringing it to the balance or teſt of a farther (yet favourable) examination, not forgetting that allowance which I have often begged to my acknowledged infirmity, defects, confuſion and precipitation in their conception and production.

Paſſus graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem.

Dream.

Dream.

IF you are at leiſure I will tell you my mornings Dream, which was that in the quality of a Soliciter for Old *England*, in a Cauſe that concerned him for limme, life, land and liberty, which were all drawn to ſtake, by I know not what Promooter; I caſt my eye on a Friend as I rode into *York*, with the Chief Juſtice of Aſſize there to be held, and deſired him to help me to ſome good Counſellors to pleade for me; he lookt about him and ſpied ſome portlike men riding on *Scotch* pads, but ſaid they were not for me, for they ſavour'd of the Covenant: others near them were on hard *Scotch* ſaddles, but had long ſince given deſperate the cauſe of Old *England*, and were now packing and poſting for *New-England* and the Ile of *Providence*. Some he ſaw upon *French* pads, who came this Circuit only for company, to laugh, make good chear and advantage of the times, but not to meddle till the cauſe became their own. A greater number were mounted on the *French* great Saddle, with Piſtols at the Bow, but my deſires were peace, and their word was *Vive la guerre*. Then the *Spaniſh Morocco* men preſented themſelves to our view hopeleſs to me, for War was both natural and profitable unto them. Next I eyed a grave Gown-man, ſitting in Croop behind a ſide Saddle, I liked him for a good forward man, but my Friend told me he was a *Scotch* Biſhop, and had too much to do for himſelf. Not far from him rode a pretty pert looking man, upon a lean bare horſe back, and I was informed he was a *Scotch* Recuſant, and could not ſpeak good Engliſh. Then I obſerved a Coach drawn by ſix Mules, with well ſtuffed provender bags at their noſes, a long-coated Poſtillion, with Piſtols upon the formoſt, a ſolemn robed perſonage in place of Coach-man, the firſt a ſhort whip in his hand, the ſecond a long one which was ſomewhat tangled in the carriage, a company of Gown-men within, concerning whom I enquired, and found the fore-men were Church-men, Militant and Triumphant, and thoſe in the Coach were High-Commiſſioners, and the Kings learned Counſel, who were not uſed to plead in common Cauſes. After them came a company of plain fellows upon Pack-ſaddles, who proved to be out of favour for the preſent, yet followed on in hope of better Grace. In this diſtreſs I faſtened on one of my New *Englanders*, and prayed him for Old *Englands* ſake to ſtay his journey and ſpeak for me; he replyed, His tale would not be heard, and that he came this way only for his ſafety to defend himſelf and no body elſe. Whereat in great deſpair, I asked if there were no conceit of a kind of Parliament to be held here: my friend told me, No, and that another

Faux

Faux had long ſince blown up that hope with white Gun-powder. One while he adviſed me to ſue in *Forma Pauperis*, and procure my ſelf Counſel to be aſſigned; otherwhile to ſuffer my ſelf to be non-ſuited for this time, pay charges, and expect a better advantage. But at laſt he encouraged me, ſaying, That Counſel or not, I needed not to be diſmayed, being my Judge was both good and wiſe, and too much intereſted himſelf in the conſequence of my cauſe, not to relieve and compaſſionate me, which gave me ſuch a joy of heart that I awaked.

April 1639.

News from York.

THe world is full of expectation what will be the product of this early Spring: The Sun no ſooner cuts the Line, but with him we march in the moneth of *March* towards the Cancred Tropick, our Lady day, and King *Charles* his *Initiation*, inaugurate our expedition; I ſhould have ſaid, for us: We travel towards the little Bear, exalting Charles Wayn ore our heads; great coſt, great ſcot and lot we pay, which may prove *Englands* joy or bane, *Mars* is Lord of the Horoſcope, *Saturn* may grumble and eat his Children, but *Jupiter* and his Lieutenant muſt rule the Roaſt: *Momus* may go whiſtle, and the world dance, whilſt *Mercury* pipes, and with his *Caduceus* charms, extracts, conjures and transformes the Clouds. There are ill Conjunctions abroad, that threaten little good, but if *Jupiter* prove not malevolent, all may go well. Let *Venus* go Retrograde, and *Diana* raiſe the Clouds, we will not fear but *Sol* at his heighth with a fair Northerly wind may diſperſe them and bring fair weather. These late rains promiſe a good year; and if *Booker* and his fellows may be credited, the ſtorm will fall where it was leaſt looked for: if you will be adviſed by me, break not your brains with over-calculating, for all this grew betwixt the pen and the paper. Many ſpirits are conjured up, and it muſt be the work of a good Exorciſt to make them keep their circle, and ſettle them again. *York* was never fuller of buſineſs and idleneſs: Feavours reign, and ravings muſt be admitted; Fancy, reaſons old Ape, will have his vagaries, and ſince the invention of *Galileo*'s glaſs, men muſt diſcover farther into Moons and Milſtones then they were wont; in the mean time, you that want work, as I do, exerciſe your ſelves with this my *Trul Madam*: To tell you the truth, I muſt be thinking though I know not what; and indeed who does? Theſe are times that would poſe *Oedipus*, or *Solomon*, and make him fly to his Vanity of vanities and vexation of Spirit; *Vivere & Lætari* would be his *Motto*; but it is hard to do at *York*, where, though Victuals are cheap, Ale is dear. The people drawn together, are too much ſtrangers, to be over-familiar or confident: Never

more

more company, never more ſolitarineſs; men are ſo hard to find and far to ſeek, that *Diogenes* would be troubled with his Lanthorn at noon day to find an honeſt friends lodging. Here is riddle me riddle, what is this? A Courtier and no Courtier, a Souldier and no Souldier, little War and leſs pay to a great many, who find great fault with the Tranſlation that ſayes, No man wars at his own charge; many of the Court, few of the Councel; Gentlemen want their Miſtreſſes, Lords their Ladies; ſome have too much, ſome too little to do; ſome expected to have been Actors or Counſellors at leaſt that prove but lookers on and hangbies; ſome find themſelves priſoners without conflict or knowing the crime, and want the old comfort of the War, which was wont to be quick death or victory. Many wiſh Sir *Arthur Ingram* had been made Purveyor General for the whole year, but he found it charge enough at *York*. Every man roves at an end, but many will miſs their marks; where men ſcarce know their own ends, it is hard to know others; where intentions are concealed, wayes cannot be concluded; yet from Cards played a good gameſter will gueſs at the game, and from things appearing, reſults may be forked out; that either thus or thus, and ſo I entertain my ſelf, and ſo do you; every man hath buſineſs, every man his thoughts, ſuch as they are. The blind man may hit the Crow; ſome are not wiſe enough to divine, others are divined wiſer then they are. This would I do, quoth I, a wiſer man of another mind, ſayes, No: For brevity ſake I omit to tell you my thoughts, I am wiſe enough yet for that, *Sauve qui peut*, Swear what you will, but ſay nothing. This you may thank me for, when I could write but not read, and wanted ſomething elſe to do.

May 1639.

Your Couſin and Servant,

John Nonſenſe.

Poſtſcript.

When the the Children ſhall be drawn into the deſert of Zim, it is much feared that horſe and man will have ſomewhat to do to keep their iron and fleſh on their backs, that murmuring will prove a great paſtime, Quails and Manna would prove in great requeſt, and that Moſes *may have uſe of his rod.*

Seventh

SEventh *Henry* Roſes, Kingdoms *James* united,
Eighth *Henry* in Popes defence a book endited,
Which made *Romes* Biſhop ſtile him, Faiths defender,
The ſtile he held, but made the Pope ſurrender
His Papal power: King *Charles* hath far outgon him,
And with his ſword taken Biſhops cauſe upon him.
They owe him more then well they know to pay him,
If *Woolſey*'s Pope liv'd, Gar would be his ſaying:
Take heed, good Biſhops, what you go about,
Leſt *Charles* holds faſt the Faith, and turn you out:
Of angry Bees *Scotland*'s a parlous Hive,
Hedges 'twixt King and people ſeldome thrive.
Wiſe Jeſuits with the Scots took little pains,
Well knowing thence would riſe but little gains.

Pilgrimage.

AS I travelled along in my earthly Pilgrimage to the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, accompanied, according to my wiſhes, by a good old Miniſter or Prieſt of Queen *Elizabeths* time (I know not now how to term him) there croſt upon us in our way a ſupercilious perſonage with an high cornerd bonnet (his name and nature did little agree) who queſtioning our intentions, told us we were out of our way, and that if we would take him for guide and company, he would carry us a ſure, ſmooth and pleaſant way to our Journeys end, and if we turned a little aſide now and then it ſhould be at his charges, we ſhould not need to trouble our thoughts, he would take all the care. He was witty facetious company, and when my old companion would have replied, I told him, I thought he was but in jeſt, and not to be dealt withall in good earneſt, for whatſoever he pretended he had a plot upon us for his own advantage, and wiſhed to take our leaves of him, for he had a Piſtol by his ſide that he truſted to beyond his wit, which was great pitie; and what ever good companion he ſeemed, he would make roaſtmeat of us if we appeared not in every thing of his mind, and that all our good and true heart to Godward would not excuſe us. Whereupon leaving him and walking on, there croſſes upon us on the other hand, as we found him upon ſpeech, a *Banbury* man, who ſcorned to deſire our company, but taking notice of our deſign told us, We held too much of the left hand, that his was the only right courſe, and (whatſoever we thought) not ſo rough and uneaſie as ſome eſteemed it, with much more; we thanked him and told him, his Sabbath-day wayes and ours lay not together, and that if he would have been leſs nice and cenſorious over good men (none of his brotherhood) and more

more ſociably attractive he might have had more company along with him. Then croſſeth us again on the firſt hand an odde kind of perſon, I knew not well whence he came, nor whither he would, his faſhion and habit were likewiſe ambiguous, ſometimes formal and cringing, and ſometimes ſtaggering and licentious; he forſooth would have egged us out of our beaten path into a pretended better diſcovered by-way of his finding out, telling us it would prove much for our eaſe and forwardneſs: we were thankful for his good will, but told him we did not love to follow we knew not whither, and that his courſe ſided ſomething too much with the high cornered cap whoſe company we had conſiderately forſaken. Our next encounter from the ſecond right hand Country, was a grave man in the *Geneva* Print, a little more conformable and leſs rigid then he of *Banbury*; he took notice of our voyage, and much deſired our company, intimating unto us that his way lay cloſe by ours, but was much more plain, certain, and peaceable, as having more of *terra firma* then the inconſtancy of a floting Iſland: he ſaid he had an invariable ſure Chart and Compaſs to direct us, and that he was ſorry to ſee us Engliſh, whom he loved, ſo apt to change, that we might be as well painted with a pair of ſhears in our hand for our Religion as our cloathing; that we never knew when we were well, and that it was ever a great fault with us to be apt to overdoe; that ceremonies and indifferences grew ſo formal unto us, that it was to be feared Religion it ſelf would become at laſt with us, but a ceremonious formality. He wooed us heartily, and ſomewhat to the purpoſe, telling us he had no ends upon us but our journies end, that he would not trouble us with much complement, but much deſired our company, which if we refuſed, we ſhould be in danger of being entiſed or forced and juſtled out of our way, which was already alſo grown ſo little trodden that it was hard to hold: with our thanks we diſmiſſed him, telling him that having as ſure a Chart and Compaſs as himſelf, and as learned and pious directors as he or any other, we doubted not of our way, which we had hitherto found right and good; but if we met with force and oppoſition, we would carry ſuch an eye towards him that being as well in breath (otherways called ſpirit) as the beſt, we would ſoon overtake him; his complement was little, ours not much more, and ſo with hearty ſhort and comely prayers for our welfare, and induſtrious inſtructions, which none of the other would afford, (except the ſecond, who was very tedious to us in terror and threats) we parted, continuing our way with a reſolution not to ſtumble at every ſtraw, nor be drawn by any zealous example, or otherwiſe to leap over ſcandalous Chriſt-maſs blocks.

November 1644.

STrict Rhymes ſtand by, and wanton meaſure,
All here is out of tune,
And my ſelf more then all;
A skipping Satyre calls for room,
Ruffe, wild, like him ſhall be my lines:
Bring the Fools cap again,
And give the world its own:
It ne're was fitter for the times.
Give me a four Elbow'd Coat,
There's no fool to the old,
That knows the Fire, yet runs into't,
And cryes, Lord help, with-hold.
Kings, by your leave, and take good heed,
Leſt whilſt you ſhadows gaſp,
You loſe true ſubſtance, love and eaſe,
Showing that you were out of taſt.
States-men ſtudy right and peace,
Be faithful plain and wiſe,
And do not ſeek ſo much to pleaſe,
That all may ſink whilſt you may riſe.
Church-men ſhould mend, not mar the world,
Live as you read in Scriptures then,
We know them now as well as you,
Think not to blind or God or men.
Good and bad Paſtors they ſet out,
Bad vent their own inventions,
Feeding themſelves more then their Flock,
Beware of ſuch intentions.
Make not our Faith a game of wit,
Seeking not how to beat down ſin,
And truth advance, but how to get,
Who moſt upon the lay ſhall win.
Judges, occaſion not the rout,
By a miſguided courſe,
To think how they may live without
Your Furs, and never fare the worſe.
Would't not make the divel laugh
To ſee a maſking faith
Feed him with Corn, and God with Chaff,
Whilſt jugling zeal the truth betray'th.
Would you not jear to ſee an Ape of clay,
In Gown or Doublet jet it to and fro,
Brisk as a Puppit in a Play;
Who Muſhrome like hath but a week to grow.
Or ſee men play like buſie buzzing flies,
Venereous, ſcraping ſtill for Ore,
Upſtarts with pride ſwell'd to the skies
Upon their journey to be ſeen no more.

To ſee a Doctor play the learned fool,
The ravenous Woolf in Juſtice ſeat,
The divel preaching in a coul,
Gloſſing the Text to get what he can get:
An old wife Curious in her Curles,
Pratling and painted like a Jay,
Wiſe Gallants led by giddy Girles,
Triumphing to become a prey:
To ſee men love to gather hate,
Woorying the one the other,
Loſing themſelves to get a ſtate,
And trample on their brother:
Like School-boyes make rods for themſelves,
By turnes to whip each one his marrow,
Running their mates upon the ſhelves,
Shortly to prove their proper ſorrow.
The wiſer ſort the arran'ſt knaves,
The learn'd make formal works
Full of falſe method and miſtakes,
Where nor delight nor profit lurks;
Curious diſſections to confound,
Things already known and plain,
Great Treatiſes on little ground,
Notions from nothings to attain,
Termes which ſhould Science eaſier make
To make it harſh and more obſcure,
Like Sprights to fright and make forſake,
Things uſeful elſe, who can endure?
Youth to vice and baſeneſs fram'd,
Impudence for Virtue, paſs
Knowledge by ignorance diſdain'd,
Gay trappings on a pamper'd Aſſe:
Temporizing wiſdom counted,
Zeal of Virtue folly,
Goodneſs by vice ſo much ſurmounted,
Small good can come from being good or holy;
Maſter Pamphlets ſwelld with words,
And tumors preternatural,
Pageant-diſhes for Majors boards,
High cry, but little fleſh or wooll.
Lofty, brave corveting ſpeech,
Plain dealing to out-face,
Prauncing over hedge and ditch,
In ſtead of keeping even pace:
Truth a ſtranger is become,
Vitious times no more can bear it,
Flattery and falſehood holds its room,
Writers muſt ſuffer or forbear it.
Self conceit and fooliſh pride,

Hypocriſie and jugling ſhews,
What ſober judgment would abide,
But that ſhame meets them in the cloſe.

Endleſs. 1644.

Epigram.

Full many a want had Ages heretofore,
Had ours Goodneſs and Wit, we want no more.

Glimmerings.

GOd above all, thy Neighbour as thy ſelf,
Lovely Epitom: could ſpeculationleſs,
And practice thee, *Johns* Commonwealth
Would flouriſh, and we ſhould moſt happy be.

REligion, Gods reaſonable ſervice is,
Chriſts yoke is eaſie, and his burden light:
This well agreed, would make the whole world his
Paſtors and people would walk more upright.

ALtar 'gainſt Altar, Clergy againſt the Lay,
What may this breed? nay, what good can it breed?
'Tis nine to one; yet God can all allay,
And raiſe ſweet fruit from foul and bitter ſeed.

POor creature, man, that ſtudies to be poor!
To whom God gave this ready furniſht frame,
To uſe, not pry; rip, live on follies ſcore,
Quit Natures legs, to walk in knowledg lame,
Do emulate, diſſect, work what you can,
To Gods works ſtill thou ſhalt be blind, poor man.

Some

Some ſteps affects, and ſquarings thou mayeſt find,
To the full Schematiſms thou muſt be blind;
Bacon, how-ever ſhort of a clear light,
Did well to ſhew how far thou art from right.

WHen women marry to be chaſte, not free,
When Clerks turn Prieſts for Gods ſake, not for gain,
When King and People love and well agree,
And all themſelves within their Spheres contain,
Then may we hope to ſee an happy age,
Fraud will abate, and malice will aſſwage.

ALl-Clergy-men have reaſon to forbid
Reading the Scriptures, for they them diſcover
So clear, that one would think all were kept hid
By them as from the Lay, ſo from each other,
Elſe would they ſhame to ſay and do ſo ill,
As if Religion they profeſt to ſpill.

St. Gregories *Complaint, two hours work.*

READy to dye, though well I knew not why,
You that go by, hear me lament and cry,
And tell the King, who can do no ill thing,
'Twas no good ring under S. *Paul* his wing,
Gregory to ſpill, who hath ſtuck to him ſtill,
And ne're did ill (alas) by his good will.

I can preſcribe full many a Chriſtmas tide,
How by his ſide, his *Peterman* I ride,
And what diſgrace I now bring to this place,
I cannot gueſs, unleſs as ſaln from grace.
Nor can I ſee that a true cauſe ſhould be,
In my degree, and conſecrate Antiquity.

Happy St. *Faith*, whom no miſ-hap betray'th,
My lowly heighth, caſts me, St. *Pauls* gloſs ſaith,

But

But my great crime is, *Paul* I undermine:
Yet that's not mine, St. *Faith* take that for thine.
I will repair whatever I impair,
My coſt and care ſhall make me thorow fair.

I am no Wen, except miſcall'd by men,
Mole be I then. Moles, faces grace have been.
I am no ſtain, except you overſtain,
And lay me plain, your good works to diſtain.
Good works to nurſe, made good men ope their purſe:
St. *Gregories* curſe, may make *Pauls* fare the worſe.

Make not them glad who wiſh St. *Gregory* ſad,
For being the Lad, who firſt turn'd Tables had.
The Pariſh coſt, and rich inſide they boaſt,
Would not be loſt, ſince God loves inſide moſt;
Though *Pauls* full age, nor ſiſter needs, nor page,
'Tis no vantage.

To caſt old *Gregory* off in holy rage,
My Verſe breaks meaſure,
Great Neighbour, Lord of Treaſure,
Aſſiſt my Rhymes, to thoſe that rule the Times,
And help if you can well,
Whil'ſt I toll my own knell;
Yet I will not deſpair,
Church ruins ill repair.
My *Cæſar* right inform'd,
My will ſhall be conform'd.
His ſentence final be my fate,
To ſtand, or to lie deſolate:
Now do not blame my Verſe, but know it
St. *Gregory* never was a Poet:
Many a one hath reeſe by Rhyme,
O might I ſo my fall decline.

St. Gregory *to St.* Paul.

MIghty St. *Paul*, help *Gregories* deſire,
And ſcorn me not, though none of thy great Quire,
Take heed a ſecond time of Heavens fire,
If falling late, thou now my fall conſpire.
Without thy Buttreſſes, thou canſt not ſtand,
Accept of me for ſuch; and thy command
Shall rule me ſtill, though ſmall, yet near at hand,

And

And next to thee the greateſt in the Land.
A ſhrub offendeth not a lofty tree,
An under Oratory let me be:
Thou partly ſtandeſt by my Charity:
For that and Gods ſake then, Oh pitty me,
My Bells and Weſtern Steeple I will lend
To thee that want'ſt them both, I'l be thy Friend,
And ſtop their mouths, who ill invectives ſend
Againſt thy ſtate and wayes, and ſo I end,
Sick, but not dead, and dying, but not ſick.

About 1635.

I Have gotten a little leave of abſence from the Parliament to lay hold of your promiſe for the favour of a viſit, and I hope notwithſtanding all fears the carriage of affairs will be ſuch as to give no ſudden occaſion of my recal. Gods grace, and his Majeſties wiſdom, goodneſs and conſtancy muſt be the Authors of our happineſs; our diſtractions and diſtempers are otherwiſe ſuch in the State Eccleſiaſtick, Civil and Military, our ſpirits in all parts ſo peremptorily and uncharitably divided; men ſo ſuperabounding in their own ſenſe, and ſo little indulgent and communicable to others, and parties daily growing to a ſtiffer oppoſition, that without ſuch a prop I ſhould utterly deſpair of any good or quiet. If ſome men chance to find a ſtrength riſing againſt them, they may partly blame themſelves in their reſervedneſs; a Cauſe may be ſtarved at Law for want of fees, and ſo may power by being over-ſparing in a winning familiarity; it is harſh to a noble Nature to think it ſelf ſlighted; a good Judgment may manage it ſelf in an open freedom, without profuſion or betraying the bottome, and there is the greater need to uſe it where there is little elſe to pay.

It is true, that the King may ſeem to have made himſelf a great loſer, by giving ground ſo much from the way of his former courſe: but it muſt firſt be cleared, that it was the right way of his advantage; and well examined, others, more their own Friends then his, may prove the greater loſers, and his parting may be like *Abrahams* in the concluſion, rather with the Ram then the Child. The undoubted Laws of *England* are no ſuch churles and niggards to their Prince, as not to leave him a Royall power, and ſplendid ſtate: But there muſt be at this time more then leaving, after ſo much alienation, exhauſtion, and contraction of debts, there muſt be a plentiful ſupply and ſupport; this indeed after all our other payments, will be a work, but ſo it muſt, nor do I doubt but ſuddenly it will be vigorouſly undertaken, if new jealouſies interpoſe not themſelves. His Majeſties condition requires it, his goodneſs deſerves it, and his faithful Subjects affection, duty and reputation can do no leſs. It is true, that we have already had a long time, and paid dearly for it;

poſſi-

possibly there might have been a better husbanding, but a good end will make all good, and for the best. As I said before, that grace of God, and wisdome of his Majesty, which have hitherto assisted us, are my hope and confidence, the *Genius* of the Kingdome doth as yet extraordinarily need them: The consideration of Divine Service, Episcopacy, and Recusants, in the scandal that these late times have drawn upon them (or they upon the times) is yet to be regulared, and the conceived offence and danger, springing from them, to be prevented; this you will say is a business, and the greater by the greatness of the parties severally affected in them: For the Common Prayer Book, you know how the *Scots* esteem it, multitudes of our own growing in all parts no less incurably impatient of it; Bishops are in the same predicament, but so much worse, by how much a dead Letter hath neither so much imputed to it for our past troubles, nor apprehended from it for a future propension to Popery. But it may be said, Punish then the men, without rejecting that calling, which certainly is more ancient then the Papacy; and that surely might serve, if there were not such a connaturality in the reasons for the one and the other, that admitting the one, the other will ever be in danger to follow, as hath been seen: The Common Prayer Book hath also unquestionably much good in it, but the scandal considered, whether another form of another tenure and extraction, more of a piece, and conform to the other reformed Churches, be not more fit and necessary to our quiet, I refer to better judgments. Gods Service and Worship is the Substantial and Moral part; Episcopacy, and this or that Form, but the Ceremonial, and I would be sorry to see cutting of throats for Discipline and Ceremony: Charity ought to yeild far in things indifferent, But must all the yielding be on the Governours part? God forbid, that we should yield to every fanatical opinion, and to fall into a way of *Enthusiasts*, without any set Form of Directory or Liturgy. Freedome of zeal, and inspiration may be reserved to the Sermon, or an after-Prayer, without engagement through the whole time of convention, to go along and say *Amen, upon surprise*. The other great bodies of reformed Churches, are in great part prescript and regulate; and as the ancient *Druides* who ruled the Religion of *France* and *Britaine*, were said to hold their chief seat in the Isle of *Anglesey*, so may his Majesty, I perswade my self, without going farther then the dominions of his Crown of *England*, take from his Islands of *Gernsey* and *Jersey*, in this rare necessity some such model (at least with little alteration) as may fit his greater Island, and immaterially differ from our Brother-Churches. But howsoever, it is necessary to come to a resolution, and setledness, whereby to prevent the numerous spreading of obstinate Sects, which are said to grow too much upon us, amongst which multiplicity it is somewhat strange unto me, not to hear of any *Lutherans*, considering our late Queen *Anne* was according to her Country, conceived that wayes affected. Now for our Recusants, they have Petitions in Parliament to move a relaxation of the Laws, and a Commiseration in their behalf. And truly for the better and devouteſt sort (such as turn not their Religion into wantonness and malice) I am moved to pity them, but

but as they affect to move us to pity them, I wiſh they would no leſs reflect upon us, and conſider the troubles and unſufferable condition that their leaders have affected, and will ever affect to draw upon us, and what a difference there would be in what we ſhould ſuffer from them in reſpect of that being and converſation which they have injoyed amongſt us, to the proceedings of their inquiſition againſt us, I refer you: Charity begins at home, and let them in the firſt place pity their abuſed ſelves, let them crave the pity of their Pope and Prieſts, who for their own unjuſtifiable ends are guilty of all their ſufferings. I ſpare them, who ſpare no man, and whoſe policy, incompatible with all Monarchy and Government but their own, enforceth the induſtry of others, in the preſervation of their true faith to God, and their own quiet and ſafety: Thus after my manner, I run and write, with a light hand, I touch, but not to the quick; You who carry a Key of my thoughts can further open me, and will, I hope, as you uſe, be indulgent unto me: *London*, and the Parliament afford much company, but to me little converſation; I am now in an opener Air, and with you I lye more open. The truth is, carriages have been ſo Cabaliſtical of all ſides, ſo unpleaſant, and inconvenient to participate or comply with, that being embarqued to a concurrency of reſults, I found enough to do to look to my ſelf, as little deſirous to counſel, as affected, or thought fit to be called unto it: No man ever acted leſs, or ſuffered more, then by my infirmity I have done this Parliament; my good God hath ſtill wonderfully ſupported me, and it may be all to the beſt. Much good may others find, and we in them by their advancement. My ends are only to keep my ſelf an honeſt man, with an untainted conſcience and reputation, nor am I, as I hope, unhappy therein, at leaſt from the beſt. A fair and quiet retreat from the world, and worldly cares, hath long been, as you know, and ſtill is, all my ambition, it is eaſier to wiſh then to find; my appetite to the world was never much, (howſoever I have appeared) if ever it had been any thing, it is now paſt; my converſation is more in the other world then this, and that the rather, ſeeing (if my diſtaſte miſleads me not) the generality of mens ſpirits is not poſſeſſed with that ſweetneſs, Courteſie, Familiarity, Indulgence, and love to goodneſs as was wont to be. But here my paper forceth me to an end, and to profeſs my ſelf, as you ſhall ever find me,

1640.

Your ſincerely affectionate
Friend and Servant.

A ſodain, free and opportune diſcourſe to the preſent 28. *of March*, 1641.

OUr weather is ſaid to have been much more gentle then in the more Southerly neighbouring parts, the entrance of the Spring proves fair and more ſeaſonable then of late years, our ſtorms and di-

ſtempers poſſeſs our ſpiritual and politick part; this Parliament is our Criſis and time of Phyſick, which if unlucky, our State is deſperate, and health in truth is never to be deſpaired till the body cannot bear the remedy: acute and preſſing diſeaſes hardly admit of long and preparative courſes, and often as little of violence; the fair and juſt temper of our Spirits hath caſt us upon more regular, though longer wayes of reformation and puniſhment then the practice of former more tumultuous times; but in the mean time our Phyſick and Phyſicians prove ſo coſtly as offends, whileſt it mends: ſuch may be the Peccant humours, as the body may be ſooner overthrown then they extirpate; to put off the preſent Paroxyſmes, induce a good diet, and abate predominant malignity, may poſſibly ſuffice to overcome danger, and exempt the body from being obnoxious to every reſiding venome. Our diſeaſe hath conſiſted in the troubles of our Church and liberties; for Church-matters, as we have gone ſlowly on, ſo ſtill they ſtick in our own diſtractions. God be praiſed, our differences are rather about diſcipline then Doctrine, and certainly ſo far as the Scripture preſcribe a competent general rule therein, it muſt and ought to prevail, where it leaves a latitude, we may reſpect our ſelves and the times, not without charity to others ſcruples, and as far as may be an affectation of conformity and harmony with other reformed Churches; if our Biſhops would have held the ſame courſe, it might have been better for them and us; we ſhall hardly attain quiet without hearing all parties amongſt our ſelves, nor are there wanting divers learned Miniſters of other Nations reſident with us: Judgment of private diſcretion holds a neceſſary ſway in particular mens election to what Church they will incline, nor do I ſee why a conſiderable number may not be admitted to the ſame liberty. I mean the body and head of a Kingdome howſoever Layick: The Clergy having ever over-much aſſumed to be judge and party in their own concernings hath ever bred a great diſturbance in the world. We are now by Gods grace and the Kings in a happy way; Peace and truth are likely to kiſs, may juſtice and mercy as well; we are upon an indiſſoluble conjunction of King and people, *Scotland* and *England*, reconcilement in Religion, and a marriage with the young Prince of *Orange*, and his Majeſties eldeſt daughter. And now as it hath pleaſed the Almighty miraculouſly to effect, that *Scotland* and *England* ſeverally within themſelves have paſſed hitherto through their late great troubles, as alſo their forces raiſed one againſt the other with an inconſiderable blood-ſhed; how happy I ſay would it be if any expedient and ſecurity could be found to ſave time, coſt, and blood, with a celebration of all theſe happy conſummations in ſome other accommodation, ſuch as a ſubmiſſion to Fine, Baniſhment, excluſion from all publick buſineſſes and adviſes, to the ſatisfaction of juſtice upon tranſcendent miſdemeanors, and this to be the better aſſured by manucaption of friends, or otherwiſe? Pity it were that this expected Jubile ſhould not paſs, if reaſonably, without ſtain of blood; and ſurely his Majeſty is too good and wiſe ever to readmit (though it were left free unto him) Miniſters ſo hateful, pre-judged and unhappy, as they who now are queſtioned have been unto him; but this is rather my wiſh then concluſion and hope. I have in my haſty unaffected manner diſ-

burden-

burdened my ſelf; I have, I thank God, no affection or paſſion, but what is requiſite to a good Chriſtian, Subject and Patriot; ſo in deſpight of all prejudicacy and ſiniſter miſconſtruction I will ever be found, and ſo I ſubmit to better judgments.

March 1641.

HAving, as my Preface lately mentioned, adventured in a private way upon the Preſs, and that now near an end with me, how cenſorious and tender ſoever the times are, I cannot be ſo ſtupid as totally to forbear a Reſentment of our unparallell'd calamities. Our ſacred Anchor is come home, our ultimate, hopeful, pacifique Treaty is diſſolved, extaſie and deſpair ſucceed, eyes turn to Fountains, there is no Balm in *Gilead: Tantum Religio potuit ſuadere malorum.* No, no, it is not Religion, it is nothing of ſincere Piety: It is in the root, the artifice, the ambition, the malice of prevaricating Jeſuits and Prieſts: Poor ſilly infatuated Laity, they had a Miſſion, as of Sheep among Wolves, but they invert it upon you: They drive you to their Shambles, nay, they prevail with you to ſlaughter one another (Gladiators of their Theater) to furniſh and celebrate their feaſts, their feſtivals. And you unhappy (often the beſt meaning, though over-facile) Princes of the Earth, how groſly are you frequently intoxicated by them to your own, to your neighbours, to your peoples funeſtious deſtruction? they carry you irrecoverably by blinding degrees and trains to the precipice of their concealed, diſguiſed, pernicious machinations: They work upon the weakneſs and corruption of your Favourites and Counſellors, who Satanically transfigure themſelves into Angels of light to abuſe your overcredulous goodneſs. Many times a ſuperinduced, preternatural, adventitious malice invadeth an otherwiſe well choſen Counſellor, finding his conceited merits miſ-received, miſ-interpreted by the vulgar: All to your ruine, to your ſubverſion: you mainly ſuffer and are the loſers, where they, if they fail and miſcarry in their main propoſed ends, attain no unacceptable ſatisfaction in revenge, in blood, in deſolation.

For our Redeemers ſake, redeem your ſelves and us: your private and the publick good and quiet can hardly be over-bought; our very being, not only our wel-being, is now almoſt thorough all Chriſtendom in queſtion; ſome proprietary goods are well throwne over board to ſave a fair well-peopled Ship from periſhing; time may ſupply them,

Avoid extremities as a Rock, *Graviſſimi ſunt morſus irritatæ neceſſitatis:* Take heed of permiting dangerous humours to ſettle over long; take heed of rayſing the Billows and the Feavour too high; if water be not now rather then oyl applied, inevitable ruine alone muſt extinguiſh our devouring flames: Profeſſions and pretences have been hitherto on all ſides not unfair, O that they may be ſo contained! And now you alſo on each ſide, our ſoul, and State Phiſitians, look upon God, his truth, and publick peace more then your paſſions, ſelf intereſt and policie, ſtretch not your ſtrings too high, truſt God with the bleſ-

ſing his own Truth and Oracles, fear not the conſequence of a truly orthodox aſſertion: may truth and peace be ever as well your object as pretence; fair, uniform, harmonious, reformed diſcipline, order and government, your prudential and Chriſtian aim: maintain our foundations as intire and unſhaken as an orderly, candid, well intended edifice will admit, elſe may you pervert and deſtroy what you are bound to aſſert and maintain. Nor will I pretermit you Stars of the greater and leſſer magnitude in the *Oxford* Firmament, whoſe enobled blood, birth and ſtation conſtitute you Patrons and ſupporters of your Countries preſervation and welfare, whoſe predeceſſors and progenitors are glorious in the Regiſters of time, as happy advancers and dilaters of the *Engliſh* poſſeſſions, name and honour. Suffer not now our Annals to diſgrace your name and memory as the impulſive active Engins to our Kings and Countries lugubrious irrepairable loſs; commiſerate the ſighs and groanes of our gaſping, expiring, defaced Nation: Search home into the diſguiſed cauſes and Authors of yours and our miſeries; undeceive, diſabuſe your ſelves, diſpel the miſts of your diſtemper'd bewildred ſpirits, and lend at laſt a hand to ſave and reſcue, to ſtanch and cure our letiferous wounds. Let no *Roman* recorded eterniz'd examples, devoted as a willing ambitious ſacrifice for their Countries deliverance and redemption, diſſame you in what you owe, and to procure can hardly over-doe or ſuffer. Infinite matter you may diſcover would here offer and ſuggeſt it ſelf, the times require, but will not well comport with ingenuitie: much for caution, much for cure might be exhibited; I have met with conjunctures to have been often verſed and engaged in deliberations, obnoxious and captious, nor have proved my ſelf deſtitute of ſome abilitie to tread by a line and cut by a thread; I am at this inſtant not unfurniſht of a plentiful Magazin of ſpecious flattering materials for the preſent occaſion; ſomewhat I had conceived not impertinent to have farther alledged for my ſelf: I ſilence and paſs by all, confining my ſelf to what impremeditately falls and flows upon my paper: my wonted diffuſive confuſion would fit theſe troubled diſtracted times, but I will contain: if my lines have a propitious Genius (though unhappily I have as much deſpaired as affected to be able to ſerve my generation) either alive or dead, I may, poſſibly, with my little erudition prove an illiterate Author of ſome ſmall fruit and edification, at leaſt to the ſeeking, fair, induſtrious mind; ſuch is my prayer, ſuch my deſire. How near my end of writing, of ability to comply with publick dutie, and my lives period concur, I know not: The diſorder of the times conſumes our fortunes and ſpirits, conſternates, devaſts and plunders our ſouls and conſciences. I have a long time conceived ordinary taken Oaths (eſpecially when multiform) of great and evil conſequence and little effect (Oaths of courſe, as I was wont to ſay, are courſely obſerved) they paſs at length inſenſibly, they cauterize the vulgar, they often enſnare when conſidered, like over-iterated frequent Phyſick they loſe their operation; as well the tender conſcientious as the libertine impatient, finding themſelves pent and conſtrained to diſentangle, they counter-work and perforate them; like *Sampſon* they break their

uneaſie

unea ſie bands, and by a depraved conſecution careleſly ſlight them, letting out their ſouls to a ſubſequent diſſolution and corruption. War and cuſtome turn blood and cruelty to nature; neceſſity of impoſing, and rigorous coertion renders us incompaſſionate: Yet however he may appear, the honeſt good Chirurgion, being by the inconſiderate ignorant unjuſtly cenſured of cruelty and hard-heartedneſs by his inciſions and other neceſſary operations of art, will to the better judgments ſtand juſtifyed, as having acted only towards cure, preſervation, health and recovery. May it pleaſe God to over-rule and rectifie our hearts, bleſſing us in maintaining our Fundamentals of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and me in ſupporting my ſelf by fair and neceſſary ſubterfuges and diverſions: I am no Cabaliſt, one of the open, none of the cloſer Counſels; I am neither wiſe nor good enough; yet, as the Scripture mentions of the over-wiſe and over-juſt, am left alone to my ſolitary unjuncto'd ſelf; my fate, not my affections or lazineſs may be the cauſe: I confeſs ſome unſuitableneſs may be in me by my default and curioſity, making me in buſineſs more troubleſome, and leſs ductile and tractable then ordinary; my mind is alſo too ſoft and ſmooth for the queſtionableneſs, intrigues, anxiety, obliquities, hardneſs and roughneſs of the preſent; I am naturally active, yet daintie and ſcrupulous of reſolutions and undertakings: What ſhall I do?

Stirring Spirits muſt be fomented; If I find no hope of doing good abroad, if no evaſion, I will in all events endeavour to make uſe of my experience to ſubſiſt, not injuring my ſelf within my ſelf at home; I have ſcarcely to this day become inſtructed how to forbear to oppreſs, how to favour, be charitable to, and honeſtly indulge my ſelf, but am in a much clearer light for my guide then formerly; and even now (which you ſee is hard for me to do) to make uſe of it, I moſt humbly implore the Grace and Mercy of the Omnipotent, upon this diſconſolate, afflicted, deplorate world, and me, and end. *Amen.*

March 10. 1644.

Un peu de tout Rien come il fault a la Francoiſe.

Chorus.

MAnkind cruel to thy ſelf,
No beaſt of prey comes near to thee:
Thou needd'ſt no other Rock or Shelf
For Shipwrack, then thy cruelty.

Wolves

Wolves thou deſtroyd'ſt, more Wolf then they:
They never prey upon their kind:
Nor joy to kill and to betray,
Where fair ſubſiſtence they might find.

Wolves in Sheeps clothing are the worſt;
Poor Sheep, that with ſuch Shepherds meet!
Our ſins do make us thus accurſt,
Enſowring all that would be ſweet.

No warning nor forbearance could
On our obdurate ſouls prevail:
We ſtill do all but what we ſhould,
Our fatal ſufferings to entail.

Be wiſe at laſt by your own coſt,
Exempt your ſelves from common ſcorn:
Elſe King and People all is loſt,
All into blood and pieces torn.
God and your Neighbour take to heart,
God alone can help impart.

IF you are a Formaliſt, one who does *Stupere in Titulis Imaginibuſque*; here is ſcarcely ſo much as a tittle for you, exerciſe your ſeverity ſomewhere elſe, this doth neither invite nor defie you; maſter of it ſelf and its own entertainment, it rather forbids you as an unwelcome gueſt; *Non omnibus dormit*; what moſt by chance, and ſometimes by deſign (as moſt things go) the moſt important pieces carry their Date; you muſt accordingly diſtinguiſh the times, like me, they are no Temporizers, neither affectedly preciſely follwing, nor over-Monſter-like contemptuouſly differing. I have known the Drapery of a Picture drawn ſome time paſt, to the life, altered to the Modern faſhion; it is endleſs and ſenſeleſs: Then was then, and ſo ought to appear and paſs. Take meaſure of my Writings by their birth, and of me by what I am; ſomething muſt be allowed to the Scene and other reſpects. I forbear to particularize upon the preſent Times, I hope they will favourably requite me in their cenſure: Theſe four laſt unhappy years, I mean, and the calculation of this end of 1644.

March 13.

Upon

Upon a prodigious warlike roaring, and Bulletting Thunder.

Song.

ALmighty ſpirit of the Univerſe,
Often affrighting us with winds and Thunder.
Thy mercies greater then we can rehearſe.
Encline our ſouls more to repent then wonder;
So may thy heavy judgments be prevented,
When thou ſhalt find our ſtony hearts relented.

Let thy ſweet goodneſs on us come,
And do not puniſh all for ſome.
Help and deliver us Lord we pray.
Making thy grace thy wrath allay.

Song.

HOw long, O Lord, ſhall rage our miſchief breed?
How long ſhall puft ambition us confound?
How long our former woundings freſhly bleed?
How long ſhall Errours more then Truth abound?
When ſhall we really our ſelves deny,
Rather then break our Peace and Charity.

The ſtormy Winds and Seas did thee obey.
Thou rendreſt Patriots of united mind,
Thou bringeſt home the ſheep that goes aſtray.
Let not us prove more boiſtrous then the wind,
But reconcile us to thy truth and thee.
Elſe ſhall we never reconciled bee.

UNto what changes was I born? what muſt I live to ſee? poor *England*, Stage of ſufferings, unconſtant Engliſh-man, in all thy ways and faſhions of mixed Language, more mixed Religion, boundleſs; new fangled in thy fancies, Forms of goverment, never content, encroaching ſtill upon thy neighbours rights; amend thy vitious corruptions, which growing in thy ſelf thou oft imputeſt unto ſetled frames. Every *Filius*

Terræ

Terræ is become a Politician, Models, preſcribes Forms for *meum & tuum*; obtrudes *Muſhomp Ideas*; we are ſo confounded, we know not what will pleaſe us, ſcarcely what to wiſh, impatient of a negative to our deſires, though never ſo much imperfect, indigeſt; each man would willingly become Leviathan, and call himſelf the repreſentative of Miriads, who nor aſſign'd him nor appone; who knows himſelf and doth not knovv vvithal, that his fair ſeeming reſolutions oft need revievv; tvvo eyes ſee more then one, and hidden influence vvorks frequently even upon bodies collective, an unclear ſeeing yet over-ruling precipitation, vvhich at a diſtant time, not only others but themſelves may find, ſometimes to late; But I, on my retreat both from the vvorld and vvriting, may occaſionally ſoon ſay too much, hardly enough; *Polidor Virgil* admiring the emergencies of this our Nation from many threatning total ſubverſions, concludes, *Angliam Regnum Dei*. By vvhoſe povver and eſpecial favour it had ſubſiſted. May it pleaſe that Almighty povver to be our Ruler and Protector (and though it vvas once ſaid by a grave States-man in contemplation of a then ſad condition (ſuch) that *Ipſa ſalus ſi vellet ſervare hunc Rempublicam non poſſet*) vve ſhall be ſafe, we that reform, not deforme, we ſhall be wiſe, we ſhall be charitable, we ſhall be juſt, Faithfull in our Saviour, Faihfull in our ſelves, and to our ſelves, reverencing God, and reſpectful of others rights and intereſts as of our own; to which Omnipotent Deity be all Glory and obedience, for ever and ever. *Amen. Amen.*

FINIS.

A SHORT

CONTINUATION

Of Theſe

Inperfectly Mixed

METEORS.

EXITUS

From The

FORREST.

FOURRH PART.

Libera per vacuum poſui veſtigia Princeps,
Non aliena meo preſsi pede.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, MDCLIX.

PAGINAM VOLUI, LIBELLUS EST.

Sapias ad Sobrietatem.

Eccles. c.2. v.17. HÆC OMNIA VANITAS ET AFFLICTIO SPIRITUS.

Eccles. c.12.v.12,13. EX ISTIS (FILI MI) ADMONITUS ESTO: FACIENDI LIBROS MULTOS NULLUS EST FINIS, ET LECTIO MULTORUM FATIGATIONI EST CARNI.

DEUM IPSUM REVERERE ET PRÆCEPTA EJUS OBSERVA, QUIA HOC EST TOTUM HOMINIS.

A

Piece of an hours growth after many years forbearance in this way.

MAY it pleaſe the Almighty and merciful God to contein even the zeal, wherewith he hath bleſſed me againſt the corruption of the world: ſo it hath been, ſo it will be, whilſt we dwell in theſe our tainted houſes of clay, Incivility, Arrogance, Impudence, Petulancy, Ruſticity, Circumvention, Ambition, Colluſion, deceipt, Vanity, Pride, Covetouſneſs, Uncharitableneſs, Hipocriſy, Infidelity, Prevarication, Laſciviouſneſs, Senſuality, and Luxury prevail and tranſport us; I have otherwhere ſaid too much in that kind (except to better effect:) I have duty and obligation more than competent in my own particular, humbly to acknowlege and be thankful for wonderful infinite and ineſtimable mercies: In my natural condition, in my courſe of life, notwithſtanding moſt unnatural, unthankful requitals, others weakneſs, others abuſe of truſt, my own error and ſinfulneſs, ſtill relieved, ſtill ſupported and drawn nearer and nearer to my God, by Infirmities, by Diſgraces, by Afflictions, by Croſſes, by Evaſion from troubles, by a gratious ſupport in them; I have from my youth met with forced prejudicial engagements, extraordinary times of urging expence, circumſtances of intricacy to my elections, and a ſpirit of my own, hard to pleaſe, but happily finding ſo little ſatisfaction in earthly things and pleaſures, that I have by Gods great goodneſs, been called home to him in whom alone is all true Contentment, and perfect joy: In this my Reſignation to him, I find a bleſſed daily Proſperity, a Sanctuary, and Tranquillity, to the moderation of all worldly cares and apprehenſions. Thou, O Lord raiſeſt unto me ſafety out of dangers, Thou turneſt oppoſitions, miſtakings, and deluſions, to betterings, and bleſſings: Thou over-ruleſt our Inclinations and reſolutions diſpoſing them at thy good pleaſure to differing ends and wayes; this I have found in divers purpoſes and deſigns, this in the great late difference betwixt King and Parliament hath eminently appeared in me, I had (though no way advantaged in fortune by him) before theſe our wars, in a voluntary, ſolitary, private affectioned devotion, vowed my ſelf and my life to ſerve him: It happened ſo in his unhappy courſe and quarrel, that when he left the Town and Parliament, to go along with him I conceived to be acceſſory to his and a publick miſchief, whereunto I could no wayes conſent, ſtaying behind oppreſſed

Hopeleſs of any good by Parliaments, I had long ſince reſolved againſt ſerving in them, but a deep melancholy where a duty is conceived, muſt not be offended,

sed in the contemplation of eminent calamity, I was near two years absent from my Station in a welcomed dying condition, yet preſt upon and rowſed from thence to an Attendance, I choſe rather than ſo poorly to periſh to repair again, where I ought a duty to God, my King and Country, and accordingly to take all opportunities to perform all the beſt offices I could towards Juſtice, Reaſon, and reconcilement: This how I obſerved I muſt refer to others to judg, whither returning what a change? Thus fair and well affectioned was my mind, whilſt my ſitting continued, yet as I have ſome reaſon to ſuſpect, not ſo well interpreted by all, but might have coſt me as dear as to the worſt, ſuch are the bitter fruits of an Inteſtine war: No man exempt, no man ſecure; towards theſe troubles I have been as ignorant as innocent, towards the Authors of them and the fatal funeſtious conſequences; my zeal in juſtice and charity hath been incenſt; I have conſumed much without getting the leaſt by them: Would true duty (as I underſtood it) have admitted, I would for my greateſt ſafety and advantage, have taken the *Oxford*-way, bleſſed be God who hath yet bleſſed me, with a poor but honeſt ſubſiſtence; On him I rely, to him I conſecrate my ſelf, to him, my bleſſed Saviour and holy ſpirit be all thankfulneſs and glory for ever and ever, Amen. *Amen.*

Auguſt the 21, 1657.

I Preſume to make uſe of 103. Pſalm, beginning, My Soul praiſe thou the Lord, and all that is within me, bleſs his holy name, and ſo forth to the 6. verſe. I have been marvellouſly ſupplied and ſupported by him in my weakneſs of Fortune, Body and Mind, againſt a violent deep-rooted inveterate diſeaſe of Melancholy-obſervations aggravated in extremity by ſtrong encounter of accidents, at laſt in burthen of years, and without help of Phyſician. It hath appeared admirable unto me, the relief that I have found againſt exhauſtion in my little ſtore. Strength and health beyond hope, my deſires and very fancy out-gone by bleſſings to my ſacred Anchor, the laſt place (though ever firſt in my affection) for my reſidence and now retirement, which I conceive both naturally unſutable, and by my infirmity and misfortunes to me uncapable of any fair accommodation; I have by Gods grace and zealous conſiderations, neceſſarily, and ſucceſfully been led unto it, after long concernful forbearance; and in what I have done in and about it, happy beyond any my imagination or deſign; I have both inſtructed and gone along with my workmen by inches, and been able by divine aſſiſtance to prove a guide where I was leaſt skilled and verſt; after many ſad years it hath pleaſed God ſo to bleſs me in all my doings of theſe laſt years that both without and within doors, of inumerable things ſmaller and greater that I have done (as without precipitation, ſo with ſome trouble

of

of deliberation) I wiſh not any one other than it is. I met within my little remaining limits near to my dwelling with either an open airey, or covert acceſs; a parcel of delectable grounds graced with intermixture of paſtures, woods meadows, opportunity for waters, ſtanding and flowing which much affected me; where I made a little ſhelter or grange againſt rain, between too paralel woods each within a ſmall ſtones caſt of the grange; the one lately grown up where are walks and ſeats to hear ſinging of Birds or voices, and turning at one end to a perſpective, our Meadowes, and through a paſs of another wood by Gods grace of like voluntary growth to reach a farther great one, the other ſiding wood at equal diſtance is more antient having now a walk croſs the neareſt end and divides plain and green gounds, in an obſcure part of a little entertaining room, is this inſcription, *Inopinata auſpicio Divino Tempe.* Some tract of time paſſed when within the ſame bounds ſuccesfully I diſcerned a large circle of Boſtage, encloſing in the midſt a ſmall green Vacuum; environed with ſhady but not ſmothering trees, and about them on one ſide a continent or Bedd of Brakes, thick ſet, and tall (a plant which I ever affected, with broken Tuffts like Iſlands of the ſame kind caſting themſelves into a rounding form, conform, and contiguous to them a large ſpace of even Meadows, and to crown and encompaſs all, well grown, woods ſomewhere riſing, otherwhere more flat, with a circumferencing aſpect of divers trees anſwering the horizon, and circulating the proſpect, which lately in a morning towards riſing from my Bed, coming to my mind, devoutly occaſioned me to the beſtowing half an hour in the compoſure of theſe following words, for a Song of four voices to be ſung ſitting faces outwards from a central Seat in the midſt of the whole conjuncture.

Cant.

HEavenly ſpirits of the aire,
Angels who the ſpheres tranſcend;
All that is or good or fair,
Sing and let your praiſes bend:
To th' Almighty and the Lamb,
Gracious Authors of this frame.

They it is and they alone,
That our wayes and actions Crown,
They become a glorious Throne
That can raiſe and caſt us down;
Holy holy, good and juſt,
Worthy of our faith and truſt,

Halelujah, &c.

Other

Other Banſteds Songs.

Fear not Nimphs no Satyr is here,
Nor lurking Serpent to affright you,
Birds melodious waters clear;
Thickets or plains may here delight you:
This another *Tempe* is,
No rude ſwain doth here reſide;
Innocence of Rural Bliſs;
Is the worſt doth here abide:
Anſwer then the Birds and ſing,
Make the woods your Echo ring.

Thus you may beguile rough time,
With Hour-glaſs, Syth, and furrowed face;
Repeat. Making him dance charm'd by your Ryme;
In Muſical ſmooth ſliding pace:
Repeat. Fear no Nimphs, *&c.*

Diana *and her Nimphs.*

Nimph. 1. Away, away, the Sun grows low,
Diana haſten home apace,
Shee'l chide if we be over-ſlow;
And bar us off to Morrows chaſe.

Nimph. 2. *Diana* is Lady of the night,
I am in game and yet 'tis day,
She allowes as fair delight;
Ile venture on a little ſtay.

Though we ſomewhat longer tarry,
Twill be paid us in the Quarry;
She is chaſt, and ſo are we,
We muſt chaſt as well as ſhe.

Nimph. 1. Well, venture then, wee'l ſtay awhile,
Hopeing her Frowns will turn to ſmile;
When ſhe ſhall ſee our time ſo paſt,
As renders her a good repaſt:
Chorus. Together now let's follow cloſe,
'Tis ſure our own beyond a loſs.

I am not the first that hath appeared to have changed his mind from his writings, really, with me not change, but pressure in reputation, and a just indignation have effected it, having been master of large grounds beyond my fortunes, which since much reduced, I thought fit to contract to lesser propo: tions, and that in a part which yet I judged so convenient that I wished it no bigger, and did something expresly for prevention against further enlargement, either by my self or other, and have used some invective against wild and clamorous grounds; yet mine being very antient, and, as such, destitute of coppice woods, It happened that having divers neighbours possessing quantity of usual woods, joining to my grounds, one of them took some exception, that my Park had such a want; I told him that had I had a small disordered Ship of his adjoining, I should upon the last setling have supplied and enlarged, whereupon he most freely offered me what accomodation I would, and pressed me again and again to ditch and fence, which when I had done, urging his demand, he fell off, saying, he never intended any thing but by way of exchange for a piece of Land of another mans, not in my power; much time and trouble past, and finding no reason to prevail with him, and my self engaged in common fame; I could not consent to sit down with such a foil, but both went on to a better enlargement of my first, and erecting a second, much neerer than any thing of his, well wooded and most Park-like, (though I intended no such use of it,) some were so tender of me as to prejudice themselves by a compliance to his defection in way of exchange; which I thankfully acknowledged, yet with intimation, that really I never could affect any thing so much as not easily to come off, in case of too great difficulty, untowardness or indignity, and have by Gods grace learned to bear my misfortunes, nor be much ashamed or afflicted for any thing that is honest, especially where I have been acted by Reason, Duty, or Conscience.

And thus I have now finished even more than I affected, hoped or thought feisable, abundance of paling and other costly accommodations, after waste of Timber, and lowness of Purse, and Fortune, all hath been *Deo duce* (my last Inscription,) since I came to look about me, and understand somewhat of my own, I have been able to do what I was made to believe impossible; Non-usage of our own eyes in what concerns us, makes Gentry thrive so ill, *alias res agendo*; as Merchants and others grow rich by being wholly intent to their profit and advantage; I was in my beginning attentive enough, but taken off by accidental oppression of Melancholy, was as the Embleme of Wings in the upper hand and a Stone in the nether to hinder me in effecting, taking or holding course according to my affections, reason or opportunity: But herein I have in former writings already overmuch expressed my self; pardon if I fall upon any thing thereof, for I have not cast an eye upon them these many years past, nor indeed can admit it for fear of the dislikes and imperfections that I may finde therein, and the trouble that I might hazard to incur by endeavouring to amend

their incorrigibility, I have been even now tempted againſt my former reſolution to unburthen my tumultuating thoughts (which as Nature) abhor a vacuity in a relapſe of writing, the great changes and ſufferings which I have undergone in theſe ſubſequent years urge me; but, as one ſaith, it is hard to write, and not a Satyr: I hate virulency; And the Scriptures, far beyond any thing that can proceed from me, have to the Generality unfruitfully ſaid ſo much; that I will endeavour forbearance; for it would be as endleſs as unprofitable. I pray that charity may better abound, in Churchmen, in Parties, that Juſtice and Peace may join and kiſs: Every man ſwims in his own ſenſe for juſtification and vindication: I will not excuſe all, but believe, as I would have others do, that many on both ſides in our late troubles, ſided in ſincerity of heart, yet ſome more cautiouſly and politickly than others; ſelf-denial hath been much mentioned, and whether there be in all reſpects any ſuch thing, is as much queſtioned; the meaning muſt be, that not to ſeek the ſatisfaction of our corrupt Nature, or prefer our individual private concernment before publick or more high compliance and a remoter Intereſt, is that which is moſt Chriſtian, and which I thank my God, I have been apt to obſerve and follow. Thus after my manner I write ſhort and deſultory, (a word to the wiſe) it is ſo to be found in better place; and as much may be ſaid in Little, as there is often Little in much. Now as little Rain laies much Wind; ſo theſe little Diſtillations, much ventoſity of thoughts: I wiſh this might prove my Farewel: I have lately received further comfort by what a Friend profeſſed to me of great benefit he had received from my preceding Writings concerning Melancholy; to do the leaſt good is my greateſt delight; God is the beſt Phyſician, and hath wonderfully ſupported me in overcoming moſt dangerous ſymptomes, as Epileptical Vertigoes, ſudden damps of vapours intercepting diſcourſe, *&c.* Clyſters have been a powerfull means; Obſtructions in the Body work the like in the Mind, and trouble of the Mind ſtirs billows to further trouble and ſwelling: but of this more than enough. I am, contrary to my education, in a ſaddiſh retired courſe, important conſiderations domeſtick and more publick, excite me to meditate change. I am too old to think of pleaſure or contentment; I muſt aim at, where and how to meet with the leaſt trouble, eye-ſores or diſcontents, which as the firſt Wiſdom is to be exempt from Folly, ſo in Contentment: I can hardly be more ſtranger any where than even in *London*, my place of Birth, and wonted conſtant converſation, a thing which I much want and need, and which every ſerving and countrey-market-frequenting Man enjoys; a kinder warmer Climate would better fit my Diſeaſe, Age and Minde; our Winters are grown longer, ſharper; our Summers over dry or wet, over-growing with choaking weeds and thorns: no nature of cultivation or ſoil hath prevented, we are become another Babel: Confuſion of hearts is worſe than that of tongues; I am neither Independent, Millenarian, Socinian, Arminian, Anabaptiſt, Quaker, Popiſh, nor over Rigid Prebyterian; but a Chriſtian, willingly as well in Life, as Name, and I hope as much according to Truth, as the beſt: Severity more than Right, deters from the ſweetneſs and good tydings of Religion; and a

ſcrupulous

ſcrupulous forbearance of adminiſtring the Lords Supper after due preceding inſtruction, and admonition, with preſent demonſtration of Faith, penitence and reverence, may be a kind of an undue and ſacrilegious preſumption. Joy of the Spirit is that the Word gives and requires; and the greateſt publick groanings are not to me the chief ſigns of that ſanctification and ſelf-conqueſt which a good Chriſtian ſhould attein: requiſite repentance is rather to be underſtood a real converſion, and putting off ſin, than putting on a dejected ſadneſs. An eminent perſon, upon intimation that he had, paſſing along, ſaluted a woman of no good fame, replied, That he would rather ſalute twenty ſuch, than not to give due reſpect to one perſon of worth: Apply this to forbearance upon ſome occaſion of particular excluſion: Forbearance of accompanying may extend to Church-reſort. *Et biberunt ex eo omnes*, Mark. 28. 24. *Hic eſt ſanguis qui pro multis effunditur*, ver. 24. *Non bibam amplius ex fructu vitis uſque, &c.* 25. This laſt to the Point of Tranſubſtantion. If will-worſhip be admitted in Faith, nothing impoſterous, either Heathen, or Roman, can ſeem ſtrange; Prelates, Eccleſiaſtiques, Lawyers, Phyſicians, know what they have been, what they ſhould be; not to be ſuch, may more harm than profit us: Let them and Scholars remember their Benefactors, for fear of a threatning overthrow. This is my wild way, who pretend neither oratory, oſtentation, dilatation, nor diſſection. Since I had no more to do with Workmen, Mechanicks and Artificers, God who had formerly raiſed unexpectedly ſome Muſique unto me, hath ſince, after more than twenty years not touching an Inſtrument reſtored me to take in hand for my paſtime, (which hath proved a very uſefull divertiſement to me,) the Viol: and therein to do as much for my part as that little which ever I could. My Sons Children and their Maſters have produced ſinging; and variety in that kind being the greateſt delight of it, I fell by occaſion and degrees to frame ſome words for compoſition and Conſort. Theſe following Songs are the product; and as not light or profane, ſo, as I conceive them, not the worſt of my doings: they are moſt properly Summer-fruits and Flowers, by unſeaſonable time not ſo pleaſing or fragrant. This which I have ſo much feared to go about, hath been in ſtead of my Mornings Draught amidſt my Prayers, and by moſt gracious Divine aſſiſtance, eaſily diſpatched. To the Almighty God-head be all Glory, *Amen, Amen.*

June 16. 1658.

A Set of Songs ſundry times performed with Organ and Inſtruments.

Introduction,

HOly Spirit three and One,
So upon my Spirit come
That I have no other aime
Than the glory of thy Name.

S. Fo. 4th. *First Song, Organ through all,*

Vo. Ten. 'When our ſweet Lord converſed here
'To work his work that coſt ſo dear.
Prologue. 'He on a time ſate by a well
'Where the Samaritans did dwell
'Whither there came, water to draw,
'A woman, whom ſoon as he ſaw
'He from her hand requir'd to drink,
Treble. But ſhe reply'd: Oh, who would think,
That thou a Jew ſhouldſt this demand of me,
Whom a Samaritan thou know'ſt to be?
3. *Voice.* Didſt thou now know who this of thee doth crave
Thou ſoon wouldſt beg waters of life to have?
Dialogue. Which freely he affords, nor doth deny
To ſuch as faithfully on him rely
Treb. How can this be, ſince thou haſt nought
From this deep Well to draw a draught?
3. *Voice.* Who takes from hence ſhall thirſt again?
But they to whom I this impart,
For ever thirſtleſs ſhall remain,
And live for ever pure in heart.
2. *Trebles.* Oh give us of that water rare,
That here we need no more repair.
Cho. Ba. & treb. rep. Come Inſtruments of Muſick, come rejoyce,
Anſwer our harmony of voice.
Symphony.

Epilogue tenor. Samaritans are now converted, and believe,
They hear, they come, they ſee, as ſhe they ſeek to hive,
Finding him Prophet, King, and Prieſt to be,
The true Meſsias that doth ſet us free.
Cho. Ba. Come Inſtruments of Muſick, come rejoyce,
2. *Trebles.* Anſwer our harmony of voice.
Symphony.

2. *Song*

2. *Song Ba.*

Thanksgiving both for S. *and* M.

THe mighty God of Heaven and Earth
My Soul for ever bleſſe his ſacred Name,
Who hath preſerv'd me from my birth,
Whoſe Motto duly may be term'd the SAME.
He conſtant is in gracious works and ways,
Great are my Errors, Fortunes moſt perverſe,
Yet fairly I ſubſiſt in lengthned dayes
Both day and night his Mercies to rehearſe,
Chorus. Hoſanna to our Saviour, God and King,
Ba. & treb. By whom we are, we live, rejoyce and ſing:

Hoſanna to the higheſt, Hoſanna, &c.

3. *Song:*
Symphony to begin.

Some genial Lines collected from former Verſes and contrived to a Song.

Firſt Treb. DIvine heroick Soul dain that I joyn
In Hymns accorded to the heart by thine
Unto our Maſters glory; and admit
Relating to Mr. *Herberts* Divine Peices. Me for a Rival in thy height of Love.
For though thy lofty flight be far above
My creeping Muſe, in ſpirit verſe and wit,
My Love both may and ought thy Love exceed,
Since greateſt pardons greateſt love do breed.

Firſt and ſec. Treble. Thus living ſing we, Swan-like ſinging, die
His Panegyrick, our own Elegie;
Thus do we tribute gratitude for grace
Lord till we ſing thy prayſes face to face,
Then ſhall our Rapture and our Joy be full,
Which here when moſt Intenſe are ſhort and dull.
Firſt Treb. relates. Others I hope will come and bear a part,
To hide my want of voice, my want of Art.
Ba. new. 'Thus we preſume though frailly faint and lame,
'In zeal to celebrate thy holy Name;
'For thy Indulgence ever favours thoſe,
'Who to thy honour do themſelves diſpoſe.
Chorus repeat. relates Thus Lord we care not, ſo thy favour laſt,
Though Taper-like we ſpread our Light and waſt.
Or though we like the poor flame-courting Fly;
Seeking thy glory, ſinge our wings and die.
Symphony.

4. *Song.*

4. Song. *Relating to* Banſted's Plain.

Mixt without Symphony.

HEavenly Spirits of the Air,
Angels, who the Spheres tranſcend;
All that is, or good, or fair,
Sing, and let your praiſes bend
To th' Almighty, and the Lamb,
Gracious Authors of this Frame.
They it is, and they alone,
That our ways and actions crown.
They become a glorious Throne
That can raiſe, and caſt us down.
Holy, Holy, Good and Juſt,
Worthy of our Faith and Truſt.

Halelujah, Halelujah, &c. with an Eccho.

Symphony.

1 Cor. 13.

Had I Mens and Angels tongue
Baſſe. Gift of Knowledge to foretel
Secrets, and Myſteries to come;
Faith, a Mountain to expel:
Gave I all my Goods in Alms,
And my Body to the Flame,
Wanting *Charity*, my *Pſalms*,
Zeal and *Pray'rs* would prove but vain.

Symphony.

1. *Treble.* *Charity* is patient, *Charity* is kind,
2. *Tr.* *Charity*'s not envious, nor of haughty mind,
1. Seeks not her ſelf, nor doth uncomely deed,
2. Judgeth the beſt, and juſtly doth proceed,
1. Loves Truth, hopes well to th' End, and ſuffreth long;
2. Rather endureth, than enacteth wrong:
Both Treb. Her juſt Encomion towards God and Man,
We here, nor fully do exalt, nor can:
Chorus. Science, with Prophecy and Tongues may ceaſe,
But *Charity* will ſuffer no decreaſe.
Faith, *Hope* and *Charity* do here remain;
But *Charity* for evermore ſhall Reign.

Symphony.

Baſſe. Divine and Chriſtian Love are height of Bliſs,
Where all pure Joy, nor Grief, nor Sorrow is:

Such

Such *Charity-triumphant* govern Me,
Whil'ſt I have hands to act, or eyes to ſee.

Symphony.

A Farewell Song.

Baſſe. REſt now, my Soul, caſt Earthly thoughts away,
Cæleſtial *Manna* be thy Food;
God, thy circumference and conſtant ſtay,
True *Center* of ſincereſt Good.
Poeſie, *Structures*, *Pleaſure* of the Eyes,
Worldly delights, and works of Pen,
I quit you here to ſoar above the Skies,
Slighting to Verſe in ſtuff Terrene.

Chorus of Angels.

2. Treb. & a Tenor. Welcome unto our Higheſt Quire,
Spirit incenſt with Heav'nly Fire;
Let ſtill thy tendency be thus,
And be free-Denizon'd with us:
Æternized ſhall be thy Joy,
Refin'd from *Droſs of Baſſe aloy.*

Symphony.

Baſs. Moſt ſplendid Eſſence guide my courſe,
Stopping my vein of Errours ſource:
So ſhall I with a fixed mind
Thy Harbours of ſweet comfort find,
Where 'tis for me to Anchor caſt,
But 'tis for thee to keep it faſt.
Halelujah, *Hoſanna*, &c.

Symphony.

THough in my ways and writings I oblige not my ſelf to the beaten track, as concluding my ſelf free from other Laws and preſcriptions than the Ordinances of God and my Countrey have ſubjected me unto, (I rather affect to avoid it) for, *Imitatores ſervum pecus*, often as unhappy as affected and ſervile, I chooſe moſt willingly what is prime Genius with me: yet to ſatisfie the cenſure of ſome common-ſpirited Criticks, in my not concluding my Song of Charity with a Chorus before the Symphony, I have ſupplied it with a

Gloria

Gloria to be uſed in time and place convenient, conceiving it otherwiſe too ſolemn. In truth (and lying I thank God I have ever thought baſe and abhorred) I have never been a Time-ſerver, nor Faſhion-monger, neither in or about houſe, Cloathing, Trimmings, or other light affectations of Dreſs, I have preferred an exemption, and a little Reaſon and convenience, before form, uniformity, and appearing; I have ever declined contrivances in a way of Grandeur, and curioſities, as a Diſeaſe: Witneſs a little Scrible obſcurely paſted up, which ſpeaks me thus.

Know ye, who judge, when hither you reſort,
Mode, Curioſitie, nor Pride rule here:
What the Place calls for, in a comely ſort,
Is fairly yielded to, if not too dear.
Expect all moderate; not Gay, but Good:
So God hath led and grac't in livelihood.

How I have been, or may be cenſured, I paſs by; the World hath been, and will be (I fear) uncharitable; more prone, and addicted to aſperſe, and detract, than candidly inclined, and judicious, either to diſcern, or make the beſt conſtruction; often, as erroneous as malicious. I have ſaid enough, if not too much, and been too laviſh of my particular: nor would have conſented to have expoſed it to every obvious Reader, had I not apprehended it capable of being uſefull to ſome, coincident with my concernings; *Quod Cuiquam Cuivis*; Charts of Navigation are inſtruction to avoid Rocks, Shelves, and dangerous Coaſts.

Take here part of my eſpecial Remedy, as well as the ſpeculation of my errours and ſufferings: What comparable to Scripture and Prayer? what ſo coldly perfunctorily and ineffectually employed? Defect of Faith and Zeal render them more harmfull than helpfull unto us: I will give you a true account how happy they have been unto me; In my darkeſt oppreſſions, I caſt my ſelf upon ſeveral openings of the Bible; where, by Gods grace, lighting upon ſundry places of Comfort, I marked them, and ſo often iterated the Reading, that in tract of time I came to have them all by heart, and every Morning repeated them, after a longer particular Prayer in my Bed.

I read them in French. and had a ready addreſs unto them from the Old to the New Teſtament: But ſo many years ſince, that I am not now readily able to reſort unto them, whereby to give them by our Engliſh Tranſlation. Receive them thus, diſtinguiſhed by diſ-joined Lines, ſomtimes in the ſame Chapter, ſomtimes riſing from ſeveral Chapters.

1. Cerchez au livre du Seigneur & Litez.

2. Le deſert, & lieu ſauvage ſe reſioüiront, & le lieu ſolitaire menera joye, & florira come le lis, il germera en abondance, il ſe regaillardira de joye, & Chantera, la Gloire de Liban lùy eſt donèz, la nobleſſe de Carmel, & de Saron, iceux verront la Gloire du Seigneur, & la Nobleſſe

de

de noſtre Dieu. Confortez les mains faillis, & renforcez les genoux affoiblis, dites au troublez de cueur ſoyez confortez, & ne craignez plus.

3. Conſolez. Conſolez mon peuple, dit voſtre Dieu, donnez joye au lueur de Jeruſalem, & l'appellez, car ſon temps eſt accompli, l'iniquité dicelle eſt pardonnée, elle a receu de la main du Seigneur au double pour tous ſes pechez.

4. Et t'ay dit tu es mon ſerviteur, je t'ay eſleu, & ne t'ay pas debouté, ne crains point donc, car je ſuis avec toy ne ſois point troublè car je ſuis ton dieu, je tay conforté, & t'ay aydè, & t'ay ſouſtenu par la dextre de de ma juſtice, Voycy tous ceux qui t'aſſayllent ſeront confus, & honteux, ilz ſeront reduicts a neant; & les homes qui debattent avec toy periront, Car je ſuis ton Seigneur Dieu, prenant ta main, & te diſant ne crains point car je t'ayderay, ne crains point vers de Jacob, vous homes mortels d'Iſrael, je t'ayderay diſt le Seigneur, & ſeray ton guarant le Sainct d'Iſrael.

5. Et maintenant ainſi diſt le Seigneur qui a crée Jacob, & qui t'a formè Iſrael, ne crains point, car je t'ay rachetè, & tay appellé par ton nom, tu es a moy, quand tu paſſeras par les eaux je ſeray avecques toy, & les fleuves ne te noyeront point, quand tu chemineras par le feu tu ne ſeras point bruſlé, & la flamme ne t'ardera point, car je ſuis le Seigneur ton Dieu le ſainct d'Iſrael ton ſauveur, jay donné Egypte pour ta redemption, Ethiope, & Saba pour toy, pour ce que tu as eſté faict hononorable & glorieux devant mes yeux & t'ay aimé, je donneray les homes pour toy, & les peuples pour ton ame; ne crains point car je ſuis avec toy.

6. Et maintenant Jacob mon ſerviteur eſcoute, & toy Iſrael que jay eſleu, voycy que diſt le Seigneur qui t'a faict, & formè & ton adjuteur des le ventre, ne crains point Jacob mon ſerviteur, & droicturier que jay eſleu, Car je reſpandray des eaües ſur celle qui a ſoif.

7. L'eſprit du Seigneur Dieu eſt ſur moy car il m'en a oinct, il m'a envoyé pour porter bonnes nouvelles aux affligez, pour mediciner les deſolez de cueur, pour publier aux captifs la delivrance, & aux priſonniers l'ouverture de la priſon, pour preſcher l'an de la benevolence du Seigneur, & le jour de vengeance de noſtre Dieu, pour Conſoler tous ceux qui lamentent, pour diſpoſer a ceux qui lamentent Sion, que Magnificence leur ſoit donée au lieu de la cendre, l'huile de joye pour lamentation, le manteau de louange pour l'eſprit d'angoiſſe, & les appellera on les arbres de juſtice, & la plante du Seigneur pour le Glorifier.

8. Neantmoins je ne feray pas conſumation de toy, mais te chaſtieray par raiſon, & ne te purgeray du tout, Car ainſi diſt le Seigneur, ta bleſſeure eſt dangereuſe, & ta playe eſt languoreuſe, il n'y a nul qui juge ta cauſe pour bailler emplaſtre, il n'y a nulle medecine qui te profite, tous tes amoreux t'ont mis en oubli, & ne te cercheront point, car je

t'ay frappè de la playe d'enemy, & d'un cruel chaſtiment, pour la grandeur de ton iniquitè tes pechez ſont renforcez; pourquoi crie tu ſur ton deſcomfort, ta douleur eſt perilleuſe, je t'ay fait ces choſes pour la grandeur de ton iniquitè, & tes pechez ſont renforcez, pourtant tous ceux qui te mangent ſeront devorez, & tous tes adverſaires eux tous iront en captivitè, & tous ceux qui te foulent, ſeront foulez, & donneray en pillage tous ceux qui te pillent, car je te donneray ſantè & te gueriray de tes playes, diſt le Seigneur.

Et il diſt a ſes diſciples voſtre cueur ne ſoit point troublè, & n'ayt point de crainte, vous croyez en Dieu, croyez auſſi en moy; En veritè, en veritè je vous dis qui croit en moy, il fera les œvores que je fay, & en fera de plus grandes, car je m'en vay a mon Pere, & quelque choſe que vous demanderez en mon nom, je le feray, afin que le Pere ſoit glorifiè par le Filz, ſi vous demandez quelque choſe en mon nom, Je le feray, ſi vous m'aymez, gardez mes commandemens & je prieray mon Pere, & il vous donnera un autre conſolateur, pour demeurer avecques vous eternellement a ſcavoir, l'eſprit de veritè, que le monde ne peult recevoir, pourtant qu'il ne le voyt, & ſi ne le cognoiſt, mais vous le cognoiſſez, car il demeure avec vous, & ſera en vous, je ne vous delaiſſeray point Orphelins, je viendray a vous; encores un petit, & le monde ne me verra plus, mais vous me verrez, pourtant que je vis, vous vivrez auſſi, en ce jour la vous cognoiſtrez, que je ſuis en mon Pere, & vous en moy, & moy en vous, je vous ay dit ces choſes demourant avec vous, mais le conſolateur, qui eſt le Sainct eſprit, que mon Pere envoyera en mon nom, vous enſeignera toutes choſes, & vous reduira en memoire toutes les choſes que je vous ay dit, je vous laiſſe Paix, je vous donne ma Paix, je la vous donne non pas comme le monde la donne, que voſtre cueur ne ſoit point trouble, & n'ayt point de crainte, vous avez ouy, que je vous ay dict, Je vays, & viens a vous.

10. Je ſuis la uraye vigne, & mon Pere eſt vigneron, il oſte tout cep, qui en moi ne porte point de fruict, & purge tout celuy, qui porte fruict, à fin qu'il porte plus de fruict; vous eſtes ja nets pour la parole que je vous ay dit, de meurez en moy, & moy en vous; come le cep ne peult de luy meſme porter fruict, s'il ne demeure en la vigne, ſemblablement auſſi ne pouvez vous, ſi vous ne demeurez en moi, je ſuis la vigne, & & vous eſtes les ceps, qui demeure en moy, & moy en luy il porte moult de fruict, car ſans moy vous ne pouvez rien faire, ſi aucun ne demeure en moy, il eſt jettè dehors, comme le ſarment, & eſt faiſchè, & on l'amaſſe & le met on au feu, & ard, ſi vous demeurez en moy, & que mes paroles demeurent en vous, tout ce que vous vouldrez, vous le demanderez & il vous ſera faict, en cela ſera mon Pere Glorifiè, que vous apportiez beaucoup de fruict, & que vous ſoyez faits mes diſciples, ainſi que mon Pere m'a aymè, auſſi vous ay je aimè, demeurez en ma dilection, ſi vous gardez mes commandements, vous demeurerez en ma dilection, comme jay gardè les commandements de mon Pere, & je demeure en ſa dilection.

After

After theſe Prayers and Paſſages of Duty and Comfort, before leaving my Chamber, I uſe another more contracted Devotion, upon my Knees; followed with opportunity in courſe of the Day, by ſome proſtrate or other poſture, repetitions, and Ejaculations; All, the moſt retired that I can, and it ſomewhat offends me thus to publiſh: But being I hope known to be no Hypocrite, and having received moſt happy fruit hereby, poſſibly ſome advantage, and like conſolation may flow from this divulge to a dejected and diſconſolate ſoul; which alſo is the Prayer and wiſh of me, the moſt unworthy, but moſt obliged humble ſervant of the Almighty Deity and Trinity in Unity. *Amen, Amen.*

To much of what hath preceded written in a valetudinary tenuity, but not deſpondency of ſpirits, as in a Miſt (though not of Ignorance) of Infirmity; a fair-minded Reader will I hope be indulgent, according to theſe old Verſes;

Hæc quoque quæ facio Judex mirabitur æquus,
Scriptaque cum venia (qualiacunque) leget.

I expect no other than ſeverity of Cenſure from unfriendly, indiſpoſed, unprepared Readers; to whom my frequent inſertions of God, Devotion, and Melancholy, will prove unwelcome and nauſeous; and with whom, what concerns my particular, (as impertinent to them, futile in me, and in truth intended onely to neareſt deſcendants and friends,) will find a harſh entertainment: So it muſt be, without ſome adæqation of Spirit, and Concernment. Fall it out as it may, they can hardly think or ſay worſe than I have expreſſed and aſperſt of my own ſenſe in courſe of my productions. To the more candid I ſubmit them; and at the worſt, I dare ſay, However they appear with a rugged face, incompoſed, incorrect, not exact, they carry a good meaning, and, upon extraction, ſome ſuch intrinſecal temper and mixture of Vertue and Goodneſs, as is not found in every ground, though of far larger methoded and learned volumes: ſhortly digeſted, and if well weighed may prove not unuſefull; poliſhing and concinnation have not been my aim, (pardon if I want them:) My individual Spirit and Stile, ſuch as they are, may poſſibly afford ſome recompenſe to an ingenious diſtaſt: It is a Foreſt; Timber, Game, and Food are not wanting: *Nulli te nimium reddas amicum*; exerciſed in a moderation towards Worldly things, and fixing and confining our affections upon God, may be a Sovereign Rule of Happineſs.

Et minus gaudebis, & minus dolebis
Quin potius maxime gaudebis.------

Here, *Tranſvolamus in medio poſita & fugientia captamus.* Simple and miſerable condition of our Lighter Spirits.

YOu may have ſeen, how my intentions have gone in great part from the firſt to the laſt of my writings; ſtill to conclude, yet ſtill drawn on. It as yet remains, that I finiſh with my moſt zealous humble thanks and acknowledgment to my gracious Creator and Redeemer, for the immenſe and ineſtimable conſtant ſupport and relief that in my greateſt extremities and infirmity I have to this minute received: Admirable are they in their Mercies, and all their Works, equally in the almoſt inviſibly leaſt, as the vaſteſt and greateſt, ſuch as this Univerſe comprehends innumerable; to the unbounded circumference whereof, this our earthly Stage is comparatively but a point: By the Omnipotent Power they exiſt, and are preſerved, ſo am I, the unworthieſt of his Creatures, notwithſtanding my infinite errours and offendings towards him, towards my ſelf; I am a Monument of Mercy and ſufferings: It hath pleaſed him to give me a Long life the better to know him and my ſelf, and ſee in length of time his conſtant Goodneſs and Power, and the Worlds frailty and viciſſitude: Young Men hear, read, ſee, changes, ruines, deſtructions of Friends, Families, States, but inſenſibly ſlight them, as caſual, hiſtorical, remote, and non-concernfull to them. How vanid, as well as vain, are ſublunary things! I have been Spectator of raiſings and over-turnings, growths and decays of Beauties, Greatneſs, Riches, Honours, Fabricks; ſucceeding Generations planting, ſupplanting, favours, diſfavours, tranſitory as Graſs or Flowers, eminent to day, ſomtimes withered and vaniſht, ſomtimes deſtroyed or extirpate to morrow: to day Subjects of Pride, Objects of Scorn the next. Wiſdome and permanence are privatively Gods peculiar: We may endeavour, we may wiſh improvement and reformation of our frail condition, and diſpoſitions; but it muſt be the miraculous Power of the Higheſt Hand to effect. I have often ſaid, *Neceſſity is the ſure Reformer.* One of the moſt Politique, none of the Beſt humane Authors, could ſay, *That Men never ſteer right courſes, till forced and carried beyond themſelves.* May the Hand of the Almighty turn us, and we ſhall be turned; make us his in this World, refine us and receive us to his Eternal Happineſs and his moſt happy Preſence after this Life. *Amen, Amen.*

DIſpenſe this my Farewel to the *Cacoëthes*, and *pruritus* of writing: I had lately a good ſervant ſtrucken in an Artery by an ill Chirurgion upon blood-letting; it was moſt hard to ſtop his bleeding to death: yet far exhauſted and debilitated, by Gods mercy he lives; my vein and vanity is ſuch, yet will I put on a confidence by the ſame good grace of God which hath aſſiſted and ſupported me in the greateſt extremities to become enabled againſt this relapſe of pen-work, as well as formerly I have been by an *Interſtitium* of many years, a working ſoul is an importunate Gueſt, and thoughts, preſſing Intruders,

ders, a ſtrong curb is neceſſary unto them: We may ſay of them well, *Nec poſſum vivere cum te, nec ſine te*: I never till now had a minde to broach them to the publike, yet ſince in fixed Types the Anchor will be caſt, the *Rubicon* paſt, and the *alea jacta* to a ſettlement and retreat, I deliberate of a total re-impreſſion; reſenting your aſſiduity of rowling *Siſiphus* his ſtone and filling the *Dainaides* Tub to your unfruitful Harveſt, I have been ſo hardie as to have overlookt tranſitorily what of mine hath formerly paſt the Preſs, and deleted ſome miſ-becoming repetitions. Somwhat of Favour hath appeared to encourage me, and ſuch may be an adventitious and neceſsitous Reader as incites me, (nor make I ſo bold as heretofore,) I had reſolved a ſuppreſsion till either naturally or civilly dead, but *teſte baiſſée*; an impulſion from within thruſts me abroad; I have experienced Fancies riſing from within, moſt pernicious; and had confined my ſelf to forein occaſions, which for the future I mean to obſerve in curſory dictates.

Oh how I pity the wild ſilly inexperience of youth and humane imbecillity, how it plungeth it ſelf to immedicable miſcheifs: but more the uncharitable inſulting diſpoſitions upon caſual Infirmities and Calamities befalling good men! May ſuch malignity never ſeize upon me: *Quod nova Teſta capit inveterata ſapit*: So fares it the contracted taints of our firſt virility; a virulence like that of muſty Bottles, incurable: the Body often totally becomes an Apoſthume of corruption, refilling as faſt as emptied, *levari poteſt, reſtaurari non poteſt*, yet what is marvellous to my ſelf, notwithſtanding the direſt preſages, ſymptomes and prognoſticks I enjoy in my fulneſs of Years, greater treaſure of ſtrength, blood and faculties, than heretofore through the main courſe of my Life: *à Domino factum eſt iſtud*, there is no true courage but in that refuge, that protection under which, till I reſolved conſtantly to entertain and bear the worſt that could befall me, how unquiet, how exanimate was my condition!

Gaudere de iis quæ habemus, non dolere de iis quæ non habemus: and *Gauder il præſente* are uſefully practical documents, the future is wrapt in darkneſs, to prevent our diſcouragement. *Philoſophy* is a Good; but *God* the ſure Preſervative. I have lately underſtood, that intermixture of other Language is at preſent diſliked; I never the more forbear it, for I never was a follower of Faſhions, and am now too old, and the Times too odde to begin: I do it not affectedly; but as in my Language, take it as it comes; yet in the laſt, I am contented to uſe terms ſomwhat extraordinary, and leſs familiar, as not writing to every capacity, nor opening my wares to all vulgar eyes; antient exotique paſſages coming to my minde are more authentick than any thing of mine. May it pleaſe our almighty Creator and Redeemer to continue his mercy and preſervation upon us, diſpelling our tempeſtuous troubles of minde, ſtate, and apprehenſions, by his moſt gracious deliverance and protection: To whom be all humble thankfulneſs and glory for ever and ever, *Amen*.

The worſt is better then our demerits.

The

THe Children of Iſrael had forty years travel through the wilderneſs: By diſaſter and accident I have had many more through all the ſpecies of obſerved melancholy to the mind, with threatning ſymptomes to the body; yet amongſt ſuch rough and craggy paſſages, and my juſt attracted puniſhments; guided, and (as they) delivered by the propitious hand of the Almighty, whoſe beneficent eternal intuitive providence ſubminiſters to his children and creatures, not onely a ſubſiſtence in an ordinary and natural courſe, but in ſupport, relief, and ſuperinduced cure, in caſe of preternatural encounters and ſufferings: This appears in wounds, plants, and various occaſioned Criſis's: Nature is furniſht with a concomitant grace of compliance and flexibility, to fall in with neceſſity and cuſtome; eſpecially for our preſervation: ſo doth ſhe exerciſe a faculty of converting things noxious to nouriſhment; enforced change of courſe and liberty to ſtrange unuſual waies, which become with urgency, in time, not onely eaſie and natural, but familiar and pleaſing: So I, in my retired ſolitude find my houſe a town, my lodging a domicile; thoughts and books (well moderated) perfection of converſation: admirable and infinite beauty in the earth and heavens, affording matter of ſpeculation and diſcourſe beyond the extent of our humane ſouls. But above all, God in my heart (as virtually in all exiſtences) whoſe preſence is joy compleat, comfort unexpreſſible, divine recreation, ſhortning tedious daies and nights here, to eternize hereafter our being in his bleſſed heavenly manſions: whither, through the merits of our bleſſed Saviour, may it pleaſe him to conduct us, *Amen.*

OUr reciprocal affections have bred you the trouble which appears in your Letter of the 8. inſtant; the greater ſtill becomes my obligation: the debt of a preſent anſwer I now endeavor to pay according to your ſeries, paſſing over your immerited approbation, more than to take it for a modeſt inſtruction to what I want: your firſt Quere concerning the marginal words of the ſecond ſheet, as they are not marked for inſertion, neither did nor do I intend them but as collateral, and as I conceive, many books ſtand ſo charged from poſt-nate pertinencies, which though omitted in the Text, the Authors could not be contented to loſe, and ſometimes intended for clearing the interlined words of what a change? require no more; I write not by figure, they are infinite, as ſpirit of expreſſion; there is a reticence, as in the Æneids *Quos ego, ſed motos, &c.* I like nothing better than that abruption: what the main will admit, you may, leaving the reſt to the By.

The *Banſteds* ſongs I meant to go together, though two of them are found in the greater Symphoniacal collection: The ordering may bee according to the ciphers, and for ſubſequent Letters to your ſelf, or of other

other addreſs, concerning Muſick, or otherwiſe, I refer, ſtill to your better judgment, whether or no to enter them, with the beſt wiſhes and total ſubmiſſion of

Septemb. 11. 1658.

Your moſt really affectionate Friend

My cordial Friend!

THough my laſt dated Letter may poſſibly come later to your hands than this, by reaſon of the worthy Bearers ſomwhat longer ſtay with me than he intended, and his reſolute undertaking to deliver it with his own hands, yet your diſcretion will time them; and however this may come in an after-time, as well in reſpect of my former expreſſed reſolutions of cloſing, as otherwiſe, I cannot withhold from you what I ſince have been occaſioned to write concerning Muſick, a ſubject which you well underſtand, and which I ſubmit to your better judgment, to inſert after the *Banſted* Songs in the Printing, or elſe to omit at your pleaſure: I ſend to Mr. *Henry Looſmore* alſo a Copie of my Eſſay of Muſick; made, as you know, forty years ſince. Thus, notwithſtanding the ſaying of *Proceſſus non datur in infinitum:* You ſee a parcel exception againſt it; talking and writing are many times hard to begin, and harder to end: I have very lately adventured to caſt my eie upon my former Book, and find it, as I have in it, and otherwiſe often taken notice, full of undue repetitions; yet that the melancholy humor and courſe of it may the more naturally appear, I am contented that even in its true deformity and miſ-ſhapenneſs it ſhould remain ſo repreſentative of it ſelf to the world and me: Thus *Saxa memor refero rurſus ad icta pedem.* But if an ultimate ſtiffning and obſtinating my ſelf can prevail with me, as by God's goodneſs it hath done in other things important, you ſhall now have proof of my better conſtancy, and that at laſt, *Ictus Piſcator ſapit*; This with *Deo gloria* and his good grace, is the final period of my farther writing, and ſo to this Letter of,

Your unfeigned affectionate Friend.

Good Mr. Henry Looſmore!

FOr more than Batchelor belongs unto you, ſo excellent have you ſhewed your ſelf in what you favored me, to leave with me ſuch good, ſuch ſweetneſs, Art and Air come ſeldom from under a Gown; yet are you not ignorant, how I have appeared taken with what hath proceeded from Mr. *Cranford*, whom I knew, a ſober, plain-looking man:

Man: his pieces mixed with Majesty, Gravity, Honey-dew Spirit and Variety. I find less strange from Mr. *Jenkins*; whose infinite flowing vein, in all kinds, I have as much admired, as been delighted in: but his Fashion promises no less; Spirit, Garb, and Air, shine in his first appearance. At his being with me lately, we had some speech of Fantasies, which he expressed capable enough to carry Air in their current. I am not against the short Airs that possess the present times; but before we can pass time enough in them, their very sweetness gluts, and grows fulsome: As to be fed with sweet meats, and dieted with Confectionary stuff, would quickly satiate; so these, a due and judicious attention. The constant use of them is fit for common Consorts of pleasure, to tickle the ear, eat, drink, dance, or discourse, whilest they fill the Room and Ear, not the Soul, which is more apt to be wrought upon by Musical streins, than by what they should rather be, from the Pulpit. The lighter sort of Preachers find too much of this, in the lightness of their affected Elegance and Conceits. Let not then the deepest in Art and Science, submit themselves to comply rather with the lighter than more solid humoured spirits. Our Frenchified Age requires rather a recollecting and setling towards sobriety and gravity, than to be bubbled up to an over-Airy humour and lightness. But I confess, Variety is the praise and perfection of Musick; and invention therein is infinite, which I will not be at this time, further than to excuse my over-wearying you at your late being with me: To complement with your Brother *George*, and take in the pleasure of his Fancies, gave the occasion. If you will oblige me another time, we will not tire you; but give you, I hope, some content, in hearing your last things performed by our hands. Things use to appear easie in hearing, that prove hard to an ordinary hand: I despaired of these at the hearing, but came off with no ill satisfaction, even at the first tryal. This is hastily written, but gives you the hearty salute of your

Catlidge, Aug. 28. 1658.

Most affectionate Friend to serve you.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Profess my self to be as much naturally affected with lively and airy Musick, as any Man; but time and attention to the Art, and well-working of it, hath with acquaintance bred in me a more solid affection: Not but that I am still delighted in the first; but the shortness, and too long dwelling in the continual food of our Modern Airs, entertains me not long enough without some lusciousness of glutting. I am I confess no Cameleon, to be fed onely with Air: Many of the long solemn cromatick accorded pieces, in continuance would also grow too heavy with me. There is a kind of brisk, lusty, yet mellifluent vein, that flows as in *In nomine*; and I have found it in a double *C, fa, ut*, piece of Mr. *Wards* 4. Parts, and in other Authors, that stirs our bloud, and raises

our

our ſpirits, with livelineſs and activity, to ſatisfie both quickneſs of heart and hand. Pardon my ignorance and preſumption laid open towards

Your great Judgment and Knowledge.

IT is now time *Claſsicum canere*, and to make a retreat; away with more *&* *cætera's* and deletings; one total one had been the beſt: Otherwiſe, at the beſt, it ſtill remains unſatisfactory to my ſelf and others. I find my ſelf growing more affected and troubleſomely curious; as my years are burthenſome, ſo is my ſpirit to it ſelf; write what I can, all may prove as vain and ſuperfluous, as ſuperficial. Saint *Paul* himſelf might plant, and *Apollos* water; but God gives the increaſe: His Bleſſing I implore, with my Readers favour: *Quoties loquimur toties de nobis judicatur.* But *Neſcit vox miſſa reverti:* Elſe rather than to caſt my ſelf upon cenſure, I would eaſilier prefer to ſuppreſs than expoſe and proſtitute my errours, which no man can more diſlike than I do my ſelf: Yet for the intermixture of ſuch good as grows amongſt my Weeds, I the more willingly put on a tolerating patience: And as for further Printing, I would rather recal than reiterate, though ſomewhat more correct than at firſt. What my Courage may reſolve, I know not; Ambiguity in perſwaſions is not wanting; it ſerves me not leſs in any thing, except to offend my God: But in that kind, I am not poſſeſt with good nature or vanity enough, to gratifie others in my own trouble; nor firm conceitedneſs of my ſelf, with any hope of becoming profitable, ſufficient to incite me. If this happen to come abroad, take as it may, it muſt go as it is, and as I then was, which it repreſents: It conſiſts generally of haſty fruits, not ſo fair, as to be conceived worthy of my own Eye from their firſt gathering, till they came to the Preſs, not in the leaſt ſort originally ſo intended. Many are my reluctations, and whatſoever Fate I receive here, God I hope will forgive. To him be all Glory. *Amen, Amen. Adieu.*

AT your late Bartholomew Fair, the Countrey helpt to make it good to your Town; your City hath made requital to us at our *Sturbride*-Fair, which hath conſiſted of many ſolid Commodities, beyond your Wares; Hops are ever a principal. My Writings are ſomwhat like a Mart, Much choice, not all allowable; better and worſe, ſome trifles, ſome things of price; too much of the Hop; They are indeed rather Obſervations, Annotations and Animadverſions to the Texture of the World, than any formal kind of Work. I remember *Caprichio Rabelais*, in his Preface, compares what follows to an Apothecaries Shop, ſtrange figured Boxes, but fraught with diver-

ſity of wholſom Drugs, ſome Alexipharmacons of uſeful Simples, if well imploied: But now our Mart breaks up, and your Merchants are packing. So it is more than time for me to make a through retreat from this unwholſom entertainment of writing: I, ſince I laſt writ to you, took by chance into my hand a little book which hath lain long by me, termed, *The conſtancie of Du Daie*, eminent in knowledg, and in the Court of Parliament of *Paris*. He writ in the time of the greateſt troubles of France, Siege and calamity of *Paris*: It ſo much quadrates with our late confuſions, and preſcribes ſo well in like caſes, that had I the patience to become a Tranſlator, I would ſoon undertake it; I quickly poſted it over, which till very lately, I could not have done any time theſe two years, by reaſon of infirmity of my eies, a diſeaſe which hath reigned in our parts. Thus it pleaſeth God to bleſs me, may it pleaſe him to make it to his ſervice and glory. Moderate and diſcreet reading is a great and rich contentment; therein may we converſe, when we will, with the beſt Authors and quinteſſential Elixir of their ſtudies: That and Muſick prove a happie ſupplie to my ſolitude. A lively converſation is that I have been bred to: and *Autoritas* is ſaid to be *Apex ſenectutis*. But God is every where, and where his good Spirit aſſiſts, there wants nor company, nor comfort. To him onely Eternal, Wiſe, Powerful, and happily merciful, be all glory, *Amen*.

I Occaſionally uſe occurring paſſages in other language, they are ſomwhat authentick, and help in weight, like ſimilies they illuſtrate, though not prove.

Dum in dubio eſt animus paulo momento,
huc atque illuc fertur.

Our minds like ſeas have their flowings and re-flowings, ſome more, ſome leſs, poſture of banks, coaſts, winds, influence and obſcure cauſes make Eddies and irregularities; both Scripture and experience teach how little power we have over our own reſolutions and waies: what I intend to day, I know, of the morrow I am ignorant; What now I write, I mean to print, now to publiſh, now to confine: All exiſtence, motion, execution and effects derive from the Almighty power, whereunto I humbly ſubmit and commit my ſelf in all my concerns, *Amen*, *Amen*.

IT hath pleaſed my moſt gracious God in great part to clear me of a long and ſtrong Melancholy: I now herein, beyond my former private Edition, purge and clear from the unwelcome word Melancholy, ſo over often inconſideratly occurring in the Native rapidity, rendring it by Paraphraſe in a more plauſible and paſſable variation: Some expunctions I have alſo made of the frequent ſubreptitious repetition of my afflicting preſſures and domeſtick concernments! Whereof however there may ſtill remain, in regard of ſtrangers too much, yet following my own Intention, whoſe Scope hath been not to miſ-appear in undue conſtruction, and to ſerve for a Mirror of prevention to a diſcreet uſe of their repreſentation, accompanied with their interwoven paſſages of divers ſhort Notions, Diſcourſes and Devotions, I now reſolve and preſume even againſt my reſerved *Genius*, paſſing by the malignity of ſuch cenſure as never fails, further to communicate theſe my levities, ſpeculations, and holy breathings; which I the rather undergo in apprehenſion that they would at one time or other, maugre my averſion, be obnoxious to become injuriouſly proſtituted for ſordid gain. I finde not how to redeem their primitive precipitation in a more ready and effectual way; ſome little I alſo add, leaving all in their preſent reſidence of imperfection, rather then by further trouble to mar my ſelf to mend my Books, *Benedicat Deus.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas.

HOw more ſublimely happie then is the reverend knowledg of the Omnipotent Creator, Cauſe of cauſes, Principle of principles, Prince of Princes; Natural effects are his preſcriptions, orders of Motion and Production his obedient vaſſals, Heat and Moiſture his Agents, and materials, Beauty and Virtues ſparkles of his Glory and Influence; Short-ſighted preſumptuous man, as blind as bold, ſearch and come ſhort of the Heavens, Earths, Airs, and Waters motions: nay, thoſe of thy blood inteſtines, body and ſoul: they are of his ordination, who, Author of light, dazling thy eies, wraps himſelf in clouds and darkneſs impenetrable to thy diſcovery and impotent beams: Some courſe of ſecond cauſes and progreſſions thy curious induſtry may find, but ſearching other ſpring then him, thou ſtill art blind. Submit thy ſelf to him in all humility and admirarion, The Being of Beings. Sacrifice not to

thy ſelf, but thy heart, and all thy grace, power and diſcernings to him the Fountain and Giver of all good:

To Whom, Wiſdom, and Holy Spirit, be all thankfulneſs and obdience, honour and glory, never ending; *Amen, Amen.*

STray, frothy Man, who now ſhould pity thee,
Loſt in the Labyrinth thy ſelf haſt wrought?
Thy ſubtile Arts all cannot ſet thee free;
Unworthy, thou wert over-dearly bought;
What Water did not, final Fire muſt do,
Such deſperate Cure we now muſt leave thee to.

Oh, might my parcel touches touch the quick;
No, thou wilt wilfull in thy Faces ſtick.

Such Verſes are the beſt, where the current of the Verſe, and ſpirit of the Senſe flow ſmooth and juſt together: Impreſt, moral, or zealous matter, it is hardly obſerved. A fluent ſpirited Proſe is alſo the moſt pleaſing. God, Nature, and Maſtery in Language, rather then Labour, Art, or Precept muſt perfection them: Pardon my failings.

A ſudden New-Years-Gift.

SONG.

MEn Deifi'd was frequent heretofore:
The Pope hath made himſelf a God,
And --- Dead Men Saints for Living to implore.
But this ſtrange-way was never trod;
That God ſhould lay his Glory by,
To put on Fleſh, be Born, and Die!
Angels themſelves admir'd to ſee
Such Mercy, ſuch Humility.

Chorus,

Chorus.

Let us now celebrate the Day,
Which did that wondrous Grace diſplay.
What ſhall we offer, Lord, to thee,
Who gav'ſt thy ſelf, to ſet us free?
Gold Myrrhe, and Incenſe were too poor:
Accept, for want of better ſtore,
Our hearts and lives, though thine before.

Written, and intended firſt as Proſe; but falling thus, is thus rendred.

WHat, ſtill unquiet, ſtill importunate!
Well, Book, and Genius, take your courſe; you will
Be gadding, whileſt I dwell obſcure, nor can
Conſent, or to be old, be buried quick,
Or live a Recluſe, clouded life, like me.
Go, exerciſe the influence of your
Beſt parts: what good ſoever you intend,
In theſe laſt times, you may repent, and fail
Of fair interpretation, or ſucceſs:
It is a carping, though a Preaching Age:
'Tis not your meaning well that will excuſe.
Zeal, ſufferings, and loſs, have made us take
The liberty of ſpeaking poſſible,
So much, that you may find more Enemies
Then yet appear.

Expect nor name, or ſeconding from me,
Strong, nor in Name, Power, or Authority.
If you preſume of worth, get from your worth
A Name.

Be not poſſeſt by that baſe ſordid Aym,
To live with bad, rather than want a Fame.
But you are ſenſleſs, hard'ned, and can bear
Better than I, infirm, eclipſt, yet paſt
The World, and touch of Fame, or Cenſure: So

That

That for my Quiet now I yield: Be preſt
Away; ſo ſhall you, for the preſent, free
Your ſelves and me.
Who will no more reſent than you,
What can be ſaid, or falſe, or true.

Si male de nobis loquuntur homines bene loqui neſciunt,
Faciunt non quod meremur ſed quod ſolent.

ÆTAT. 76. *Abſolvat Deus.*

December, An. Dom. 1658.

FINIS.

To close the Press.

Starlight for Sunshine, Hail for Heat!

ENgland my dear and formerly most happy Country: Thou hadst claim to the Title of the most fortunate Islands, now overspread with inglorious misery and confusion, still menacing a more sad and mishapen destruction: Thou lately enjoyedst an Age sweet in peace, full in Gold, degenerated to wasted pieces of Silver, and warlike Iron; what sighs can correspond thy smarting groans, what Pen decypher thy dire apprehensions: I have seen thee in thy Throne of Honour, object of admiration and envy, Ecchoing thy Rulers love, thy Halcion dayes are past, thou breatheſt nothing but ecstasie and stupidity, malleable to all impressions, susceptible (though in thy *materia prima*) of all forms, as indifferent as insensible of whatsoever is or may be laid upon thee: I have felt the income of the Scottish Nation, rendring the best of us strangers at home, underlings to them, we have had Princes good in themselves, but like the Planet Mercury, perverted in their influence by environing Constellations of malign effect to them and us: How are our *Phœbean Luminarys*, Potean-like, become Plebeian, more various then or the Lunary Aspects or Oceans motions; this and more have our follies and sins deserved; Oh! may we yet in this our day be sensible of what belongeth to our peace, of what our constitution, principles, fundamentals and noble parts will bear, such as are impatient of what they were born to, the best parts of the Globe lye open uncultivate, of fair and free access unto them, to plant and model in spirituals and temporals such forms as are most specious and flattering in their discourse, without proving in their birth like the *Veperine Issue*, destructive to what conceived, nourished and bore them; fooles that we are, when shall we be wise? the good man governs his affairs by discretion; may it please the great God of goodness, and giver of wisdome to make us good in him and we shall be wise, to make us wise in him and we shall be good, To whom Three and One, now and to everlasting be all power and glory, Amen, Amen.

When Parliaments grew long intermitted, and often broken; our Troubles and Wars began: when restored, we shall have better hopes.

Finis Finalis.

ERRATA.

IN the Preface, laſt line but one, read Gaſtè. p. 3. l. 14. r. diſpenc't. p. 5. l. 29. r. credit to the p. 8. l. 25. r. faſhion and to. p. 21. l. ult. r. fareth. p. 43. l. 37. r. nor. p. 89. laſt but three, r. imployed. p. 95. l. 35. r. rari. 38. dele [yet] p. 123. l. 5. r. ſeeming. p. 126. l. 23. r. Sceptiſme marg. 8. dele [wants] p. 127. l. 36. r. contraſt. 130. laſt, r. thy. p. 135. 2. piece. li. 1. mans. p. 137. l. 2. r. capable. p. 153. marg. 3. r. dolere. p. 164. l. 7. r. profeſt. p. 170. l. 21. r. skill. p. 171. l. 36. r. but want good. p. 172. 2 piece. l. 3. r. inſiſtings and repeti. 3. pei. 6. dele [to] p. 180. l. 31 r. no. 36. r. our. p. 183. l. 28. my own ſtrength. 40. r. diverſity. p. 185. l. 22. r. are. p. 187. 2. pei. 10. writ. and as. p. 189. l. 2. happy as. 31. natural heat. 191. laſt but 3. known. p. 196. l. 21. l. to hunger. p. 207. l. 15. r. ſeats. p. 209. l. 26. r. [an object] 36. effect. p. 210. 2. pei. 19. r. ingenuous. p. 211. l. 19. r. ſecret cauſes are. p. 216. l. 18. r. moral. 21. fond. p. 218. laſt but 7. r. a garden. p. 219. l. 8. r. another wiſe. 21. perde aliquid. p. 222. 2. pei. 26. r. Trol madam. p. 229. l. 11. ill clergy men. p. 233. l. 34. r. indulgency. p. 305. l. 16. r. unthankful. p. 306. 2 piece l. 5. obſtructions. p. 307. l. 8. r. over. 15. Boſcage. p. 308. l. 17. r. haſtens. 27. chace. p. 309. l. 12. r. ſlip. p. 313. l 11. r. Hoſiannah. p. 315. l. 23. r. Hoſiannah. p. 315. 2. pei l. 6. r. primigenious. p. 316. French. 1. lizez. p. 317. l. 1. r. faillies. l. 4 r. cueur. p. 318 l. 11. r. deuvres.

P. 168. place. Oh over happy, *&c.* to. *ſignis cognovérit uti.* p. 169. next before the verſes, Though friends be abſent.

P. 208. place the whole peice. intitulated, Corollary. p. 206. next before, A ſudden meditations upon our Lords Nativity.

Beſides theſe there are many litteral errors, which every Reader will be able to correct.